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INTERVIEW WITH ROCK GIANT PETE TOWNSHEND

RAP'S ORIGINAL GANGSTA, ICE-T, ON PRISON, BLOODS AND THE HOOD

HEIDI, MADONNA, AMY AND JOEY: WHAT MORE COULD YOU WANT FROM A YEAR IN SEX?

A RED-HOT VALENTINE FROM ANNA NICOLE SMITH

OUCH! THE FIRST WORD IN BODY PIERCING

SPORTS MANIAC CHRIS BERMAN, WORLD-CLASS SCOUNDREL MARC RICH AND PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR

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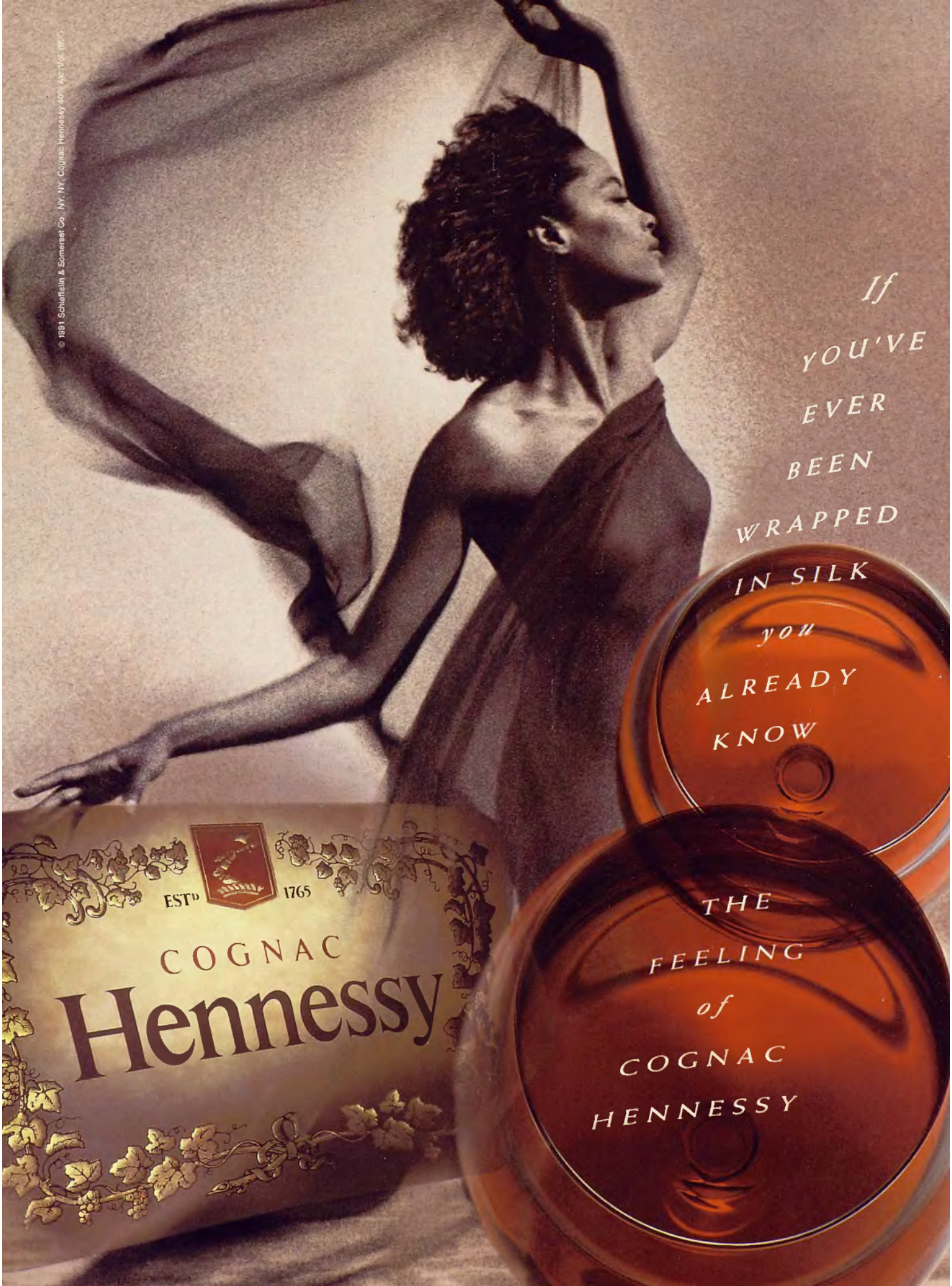
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LAST MONTH, to begin our 40th-anniversary year, we showed you where we've been and where we're going. This month it's time to look at where we are. Call this our social studies issue, complete with fieldwork. *King of the World* is an exposé of fugitive billionaire **Marc Rich** by sleuthing reporter **Jim Hougan.** Rich is a scary fiction come to life (not unlike the renegade arms dealer in John le Carré's thriller *The Night Manager*)—a shadowy commodities broker based in Switzerland who sneaks oil past UN sanctions for huge profits. His latest plot is to exploit the free-for-all markets of eastern Europe before Interpol spots him. From that Alpine redoubt we descend to the confines of the inner city. *To Live & Die in L.A.*, by **Ice-T,** chronicles the hard life of gangsters, straight up. Taken from *The Ice Opinion* (as told to Heidi Siegmund, St. Martin's Press), it's an uncensored look at desperate black teens one fight away from going loc and losing their lives (**Mike Benny** did the artwork). Gang culture, fringe culture: In *A Ring in Her Navel*, bold recent college graduate **Vicki Glembocki** visits the back room of a piercing parlor to find out just who's participating in the current craze of body, ah, art. Ouch! (Envisioned by artist **David Hodges.**)

Pete Townshend may be a rock legend—but he's the first to point out that he's no role model. In this month's interview, Townshend reveals to rock-steady **David Sheff** how his pent-up rage surfaced in his early music, why he feels guilty about the death of the Who's drummer Keith Moon and what kind of tuneful serenity he finds in musicals now that *Tommy* is a smash on Broadway. ESPN commentator **Chris Berman** is a sportscaster with a rock-and-roll attitude. Using such trademark puns on players' names as Von "Purple" Hayes, Berman goes back, back, back, back to field *20 Questions* on nailing highlights and treating jocks gently from Contributing Editor **Warren** "You Make The" **Kalbacker.**

Our regular features are also rocking this month, as our voice of cool, **Dean Kuipers,** continues the new *Nightlife* column with a look at the revitalized world of the spoken word on the West Coast. In his *Mantrack* essay, **Joe Bob Briggs**—a writer not given to pretense—does his own slam: on the recent cinematic goring of men. In past issues, author **Jack Kammer** has contributed to *Mantrack* on the subject of feminism. Now, for *The Playboy Forum*, he talks to positive-minded female activists in an excerpt from his St. Martin's book, *Good Will Toward Men*. Our cultural sweep winds up in Alaska, where the social evils of deception invade the wilderness in *She Was Good—She Was Funny*, by new fiction contributor **David Marusek.** The icy landscape is by **Roger Brown.**

On the fun side, prepare yourself for a big, wet Valentine Day kiss from the Playmate of the Year, bombshell **Anna Nicole Smith,** here looking like a soap star in *My Sudsy Valentine* (photographed by **Stephen Wayda**). How does one win such a valentine in real life? It all starts with grooming and vrooming: Check out our kicking fashion report, *Getting the Boot*, and our Car of the Year (photographed by **Richard Izui**), chosen by a team led by the hard-driving **Ken Gross** in *Playboy's Automotive Report*. We also wrap up *The Year in Sex*, a spicy review of Fisher and Fleiss, scandal and vice.

As part of our 40th year, we continue to celebrate past achievements with a grace note of retrospection, *A Treasure of Cole*, by our first major cartoonist, **Jack Cole.** Another portfolio, by celebrated photographer **Byron Newman,** also touches a timeless theme: pictures of women as art—but foremost as women. It's an approach that agrees with Playmate **Julie Lynn Cialini,** whose time is right now. *Ciao, bella.*

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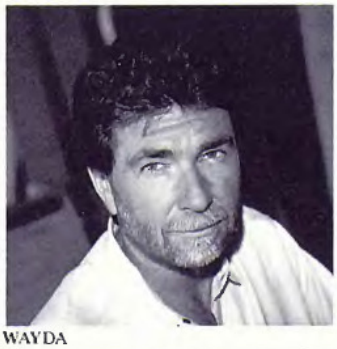
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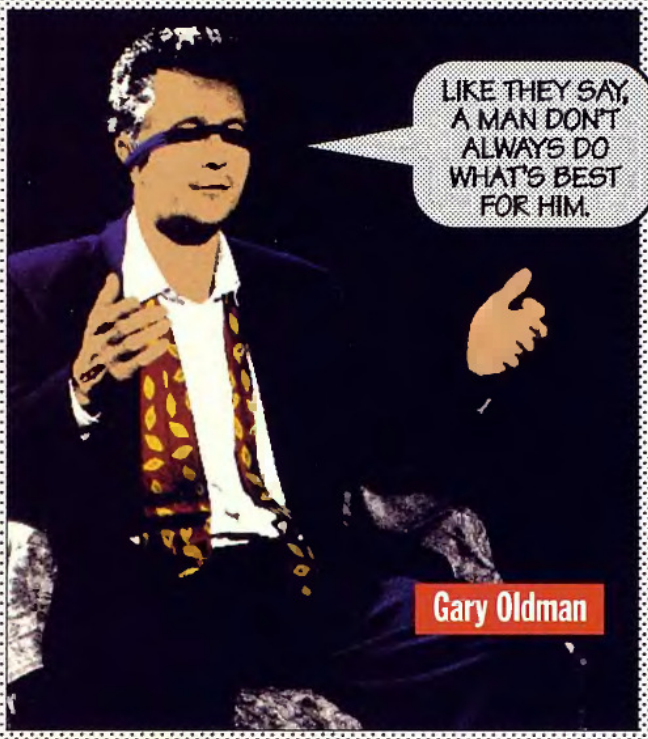
The Story Of A Cop Who Wanted It Bad And Got It Worse



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COVER STORY

This year, give yourself a gift and celebrate Cupid's holiday with a red-hot valentine—Playmate of the Year and movie star Anna Nicole Smith in her steamiest pictorial yet. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Anna's hair and makeup stylist was Alexis Vogel. We overheard our Rabbit hum the Rolling Stones tune *Under My Thumb*.

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JOYCE CAROL OATES

Although I have read only two of Joyce Carol Oates' novels, *Them* and *Solstice*, I found both moving and absorbing and, until now, considered myself one of her fans. But after reading your November *Playboy Interview* with her, I have to amend that: I still like her writing, but I'm no fan of her personal opinions.

She tells Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel that she found the fact that Mike Tyson came into the Buster Douglas fight out of shape "much more profoundly disturbing and bizarre than the things he did in his private life," then goes on to say, "I don't condone raping a woman but I can understand that a lot more than I can a heavyweight champion coming in at a young age and not being trained."

That she could in any way compare the misery, pain and suffering of a rape victim or, for that matter, the deep emotional and psychological problems of a rapist with the conditioning of a boxer is appalling.

Of course, it somehow makes sense that this same woman tells of being sexually molested as a child, and yet emerging from those incidents not "damaged or scarred." I suspect that for all her facility in "sympathizing" with other people's feelings (especially those of women) in her writing, she's horribly out of touch with her own feelings.

Ellen Smith
Spokane, Washington

Your interview with Joyce Carol Oates reveals a woman completely out of touch with herself. She says she doesn't identify with her physical self that much, that her spiritual, inner self is her deepest self, and that it expresses itself in language. She then exclaims later in the interview that verbal abuse is "nothing." This comes from someone who would, presumably, have some idea of the conscious and unconscious power of words. Besides the fact that verbal abuse can be equally as damaging and enduring as physical abuse, it often precedes it as a warning sign.

Finally, as she chose to comment on her marriage, may I ask whether it is any wonder she has no children? She has an older husband who provides calming stability, never critiques her work (as he never reads it), takes care of the finances and the outside work and, essentially, doesn't inconvenience her. I agree with Oates that she doesn't have maternal instincts (at least she never nauseated us with some Manilowian cliché about how her books are her children). Her husband, however, definitely doesn't lack paternal instincts. Regarding children, the reason they "never really thought about it much" may be that both accepted their current father-daughter roles from the get-go. Oates probably doesn't have time for sex anyway.

David Frank
Draper, Utah

Joyce Carol Oates may be a great writer, but after reading her interview, I can't help but suspect that she writes so prolifically to avoid herself. She's probably aware, at some level, that if she ever stopped writing and just immersed herself in the flow of life for a while, she might discover herself, or else go nuts. If there were ever a writer too busy writing about life to actually live it, it's Joyce Carol Oates.

Robert Williams
Miami, Florida

If Joyce Carol Oates is a spokesperson for the common people in America, I'm Mother Goose. Oates speaking about the lower class: "They can't write about themselves" (because they haven't done graduate work at Rice?), "They don't have any language" (who is she kidding?), "Sometimes they're illiterate" (wouldn't read an Oates novel even if it were written on shithouse walls?), "If

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THE PLAYMATE AS FINE ART

BY SALVADOR DALI

The painting reproduced in this poster was commissioned from Salvador Dali by Playboy in 1966. The original hangs in the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. It is one of several commissions given to major international artists to create artwork entitled "The Playmate as Fine Art."

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anybody's going to write about them, it has to be someone who can feel sympathy for them" (but they can't write about themselves, for Christ's sake! The stupid fuckers can't even tie their own shoes).

Ms. Oates, we're real sorry you had to suffer through some rather humble circumstances before you made it to the big time. You must be tormented to have so much, when others have so little. But please keep your condescending, sympathetic attitude to yourself. There are many, many good storytellers out here among us lower classes who are perfectly capable of expressing our way of life.

If you really are sincere about finding and encouraging good, realistic writers, get away from your ivory tower for a while. Get out here and dip your feet into real life. You might be surprised what you'll find in the mainstream.

Peter K. Boyer
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BRIAN DENNEHY

Brian Dennehy understands women (his reflections to Contributing Editor David Rensin on Sharon Stone, Madonna and Demi Moore range from truly enlightened to brilliant), and he's earthy as well. His only blind spot is that he can't understand that a big, talented, over-50-year-old man with a bit of belly can seem very attractive to a younger woman. I'd like to educate him, but he's in either Santa Fe, Ireland or Vancouver while I'm in Brooklyn.

Anyway, thanks for the *20 Questions* (PLAYBOY, November) with my favorite actor.

Maria Garcia
Brooklyn, New York

Question 16 of the 20 questions I confronted in the November PLAYBOY needs clarification. While I served five years in the Marines, my tour in Vietnam lasted only eight months (not five years). I wouldn't want to mislead the Nam vets or any of your readers. Thanks for setting the record straight.

Brian Dennehy
Santa Fe, New Mexico

A *20 Questions* with Brian Dennehy, my own personal sex object! May the wind always be where you want it to be, Brian. Just don't lose that evil grin.

Catharine Honeyman
Honolulu, Hawaii

SEXISM, MY SWEET

Cynthia Heimel's November PLAYBOY column, *Sexism, My Sweet*, focuses on a few genre writers. Now Heimel knows how men feel when we watch television, where we are bombarded by negative images: We can't cook, take care of children, fix appliances or outdo women at anything. We're too dumb to know what food is good for us, what credit card saves us money, what insurance to buy or what clothes to wear. Luckily, though, the know-it-all Nineties woman is always right there to straighten out our porcine butts. When is the last time the character in a sitcom or drama who learned a valuable lesson wasn't a child or a man? On TV men and children are treated the same.

A sociology professor once told me that for any stereotype to flourish there has to be some element of truth to it. Let's all admit we're imperfect and try to see things from the other gender's point of view.

I can no more avoid Heimel's column than I can avoid onions, though neither usually sets well. But I do read and try to understand. I hope she does the same.

Russ Cardwell
Anderson, South Carolina

THREE OF A KIND

Thank you for the best pictorial I've ever seen: *Three of a Kind* (PLAYBOY, November), photographed by Richard Fegley and Pedro Martinelli. I fell in love with Marilise, Lilian and Renata immediately. The dark hair, blue eyes and tanned skin multiplied by three is a near sensory overload.

Jeffrey Marsh
Rochester, New York

The triplets from Rio are simply the find of the century!

Gene S. Wolinski
Sunrise, Florida

LINDA & HARRY & BILL & HILLARY

Michael Leahy's article, *Linda & Harry & Bill & Hillary* (PLAYBOY, November), got the first half of its title right, as it is far more about the influence of TV producer Linda Bloodworth-Thomason on Bill Clinton's career than it is about Harry Thomason. But that is probably as it should be, since the Clinton presidency is more about Hillary's political aspirations and prejudices than it is about Bill's. I suppose it was out of deference to the office of the president that you refrained from titling the article *Linda & Harry & Hillary & Bill*. By the way, I love Anita Kunz' illustration.

Benjamin Johnson
Phoenix, Arizona

NEIMAN'S PASSION FOR PARIS

I just finished reading your November issue and have to comment on the works of art that grace its pages. I'm not speaking of the Porto sisters, who are amazingly beautiful, but of LeRoy Neiman's sketches of Paris (*A Passion for Paris*). I am especially entranced by the fountains at Rond-Point.

Andy Bowden
North York, Ontario

The City of Light as interpreted by the quintessential chronicler of joie de vivre! What a wonderful marriage—and long overdue.

Joseph F. Barletta
Radnor, Pennsylvania

I was delighted to see LeRoy Neiman's portfolio, *A Passion for Paris*. His wonderful paintings evoke the spirit and color of that remarkable city. Although my knowledge of France doesn't go back as far as Neiman's, I have the same love and passion for Paris.

Consequently, we are going to publish later this year, on the 50th anniversary of the American liberation of Paris, a spectacular book including many of Neiman's paintings. Thank you for bringing this early pleasure to your public.

Paul Gottlieb
President
Henry N. Abrams Books
New York, New York

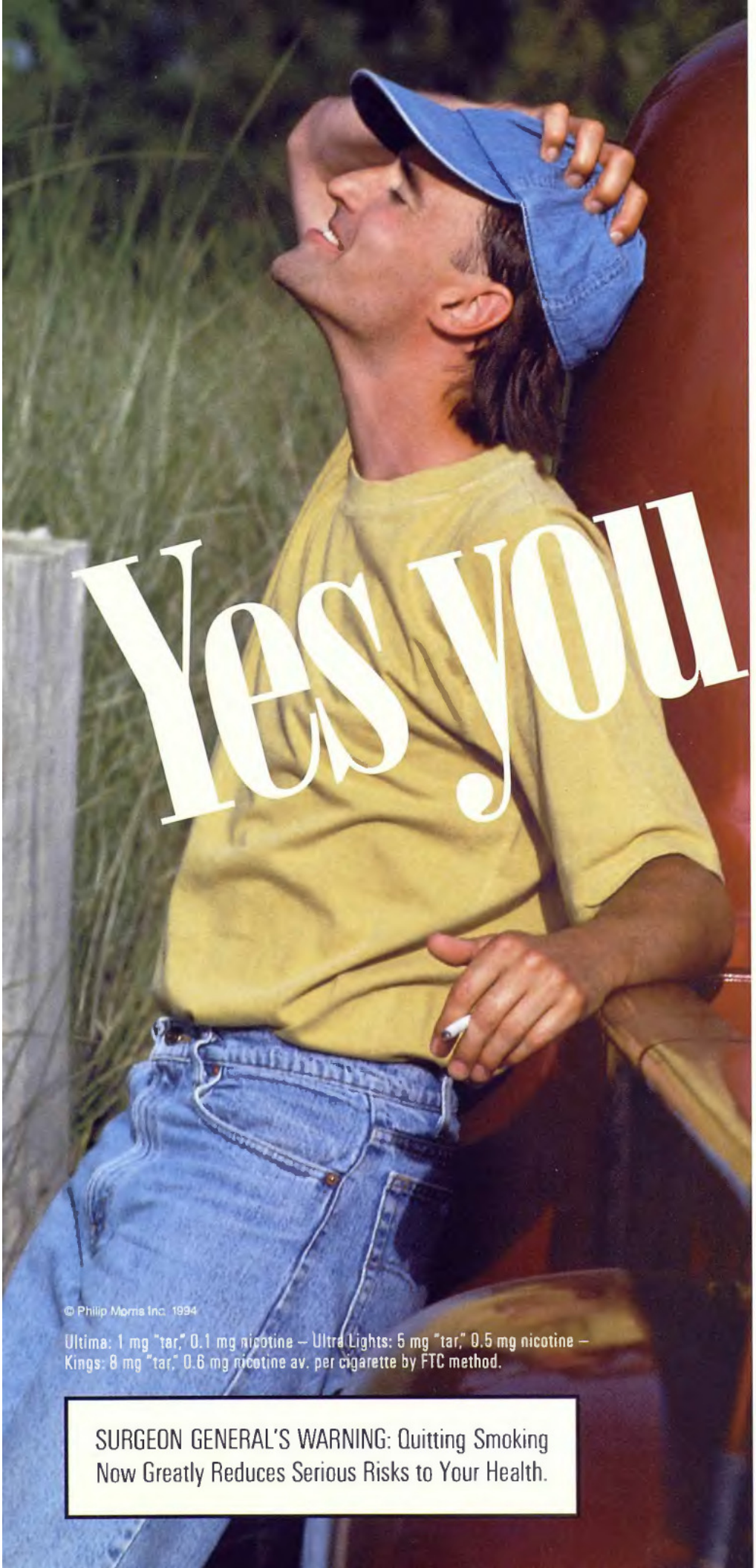
JULIANNA YOUNG

I'm still reeling after opening my November issue to find the most beautiful Playmate ever. Julianna Young (*Handle with Care*) is not only the best-looking Playmate, she also has a body that makes others pale in comparison. And she's not 19!

Chuck Keathley
Omaha, Nebraska

Julianna Young is the best PLAYBOY centerfold I've seen in my 25-year radio broadcasting career. I've been on the air in cities such as Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, St. Louis and Minneapolis, and I've never had such enthusiastic response from my listeners to a PLAYBOY centerfold. I just wanted you to know that you've outdone yourselves.

Andy Barber
K-Hits Morning Club
Tulsa, Oklahoma



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DEFENSE, THEY *ALSO* INVENTED SAMBUCA.

ROMANA

ROMANA SAMBUCA · LXXXIV PROOF

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SLING SHIFTS

We stopped by to support the exhibit "A Brief History: The Jockey Underwear Story" at Chicago's Historical Society, which surveys more than 100 fact-filled years of undergarment development. The exhibit was made possible, we noted, through "the generosity of Jockey International, Inc." We learned that until around 1870 (with the introduction of central heating, indoor plumbing and the practice of regular bathing), men wore bulky woolen undergarments—all the time. We also learned that several advances—the development of elastic, the refinement of textile manufacturing, the availability of laundry facilities, the diminution of the Chester A. Arthur physique, the introduction of cotton—conspired to transform that itchy, intimate arrangement into the sleek, comfortable, silhouette-enhancing brief we know today. It's nice to have the entire pageantry of underpants played out in one place. And lest the flocks of newly informed might want to get too close to the exhibit, the curators have put up a barrier. But instead of using the usual cords and stanchions, designer Michael Biddle uses lengths of Jockey elastic bands—which hold the entire show comfortably and without binding.

A GREEN FINISH

The Washington Post ran the following classified: "Environmentally Friendly Casket: Swiss engineered, recycled cardboard, no trees must die when you do. Mahog.-type fin. No tool assembly. Use for storage or Halloween while alive. $199, while supplies last."

PERSONAL TESTAMENT

William Safire, language maven and proto-political columnist, collects—not surprisingly—books. At the top of his list are William Blake, Herman Melville and material about the Book of Job. As a collector, he thinks authors should sign their books when they pass them out to friends—which, presumably, enhances their value when the books hit the secondary market. Hence, Safire, when distributing his own books, does not use those "with compliments of the author" cards that publishers provide. Rather, he saves them, and when he goes to the secondhand stores, inserts them into Bibles.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

Southern California inventor Nelson Camus claims to have developed a battery that uses urine instead of battery acid. The battery derives its power from chemicals in the urine that interact with a compound Camus concocted and named Nithium. If the invention is successful, we can imagine a scenario that involves a stalled car in the boonies, a stranded family and a father scolding the kids: "Damn it, you shouldn't have gone before we left home."

UNBEARABLE WHITENESS OF BEING

For Chelsea Clinton and other students at Washington, D.C.'s elite Sidwell Friends private school, it's not always easy to maintain a properly liberal frame of mind when your parents are able to shell out $11,000 a year in tuition. Thankfully, Sidwell is dedicated to teaching the virtues of egalitarianism. An assignment for an eighth grade class on multiculturalism required students to write a paper on "Why I Feel Guilty Being White."

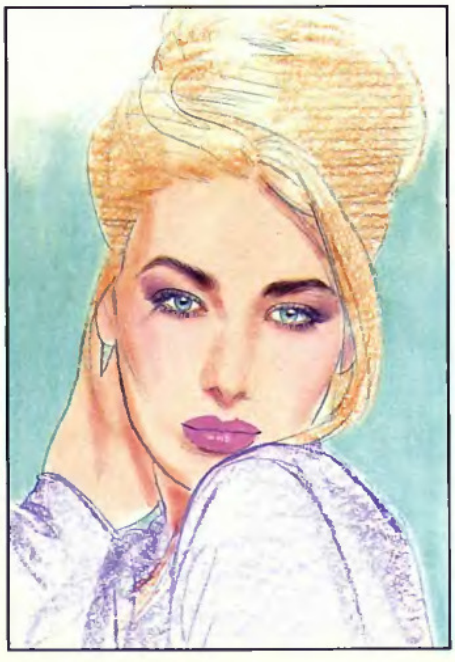

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

CHILD'S PLAY

In Massachusetts, street signs reading SLOW CHILDREN were deemed demeaning and are being replaced by ones that read WATCH CHILDREN—which cost $100 each. And to think that they could have just added a comma.

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Forbidden French and *Forbidden Italian* have been out in paperback for some time. While we're amused by their written efforts to school us in the use of foreign phrases, we prefer listening to their new taped series so we can appreciate the intonations of each idiom as it's spoken aloud. One of our favorites is a retort to silence an obnoxious Roman cabbie: *"Tu parla quando pisciano le galline,"* or, "Speak only when the chicken pees." And to feel out that beautiful Parisian, see if she likes to *"marcher a la voiles et a la vapeur."* Literally, "to navigate by sail and steam," it's also a hip way of asking if she's bisexual.

CAT, A TONIC

What's the latest in the wacky world of substance abuse? Methcathinone—or cat, as it is affectionately known. The stuff is made from industrial chemicals including battery acid and Drano. The high is characterized by sweating, quivering, shaking and long periods of stupor—as well as paranoid musings. To top it off, one sheriff's deputy in Wausau, Wisconsin remarked that "the people who use it stink."

HOMEOPATHOLOGY

In his new book, *The Family Health Guide to Homeopathy*, Dr. Barry Rose, the executive dean of Britain's Royal Homeopathic Hospital, has amassed cures to

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Contrary to popular opinion, men don't peak sexually at age 18—only their sexual daydreaming does. According to the Kinsey Institute's New Report on Sex, sexual activity apparently does not slow down much with age.

ROBERT PASSANTINO

QUOTE

"Some men know that a light touch of the tongue, running from a woman's toes to her ears, lingering in the softest way possible in various places in between, given often enough and sincerely enough, would add immeasurably to world peace."—NEW AGE GURU MARIANNE WILLIAMSON

PAINFUL CURES

Estimated number of Americans each year who suffer what doctors call an "adverse event"—an injury or accident that occurs after they've been admitted to a hospital: 1.3 million.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

According to a survey by the makers of Northern bathroom tissue, percentage of Americans who wrap their toilet paper round their hand in the prepping stage: 30; percentage who fold it: 30; who crumple: 40.

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Percentage who tear the sheets either from the right or from the left: 77; who yank it straight down: 22; who are two-fisted tearers: 7.

TELEPESTS

Number of people in the U.S. employed by telemarketers to make calls to customers: 2.6 million. Percentage increase in the volume of calls in the past two years: 40.

TO HELL WITH 'EM

Number of people in the state of Alabama who Southern Baptists say risk eternal damnation: 1.86 million.

THROWAWAY ZONE

Reported amount owed to the District of Columbia by the former Soviet Union for parking fines: $3.9 million.

SOUND SLEEP

In a recent survey, percentage of women who complain about their husbands' or boyfriends' snoring: 33. Of those who complain, percentage who say they would sleep better without the snorer: 14. Percentage who would sleep worse if they slept alone: 23.

POSTING PROFITS

Amount the U.S. Postal Service received from the 36 companies reproducing the Elvis stamp image on T-shirts, coffee mugs, clocks and puzzles: $1 million. Amount paid to the artist who did the stamp illustration: $3000.

HOLLYWOOD DOGS

Cost of Shutzhund-trained German shepherd guard dogs owned by such celebs as Shannen Doherty, Jason Alexander and Bo Derek: $25,000.

GREASY SPOONS

In the average public school lunch, percentage of calories that come from fat: 39; percentage of fat calories in daily diet that the surgeon general says may lead to fatal degenerative diseases: 30. In a recent 17-year period, percentage increase of obesity in children aged 6 to 11: 54.

SHOP TALK

According to a survey by the Families and Work Institute, percentage of U.S. workers in the past year who are employed by companies that cut back their work force: 42; percentage of workers who feel burnt out at the end of the day: 42. —BETTY SCHAAL

ailments we hardly knew existed, from arrogance to what seems to be a male version of nymphomania—the latter characterized by a "pleasant itching of the genitalia and greatly increased desire and passion." If anyone is interested in an antidote to this condition, Rose suggests the obscure pharmaceutical Anacardium 30. He has also prescribed remedies based on personality types he has encountered and wished he could change: "peevish, forgetful women," "talkative, foolish women who laugh at everything," "nervous, lively and affectionate women" and "immoral, moody, busy women who are sensitive to music." Since we haven't known many women like this since we last read *Wuthering Heights*, we'll keep the Anacardium 30—and *The Family Health Guide to Homeopathy*—on the bookshelf.

•

How can it lose? The Treasury Department's Historical Association is raising money by offering ornaments that celebrate the 80th anniversary of the 16th Amendment—the one that authorized the income tax. The ornaments, which sell for $11, are gold-finished, three-dimensional reproductions of the 1913 income tax form.

THE RIGHT-TO-PARTY CANDIDATE

Bob Benz, a city councilman in Hermosa Beach, California, is taking some heat for helping to organize last year's local ironman competition. Contestants were encouraged to run a mile, paddle a surfboard a mile and then chug a six-pack of beer without hurling. Benz also co-produced a video of the event, a portion of which aired on local TV—including a segment on the "most picturesque vomiting" award. The councilman held the contest on a beach where drinking is illegal, and the event provoked protests from residents who complained that contestants were urinating in public. Benz, summoning the sort of contrition we've come to expect from public officials, said, "I had a great time."

PANTIE-LINE FEVER

In their never-ending search for freshness and availability, used-pantie enthusiasts in Japan have pushed the demand for undergarments imbued with the dewy transpirations of eager young schoolgirls out of sleazy shops and into the ubiquitous vending machines that line suburban streets. Rather than discouraging the business-suited, mainstream fetish freaks, the authorities have attacked the trend at the source: During a punitive sweep through an alley in the middle of the city, Tokyo police recently arrested more than 100 high school girls who were looking to sell their used panties to vendors.

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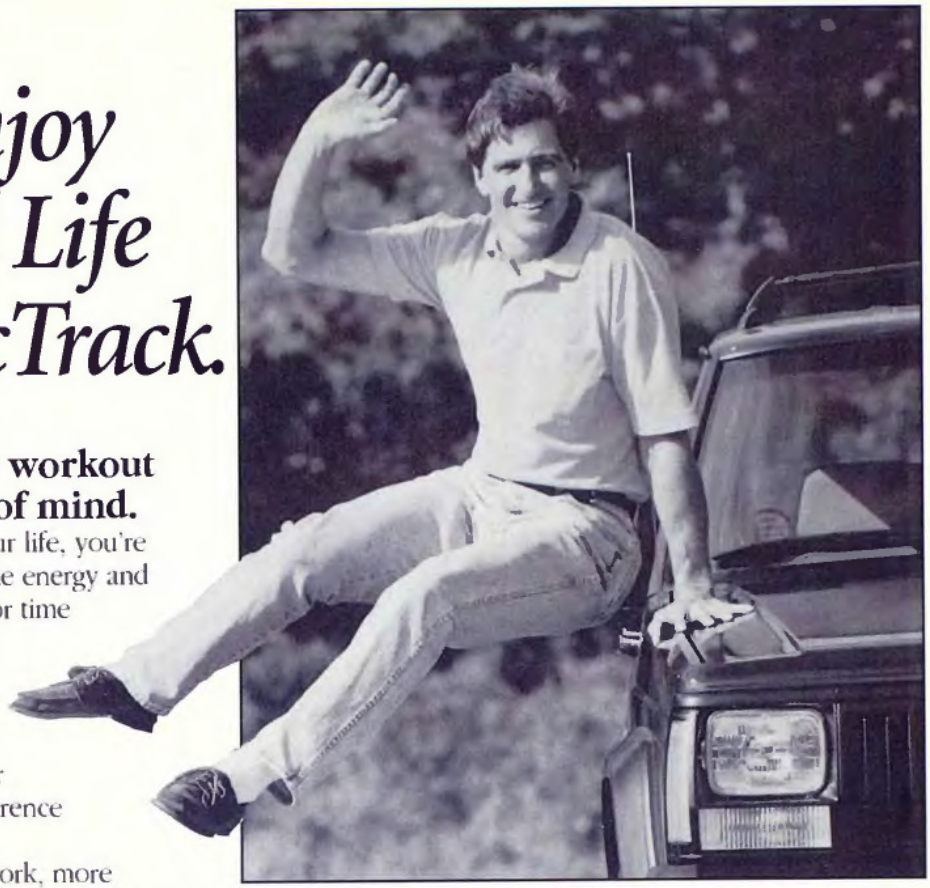

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MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

DURING THE YEARS of funk's creative peak—1969 to 1976—the music never got the mainstream acceptance of its predecessors, soul and R&B, or its competitor, disco. That is not to suggest that funk generated no crossover hits. Sly & the Family Stone had many big singles. Kool and the Gang, the Ohio Players and Earth, Wind and Fire also enjoyed top-ten hits, though much of the best funk was consumed only within the black community. Now, with a full-scale Seventies revival underway and with funk samples underpinning current hip-hop, funk CD collections are starting to surface.

Mercury's ***Funk Essentials*** set is a must. The early Seventies are represented here with a double CD on Parliament, single sets on the Bar-Kays, Kool and the Gang, Con Funk Shun and Cameo, and a compilation titled ***Funky Stuff***. (They can all be purchased individually.) There are plenty of mainstream hits in each package, though the real joy is catching up to great underground classics such as *Cameosis* and Leon Haywood's *I Want to Do Something Freaky to You*, which is sampled on Dr. Dre's multiplatinum album.

Less coherent but still fun is ***In Yo' Face!: The History of Funk*** (Rhino), a five-volume set that contains selections from a variety of labels and artists. The set isn't arranged by artist or chronology, which sometimes makes it hard to figure out the criteria for inclusion. Just be ready to scan quickly to Bootsy's *The Pinocchio Theory* and Slave's *Slide*, as well as to such obscurities as Bernie Worrell's *Insurance Man for the Funk*.

FAST CUTS: De La Soul's third album, ***Buhloone Mind State*** (Tommy Boy), is clever, creative and fun. This Long Island rap trio's lyrics can be as willfully oblique as Steely Dan's, but its musical reach is wide. *Buhloone*'s first single, *Breakadawn*, and *Stone Age* (with a contribution from Biz Markie), as well as the jazzy instrumental featuring saxophonist Maceo Parker, are among the many highlights. You have to enter into De La Soul's "buhloone mind state" to truly enjoy this collection.

VIC GARBARINI

Where have all the sensitive singer-songwriters gone? Gone to Nashville, every one. Well, almost. What was considered sensitive and lyrical 20 years ago now sounds wistful or wimpy. So the best of the crop have found surrogate voices in rock or country to give their songwriting some fresh energy and backbone.

De La Soul's *Buhloone Mind State*.

New sounds from De La Soul and Rickie Lee Jones, and Bob Dylan walks it like he talks it.

Janis Ian moved to Music City a few years ago and has been collaborating with the likes of John Mellencamp on his recent *Human Wheels*. Linda Ronstadt muse Karla Bonoff and Band buddy Jesse Winchester contributed top-rate material to Wynonna Judd's marvelous ***Tell Me Why*** (Curb/MCA), in which Judd's velvet-covered voice makes the writers' work resonate again. Rickie Lee Jones, however, is too much of a bohemian to wind up on Music Row. At her best, she blends Bonnie Raitt's bluesy ballsiness with Joni Mitchell's jazzy insouciance. ***Traffic from Paradise*** (Geffen) is her most focused and vibrant work since her late-Seventies debut. Leo Kottke's guitar weaves a delicate latticework on which Jones hangs her tales of romantic realism, seasoned by her jazz sensibilities. There's a pungently self-referential remake of Bowie's *Rebel Rebel*, and she genuinely revels in the joys of momhood on *Jolie Jolie*. But Jones hasn't entirely escaped clichés. Her tendency to sing in a warped whimper, as if someone had pistol-whipped her inner child, can be irritating. But her bracing duets with Lyle Lovett on *Running from Mercy* and David Baerwald on *The Albatross* prove she can bring her pipes, as well as her songwriting, into the Nineties style.

FAST CUTS: Andy Summers and John Etheridge, ***Invisible Threads*** (Mesa/Bluemoon): The thread that runs through Summer's guitar work with the Police, and through his solo albums, is his uncanny ability to merge jazz, folk, classical and avant-garde influences into a kind of postmodern World Music mix. The acoustic duets with guitarist John Etheridge show that he can work just as exotically without electricity.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Techno is music created by producers and DJs remixing at will. None of the "groups" who've made it—Utah Saints, the Prodigy, Ultramarine, Orbital, the Orb—have registered the kind of personal impact that means stardom as we know it. So maybe producer-DJ Moby will never be a star, either. An alternative-rock veteran whose lush, propulsive *Go* is the most universally admired of all techno anthems, he does perform live. But his stage presence is rigorously self-effacing. As a mild-mannered ascetic equipped with computerized keyboards and a three-legged stool, Moby seems to conjure the music out of the void.

From the quietly trance-like to the ecstatically hyper, his best records share a recognizable feel—they are simultaneously modest and luxuriant. And he has a pop sense—he knows melodies, he knows hooks and he knows they're not always the same.

Moby's six-cut, 30-minute ***Move*** (Elektra) is a high-energy showcase. Everything is unique except one remix, and it never quits. ***Ambient*** (Instinct) is more unified, the kind of aural wallpaper Brian Eno can't put up anymore. *Go* is on the somewhat spottier ***Moby*** (Instinct). Start with *Move* and hear what I mean.

FAST CUTS: And now, three traditional techno compilations: ***Aural Ecstasy: The Best of Techno*** (Relativity) is loud, obvious—hell, almost rocklike. I prefer the smoother ***Futurhythms*** (Medicine), which I guarantee won't put you to sleep. While ***Welcome to the Future*** (Epic) is up and down, its ups include *Out of the Ordinary*'s visionary techno–pre-techno pairing, and the Hammond B3 trip *Da Da Da*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

What's alternative now that alternative has become mainstream? Singer-songwriters. Folkies. Songs in which the lyrics aren't fighting to be heard above overdriven guitars. Acoustic, in varying degrees, is the new underground. Michelle Malone has one of the new alternative voices that deserves to be heard. After a failed try at a major label, she returns to her proper indie roots with ***New Experience*** (Sky). Malone is first

Zino. The Fragrance of Desire.

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Lift here

Bloomingdale's Burdines

of all a skilled actress who convincingly conveys a remarkable variety of moods in the course of an hour of music. But the moods always service the eerie songs, which are also remarkably good. Malone has a gift for riff and melody, and lyrics with just enough indirection that you're not quite sure what all the emotion is about, but you believe it anyway.

FAST CUTS: ***African Acoustic: Guitar Songs from Tanzania, Zambia and Zaire*** (Original Music): In the Fifties the acoustic guitar became widely available in Africa for the first time, and it became a genre unto itself until the introduction of the electric in the early Sixties. To Western ears the music is astonishingly different but full of wonderful ideas. If you seek to understand current African pop, this will help.

Nicky Skopelitis, ***Ekstasis*** (Axiom): Hypnotic weirdness by a terrific guitarist who wants you to go into a trance, not to be impressed with how fast his fingers move.

DAVE MARSH

Like last year's vastly underrated *Good As I Been to You*, Bob Dylan's ***World Gone Wrong*** (Columbia) features Dylan solo—just his voice and acoustic guitar—performing folk and blues standards. *World Gone Wrong* is the better record. Its songs are stronger, the singing is more assured and the pace is less agitated. The still center of *Delia* and *Lone Pilgrim* and the wry humor of *Blood in My Eyes* and *Jack-A-Roe* link directly to *Good As I Been to You* as well as to his debut album, made 30 years ago. *World Gone Wrong* is about Dylan the artist, a consummate American musician. In the end, what might really measure his genius are the links between these traditional songs and his own. On cuts he wrote, *Every Grain of Sand*, *Caribbean Wind*, *Brownsville Girl* and *Blind Willie McTell*, Dylan walks it like he talks it: The traditional cuts on *World Gone Wrong* derive their power from McTell. Bob Dylan stirred up in me a love for folk and blues music traditions three decades ago. It's still going strong.

FAST CUTS: Dave Alvin, ***Museum of Heart*** (Hightone): One of Dylan's true heirs with a set of sharply observed, tartly sung, tightly played story-songs as good as his days in the Blasters.

William S. Burroughs, ***Spare Ass Annie & Other Tales*** (Island): Not exactly what would have been predicted for the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. A brilliant musical contextualization of the world's most distinctive spoken-word artist, its theme makes it as close as hip-hop has come to slipping out of the closet.

Seattle . . . the Dark Side (American Recordings): Sir Mix-a-Lot's hip-hop posse romps through tunes that make Seattle's grunge-bearing honky homeboys sound tame and conventional.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
De La Soul *Buhloone Mind State*	9	6	9	8	8
Bob Dylan *World Gone Wrong*	6	8	6	10	9
Rickie Lee Jones *Traffic from Paradise*	6	7	7	3	8
Michelle Malone *New Experience*	4	6	8	4	9
Moby *Move*	9	5	6	6	6

GIRLS-JUST-WANT-TO-HAVE-FUN DEPARTMENT: RuPaul wanted to enter both the male and female categories for his Grammy nomination, but the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences said no. Look for gender to win out.

REELING AND ROCKING: Clint Black makes his movie debut in *Maverick*, starring **Jodie Foster, Mel Gibson** and **James Garner**. . . . Who directed **Color Me Badd's** video *Time and Chance*? **Ice Cube**. . . . **Paula Abdul** is slated for her first starring movie role, a musical, *12 Bar Blues*. . . . The *House Party* and *Boomerang* **Hudlin Brothers** are working on a new movie, *PFunk*, and developing TV pilots for next season. . . . **David Bowie's** latest film gig was Showtime's *Reunion*, co-starring **Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara** and **Liza Minnelli**, among others.

NEWSBREAKS: The all-new cable jazz channel ought to be up and running late this year. Launched by Black Entertainment TV, it will encourage record companies to invest in jazz videos. Besides videos, look for festivals, concerts and documentaries. . . . **Tori Amos'** follow-up to her gold debut LP is due any day now. . . . MCA is releasing a slew of **Jimi Hendrix** material on CD, to include a previously unreleased studio blues LP and the complete Hendrix Woodstock recordings, in honor of Woodstock's 25th anniversary. . . . The follow-up to the **Chili Peppers'** *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* is coming, with **Rick Rubin** producing again. Speaking of Rubin, he's also producing **Johnny Cash. John Hiatt** is among those asked to contribute songs. . . . **Stewart Copeland** has turned his attention from film scores, opera and ballet to percussion and African music. He's touring now with **Vinx** and the **Rhythmatists** (artists from Brazil and Africa). . . . The old *King Biscuit Flour Hour* radio shows may be released on disc, if the producers can get artists' clearances. . . . Although a double LP to benefit Greenpeace was a flop in America when it was released a few years ago, another one is in the works. Contributing live studio tracks or concert performances are **Annie Lennox, R.E.M., U2, James, P.M. Dawn, Soundgarden** and **L7**, among others. The LP is called *Alternative NRG*. . . . **The Chieftains'** session, called *Chieftains and Friends*, will include cuts with the **Stones, Mark Knopfler, Bono, Jerry Garcia, Tom Jones** and **Eric Clapton**. . . . Last fall the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** were playing Rochester, New York when the floor began to sink. The Bosstones realized after they got to the stage that their fans were getting shorter and farther away, thanks to the weight of 1000 fans pogoing through the opening act. . . . **Axl Rose** reported last summer that label stickering hurt the sales of **Guns n' Roses'** LPs because many stores refuse to carry stickered albums. . . . Forty years of rock and roll will air on TV in five nights late this year, as **Andrew Solt**, owner of *The Ed Sullivan Show* library, and **Quincy Jones** co-produce *The Rock 'n Roll Era*. . . . Look for the **Ramones'** new LP, *Acid Eaters*, with a guest appearance by Pete Townshend. . . . **Paul McCartney's** live album cover spoofs the *Abbey Road* cover that caused all the Paul-is-dead rumors in the Sixties. The same photographer was hired and the picture was grafted via computer with the original background. . . . Finally, according to our friends at *Rock & Rap Confidential*, doctors at the Naval Medical Center report that patients who listen to music over headphones during rectal exams experience less anxiety and discomfort. How do you spell relief? Disco? Death metal? Techno?

—BARBARA NELLIS

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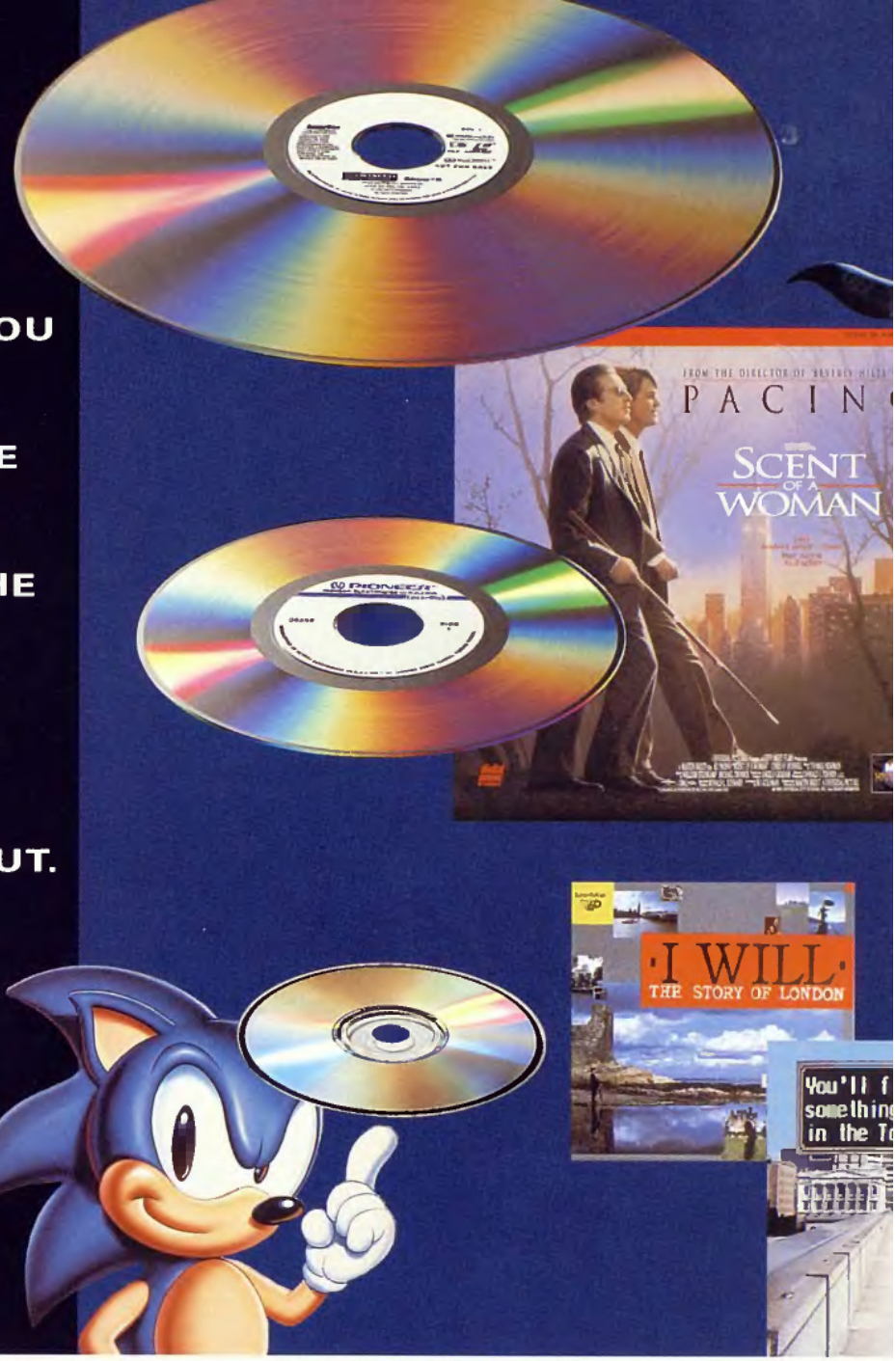

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STYLE

TIED TO A CAUSE

Fashion can change the world, at least according to several tie manufacturers who regularly contribute between five and ten percent of their wholesale costs to charitable organizations. One of our favorites, Salant Menswear, is working with Save the Children and the Design Industries Foundation for AIDS. Ties benefiting Save the Children were drawn by children and picked from a nationwide contest ($30), while the Diffa ties feature abstract artwork donated by the design community ($30). Also helping Diffa is Lorenzo Vega, whose "designer ties" display the labels of 68 clothing designers ($28). Steven Krauss Menswear Co. has a collection of silk ties with celebrity autographs, spotlights tied with red ribbons and comedy-and-tragedy masks, all of which help fund Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. Everything from dinosaurs to zebras is illustrated on Wemco's Endangered Species ties. Donations from this collection go to the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums. Finally, Randa's CARE ties ($25), which benefit CARE's work worldwide, feature designs based on international books and fabrics. Each one has an explanation of the design's origin as well as a "Made with CARE" label.

HOT SHOPPING: PARK CITY, UTAH

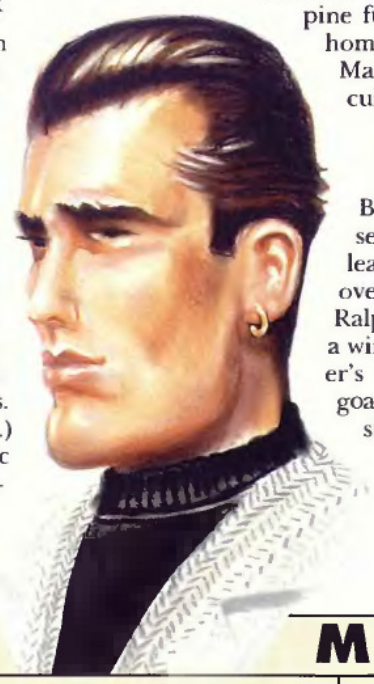
High-altitude shopping without the attitude can be found in Park City, an old mining town turned ski village with less glitter than Aspen but just as much glamour. Here's a sample: Artelana (Mont Cervin Plaza): The place for hand-knit alpaca sweaters and handwoven blankets and tapestries. • Cole Sport (1615 Park Avenue): Fashionable skiwear by Bogner and top-of-the-line Swiss skis by Authier. • Hay Charlie (541 Main Street): Distinctive Western gear alongside custom-fitted cowboy hats and boots. • The Factory Stores (6699 N. Landmark Drive): Forty-eight manufacturer outlets including Guess, Geoffrey Beene, Brooks Brothers and Bugle Boy. • La Niche Gourmet & Gifts (401 Main Street): Espresso experts who also offer antique pine furniture and quilts and English and Italian home accessories. • The Barking Frog Grill (368 Main Street): Mesquite-grilled Southwestern cuisine as original as the restaurant's name.

CLOTHES LINE

For 1994, postmodern alchemists **Penn & Teller** turned to Canali, one of President Clinton's favorite labels, for some new gray suits. Why? "Because Billy's a schlubby middle-aged man like us, and Canali makes him look pretty good," explains Teller, who adds that he is partial to Allen–Edmonds spectator shoes and orders five dozen identical ties at a time, since "they tend to get blood-soaked." Offstage, Penn favors Harley-Davidson T-shirts and Air Nikes with Velcro because "laces waste time." Beneath his "stupid-fat-guy-size-40-waist jeans," he sports glow-in-the-dark-firefly boxers—comfortable attire for playing the new Penn & Teller video game.

UNDERWEAR GOES OUTERWEAR

The standard cotton waffle-weave fabric used in thermal underwear has come out into the open in the form of practical sportswear for winter. For example, everything by Fitigues, from hats to pants, is made of thermal cotton. We especially like the long pants with an elastic waistband and contrast stitching ($58). Cotton Stuff also offers thermal pants ($52), but its ultracomfortable versions have thick rope drawstring waists with grommets placed to keep the pants flat in back and gathered only in front. If you're into eco-fashions, O wear's hooded long-sleeve thermal button-front shirts ($77) are made from organically grown cotton and Earth-friendly dyes. (The buttons are shaped like rain forest nuts.) Other designers have upgraded thermal fabric with silk. French Connection offers a silk-and-cotton thermal Henley in six colors ($65). Per Lui Per Lei has a luxurious silk sport shirt with a thermal-like waffle weave ($190).



STASHING YOUR CASH

Believe it or not, wallet styles change, too. This season you can go classic with a traditional leather billfold by Ghurka ($98), or a slightly oversized one by Donna Karan ($185). Polo/Ralph Lauren's Italian leather billfold ($100) has a window that's perfect for your gym ID or driver's license, and Salvatore Ferragamo's black goatskin double money clip has a section for storing coins ($95). From Harley-Davidson, there's a black leather, logo-embossed, trifold wallet ($32). Or if you're rolling in dough and need more room, De Vecchi's alligator breast-pocket secretary holds checks, credit cards and money ($465).

MARTIN HOSTMAN

STYLE METER

JEWELRY	IN	OUT
CASUAL	Leather neck and wrist cords with pendants; thin metal bracelets; small gold ear hoops	Gold neck chains; bolo ties; turquoise anything; crystal pendants; multiple earrings
TAILORED	Matte metals; simple cuff links; chain or ID bracelets; signet pinkie rings; watch fobs	Tie tacks and bars; collar bars; lapel pins; clunky cuff links; status-watch knockoffs
FORMAL	Subtle studs and cuff links in onyx, gold or enamel; a stud in place of a bow tie	Beaded bow ties; thick gold bracelets; brightly enameled studs

Where & How to Buy on page 145.

NIGHTLIFE

By DEAN KUIPERS

THE CROWD at Slim's in San Francisco has never been my favorite. It's mostly a sports-coat-and-scotch gang, and no one really thrashes there anymore. But this past June I saw the place sold out and coming apart, people reaching out to take the performers for a ride on a wave of empathy and shouts and surpassed expectations. No, it wasn't an evening of bitter blues or screaming death metal or hip-hop—it was two nights of spoken word performance called Howls, Raps and Roars.

A woman named Avotcje wanted to perform a poem about the blues, but she could barely hold back her magic voice, as if she really wanted to sing the blues rather than read it. So she asked the crowd for help. "Listen up, y'all. I need you to sing this blues riff." Then she led the audience through a George Thorogood grind. People were tearing it up like they were born to the blues.

Don Bajema, an actor and writer, stepped to the mike and delivered a scathing rendition of *Blacktop*, in which he tries to sell a chunk of highway because "that is where America's history happens." The pitch includes the blasphemous idea that "President Kennedy's occipital bone got slapped out on Main Street like a slung piece of cantaloupe." The room moaned.

The stage was primed for Michael Franti, a handsome, commanding rapper with a stunning baritone voice. Formerly with the Beatnigs and now with the popular Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, Franti worked the stage hard as he launched into the lyrics from one of the Heroes' hit singles, a rhyme about attacks from inside and outside the black community. When he reached the last chorus—"*For death is the silence/In this cycle of violence/For death is the silence*"—a woman in the corner yelled "Teach!" and everyone in the club leapt to their feet for a long ovation.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, John Sinclair walks onstage. He's a musicologist and poet from Detroit, probably best remembered for his association with the White Panther Party. Sinclair is accompanied by local bluesman Mike Henderson on dobro, the first musical instrument to contribute all night. Sinclair lays into a long piece about the death of delta blues ace Robert Johnson. His whole paunchy body seems like it wants to fly right up to the ceiling, he's straining so hard against the words. The place falls apart. People are laughing, clapping, coyote-whooping, shouting out "Go on" and "Yeah!" Still his voice strains on, leaving perfect breaks for Henderson's soul grind. The combination is so intense that it threatens to break the building down.

Sinclair: Poetry goes ballistic.

Rock and roll
meets
the spoken word.

Welcome to the decade of the word: California in the Nineties. The sedate, classic prose-and-poetry reading has been transformed. Word is a revitalized forum for writers of any genre: rap, monolog, poetry, the novel, journalism, performance art, even stand-up comedy. The scene is drawing out those writers who feel called to perform, and the audience has come to expect not just great writing but also great delivery.

Face it, people want rock and roll. And that's where the word revival got its energy: from punk and rap. A lot of the biggest names in spoken word are punk stars such as Lydia Lunch, Henry Rollins, Exene Cervenka, John Doe and Jello Biafra. But that's not where word started.

Harvey Kubernik, a producer-performer from Los Angeles, coined the term in 1971. He wanted to yank spoken performance out of academic lecture circuits and invade the music clubs. He imagined a new literary tradition that was more about living words for hungry throngs, more about shows than the rarefied study and recitation of verse.

He had to wait a decade, but now the question is: Where is there not a word show happening tonight? We're drowning in it in California. Word is in every crappy bar, in the parks at lunchtime, in theaters, all over college radio, even at the president's Inauguration.

But what I love most about the word revival is that it's not always pretty. It's infected with the punk, do-it-yourself, instant-cynic ethic that demands performance or else. That's the way it should be. Even if it hurts.

One Saturday night in July a crowd gathered for the Poetry Slam team finals at the Brainwash Café. The place was packed with 70 people, and 30 more waited to get in. One by one, six local poets did their best short pieces, competing for a $10 prize and a trip to the National Poetry Slam, held this past October in San Francisco.

The audience members were not actually booing people off the stage as they have on many other nights, but they were yelling comments and alternative lines. A few years ago you would have called that heckling, but now it's part of the game. The grand prize went to Nancy Depper for a poem called "Sex with God," which nailed the crowd with a great first line: "It was pretty hot. . . ." Afterward, she assured me that this is the "worst poem I ever wrote in my life. I hate it. But it works the room."

•

At least some of word's raging new popularity derives from the fact that some of the big dogs are packing large venues and making a buck. In May I was at the Warfield Theater to see Henry Rollins, formerly with the punk band Black Flag, perform along with Don Bajema, Hubert Selby, Jr., author of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, and Exene Cervenka from X, probably Los Angeles' favorite punk band.

The Warfield is where big acts such as Sonic Youth and Nirvana play, and there were about 700 people on hand. Rollins paced the stage in his cutoff Army-fatigue pants and boots, his many tattoos somehow filling the auditorium, telling stories from his nonstop gig schedule and reading a funny poem called *Ode to MTV Unplugged* in a snotty English accent. Everyone was strangely polite. They were back in the ivory tower: It was a big, expensive ticket, and the fans wanted to hear every golden fart.

Which, as far as I can tell, is not where spoken word is breaking new ground. Over the past few years the genre has emerged as a forum in which writers and poets—those who prefer performing to chasing Guggenheims or teaching freshman English—can get a roaring audience with a good ear. But, far more important, it has become a fresh hunting ground for children of rock and roll still looking for bursts of identification with one another, for liberation and for wild nights of crazy art and words that live in your head until the next morning.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A RICH, challenging cinematic treat, playwright John Guare's spry screen adaptation of ***Six Degrees of Separation*** (MGM) injects new zest into his international stage hit. Decidedly not for audiences seeking escape, the movie, directed by Fred Schepisi, opens up Guare's provocative one-set play based on an actual incident. Will Smith, better known as TV's *Fresh Prince of Bel Air*, dissembles royally as the young hustler who passes himself off to wealthy New Yorkers as the son of Sidney Poitier. He also pretends to be on intimate terms with their offspring in the best Ivy League schools. Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland perform brilliantly as his gullible victims, a Fifth Avenue couple whose double-dealing in the art world may be as big a scam as any perpetrated by their fast-talking night visitor. "Let's not be star-fuckers," says Channing coyly, a seriocomic wonder who believes she just might be cast by Poitier to be an extra in his new movie based on *Cats*. Only the kids home from college see the truth in Guare's biting satire about parents and children, haves and have-nots, right and wrong and the thin line separating everybody on the planet "by only six degrees." This witty brainteaser offers no simple answers but cleverly weaves its questions into a guilt-edged parlor game. ¥¥¥¥

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Johnny Depp's title role in ***What's Eating Gilbert Grape*** (Paramount) has touches of the on-camera magic that made *Edward Scissorhands* so enjoyable. Depp plays a mild grocery clerk in a small Iowa town where he makes out with a married customer (Mary Steenburgen) while making deliveries, then goes home to keep his dysfunctional family from falling apart. Although Gilbert's sisters seem normal, his obese mother (Darlene Cates), whom he calls "a beached whale," never leaves the house, and his brother Arnie (Leonardo DiCaprio) is a mentally deficient kid with a dangerous penchant for climbing to the top of the town's water tower. Only his budding relationship with a stranded tourist named Becky (Juliette Lewis) gives Gilbert a new outlook, and Lewis' affected manner looks precisely right this time. Adapted by Peter Hedges and based on his novel, *Gilbert Grape* might have seemed a mite precious in the wrong hands. Luckily, Swedish director Lasse Hallström (whose *My Life as a Dog* won him a 1987 Oscar nomination) knows how to lighten an unabashedly heartwarming movie with wry humor. And DiCaprio (last seen in *This Boy's Life*) as the retarded teenager gives a performance to remember when they start doling out acting honors for 1993. ¥¥¥½

Quinn and Stowe: *Blink*'s eye-filling duo.

Mavericks on tap include a Poitier impersonator, a doomed Romeo and a serial killer at large.

•

Saigon as a balmy demiparadise in the decade between 1951 and 1961 is the romantic setting for ***The Scent of Green Papaya*** (First Look). Writer-director Tran Anh Hung, born in Vietnam, actually had to shoot this sentimental journey in France—waxing nostalgic about a delicate ritual of courtship between Mui (Tran Nu Yên-Khê), a graceful servant girl, and Khuyen (Vuong Hoa Hôi), the successful young composer who employs her. Domestic arts such as peeling and preparing papaya made women's work seem as eloquent as poetry during happier days in Vietnam. How Mui's quiet presence finally wins Khuyen away from his giddy, sophisticated fiancée is the whole story. Tran spells it out with very little dialogue—as leisurely erotica in flawless good taste. ¥¥¥

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Don't expect to have a wonderful time watching ***Savage Nights*** (Gramercy), a grim but fascinating French movie that was showered with 1993 awards there. Sadly, Cyril Collard, who wrote, directed and stars in *Savage Nights*, died of AIDS at the age of 35 only days before his autobiographical magnum opus won France's Cesar. Collard plays Jean, a handsome filmmaker who picks up rough trade for anonymous sex under bridges and sleeps with a male hustler named Samy (Carlos Lopez) and with devoted Laura (Romane Bohringer, catapulted to stardom by her volatile performance here). Jean seldom bothers to inform his partners that he is HIV-positive. Even so, he is a perversely attractive character who drives at breakneck speed, defies his stunned parents and refuses to be cowed by AIDS. The knowledge that Collard has no future to follow up his lurid past undoubtedly adds impact to *Savage Nights*, a macabre, unnerving blend of fact and fiction. ¥¥½

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A lovely blind violinist (Madeleine Stowe) regains much of her sight after corneal-transplant surgery. One of the first things she sees is a serial killer leaving a neighbor's apartment. Enter the sympathetic Chicago detective (Aidan Quinn) who believes and befriends her, to put it mildly, in the suspenseful, entertaining ***Blink*** (New Line). The title hints at the heroine's peculiar tendency to hallucinate—not a highly desirable trait for an eyewitness. A provocative screenplay by Dana Stevens, a fillip of special effects and able direction by Michael Apted (*Coal Miner's Daughter*) propels *Blink* into the mainstream as a romantic thriller. The movie's chief assets are Stowe and Quinn—a mercurial screen team with a touch of chemistry, they all but glow in the dark. ¥¥¥

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Mikhail Gorbachev appears as himself with an angel (played by Otto Sander) looking over his shoulder in ***Faraway, So Close*** (Sony Classics) by German director Wim Wenders. Peter Falk also drops in periodically as the star of TV's *Columbo*, singer Lou Reed appears in concert, and Willem Dafoe plays a devilish symbolic character who pretty much sums up the film's philosophical pretensions. A kind of sequel to the director's *Wings of Desire*, made in 1987, *Faraway, So Close* has the air of a high-concept project seen by Wenders as a way to bring some of his favorite characters together under an oppressively dull, dark cloud. ¥

•

Lest they be separated by child-welfare officials, four orphaned children entomb their dead mother in the basement. That is the gist of ***The Cement Garden*** (October), which ends with the teenage brother and sister (Andrew Robertson and Charlotte Gainsbourg) having an incestuous fling. Sinead Cusack portrays their late mother, trundled around as a corpse in a role that couldn't

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THE GOLDEN EAGLE RING

Binoche: America's favorite Eurobabe.

OFF CAMERA

In the U.S. from France for the New York Film Festival preview of Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Three Colors: Blue*, opening here soon, **Juliette Binoche** sips Perrier and wonders aloud why she usually gets the sex-pot roles in her English-language movies. "I am always surprised to be offered them," she notes, smiling seductively. Binoche first caused heat rash wowing Daniel Day-Lewis in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, then played the temptress who destroys Jeremy Irons' career and marriage in last year's *Damage*. "In any case," she adds, "you don't play eroticism as such, you just deal with the story and situation." For her "harsh, furious performance" as the young widow of a famous composer in *Three Colors: Blue*, she won the Venice Festival's Best Actress award.

After this trip, she plans to take some time off with her new baby. "While I was pregnant, I painted a lot—mostly abstracts, which seemed more about feeling something you can't see." She is 29, not married to her child's father, and she prefers to leave him out of the conversation. "You wouldn't know him, anyway. He's not an actor."

From a theatrical family, Binoche has performed Chekhov on the stage in Paris, though her eloquent eyes seem to focus most radiantly on cinema. "Acting is mostly instinctive, all in the eyes—the doorway to your soul." In her French films she has had to water-ski and do two risky parachute jumps ("I thought I was going to die"). But so far she has resisted Hollywood's overtures to do challenging outdoor action films. Among the parts dangled before her was the female lead in *Jurassic Park*, which she had to decline. "Great chance if you want to run and jump, Spielberg told me. I'd like to work with him. Maybe I'd have been more tempted if he had asked me to play a dinosaur."

have been much fun. Of course, having fun is hardly the point of *Cement Garden*, based on Ian McEwan's novel, but director Andrew Birkin stages it effectively as a surreal and amoral cinematic dreamscape. ¥¥

•

After an instantaneous physical attraction propels them into a montage of carnal bliss, the male and female stars of ***Twogether*** (G.S. Entertainment) get married in haste. Then they rashly decide to divorce. After celebrating their freedom with another session in the sack, she gets pregnant. He is a footloose California artist (Nick Cassavetes, the tall, handsome son of John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands) who avoids commitments. She is a poor little rich girl (beautiful, soulful Brenda Bakke). Sometimes the picture is too pretty for words. *Twogether* plays like an unexpectedly sober take on life and love, filtered through the perceptions of a California surfer. ¥¥

•

An action-oriented caper comedy, ***Gunmen*** (Dimension) co-stars Mario Van Peebles and Christopher Lambert as a pair of tough guys with little in common except their desire to find $400 million worth of tainted drug money. Van Peebles is a New Yorker motivated in part by revenge, and Lambert is an illiterate, bumbling smuggler who just wants his dead brother's share of the loot. Their archenemies are played with panache by Patrick Stewart and Denis Leary, who keep things lively while miles of Mexican seacoast get shot to hell. Because we've traveled this route so many times before, *Gunmen* dilutes derring-do with a sense of déjà vu. ¥¥

•

A buddy film with a strong geriatric twist is ***Wrestling Ernest Hemingway*** (Warner), the wry, rueful tale of two lonely old men who cheer each other up during their dotage in a small Florida town. With Robert Duvall showing off his accent as a retired Cuban barber and Richard Harris as a lewd, hard-drinking former sea captain, you can bet the performances are first-rate. The title relates to Harris' oft-repeated boast of a bar brawl eons ago with Hemingway. Piper Laurie plays an aged coquette addicted to movies, Shirley MacLaine is Harris' landlady at the Lone Palm Apartments, and Sandra Bullock does a nice turn as a friendly young waitress at the Sweetwater Café. Fledgling author Steve Conrad was 21 when he wrote the screenplay, directed by Randa Haines (*Children of a Lesser God*). Clearly, everyone concerned meant well—and does well. A rueful ode to old age. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Accompanist (Reviewed 1/94) Music for lovers under Nazi rule. ¥¥¥

Blink (See review) A nearly blind eyewitness sees too much. ¥¥¥

Carlito's Way (Listed only) Pacino is OK, as usual, playing a reformed crook, but Sean Penn is smashing as his treacherous, sleazy lawyer. ¥¥¥

The Cement Garden (See review) Kids remember Mama, who is buried downstairs. ¥¥

Dangerous Game (Listed only) It's blonde ambition played to the hilt by Madonna, doing fine in a dark, dreary movie within a movie. ¥½

Faraway, So Close (See review) Wenders on the world at large. ¥

Farewell My Concubine (12/93) Male couple in the Peking Opera deal with Chinese sexual history. ¥¥¥¥

Fearless (1/94) After surviving an air crash, Jeff Bridges takes wing. ¥¥½

Flesh and Bone (1/94) Texas scams with Ryan, Quaid and Caan. ¥¥¥

Gettysburg (12/93) You had to be there—and almost are, in this long but awesome Civil War epic. ¥¥¥

Gunmen (See review) Another quest for cash spills lots of blood. ¥¥

Naked (1/94) Director Mike Leigh holds Britain's feet to the coals. ¥¥¥½

The Piano (12/93) Holly Hunter and Harvey Keitel hit the right keys in the most erotic movie of 1993. ¥¥¥¥

The Remains of the Day (12/93) Acting seldom gets better than this. Another win for Merchant-Ivory. ¥¥¥¥

Savage Nights (See review) Fiction with an HIV-positive kicker. ¥¥½

The Scent of Green Papaya (See review) Vietnam in the good old days. ¥¥¥

Schindler's List (Listed only) Too long but harrowing Spielberg epic stars Liam Neeson, superb as a Nazi tycoon saving Polish Jews. ¥¥¥½

Six Degrees of Separation (See review) New York socialites sabotaged. ¥¥¥¥

The Summer House (1/94) A wedding sidetracked by British ladies. ¥¥½

Three Colors: Blue (1/94) Binoche takes her bow in widow's weeds. ¥¥

Twenty Bucks (1/94) Everyone gets the bill in a hand-to-hand comedy. ¥¥¥

Twogether (See review) The title's your clue that it's amorous froth. ¥¥

The War Room (1/94) On the campaign trail with Clinton and company. ¥¥¥

What's Eating Gilbert Grape (See review) Depp and DiCaprio make a dysfunctional family look fine. ¥¥¥½

Wrestling Ernest Hemingway (See review) Old folks at large. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

"I'm a *Bonnie and Clyde* fan," drawls country singer and urban cowboy **Billy Ray Cyrus,** who has seen the movie—the only video he owns—more than 20 times. "I like it because it's real, and I'm into reality." The Nashville star is also inspired by home reruns of tearjerkers such as *The Prince of Tides*, *Stealing Home* and *Brian's Song*. Musician bios including *The Buddy Holly Story* and the fictional *Eddie and the Cruisers* strike a familiar chord. "Another I like real well is *Field of Dreams*," Cyrus says, "but then, I always wanted to be a baseball player—and Tommy Lasorda is a good friend." Alas, the 32-year-old singing sensation ain't so sensational when it comes to remembering movie titles. Trying to recall the name of a favorite recent rental—*My Girl*, with Macaulay Culkin—Cyrus went blank: "You know, the one where the kid gets stung by a bunch of bees, then dies. *The Goodbye Girl*, right?" —DONNA COE

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Close to Eden: Highly scenic comedy set in Inner Mongolia, where a farmer goes to town to buy condoms. Surprisingly funny, subtitles and all.

Lovers and Other Strangers: Hilarious wedding marred by infidelity, panic and family dysfunction. Bonnie Bedelia's the bride and Gig Young is her philandering dad in this 1970 all-star outing that marked Diane Keaton's movie debut.

The Public Eye: Hustling New York tabloid photojournalist is smitten by nightclub owner's widow. Joe Pesci is the shutterbug, Barbara Hershey is his focus.

Reservoir Dogs: Violence in extremis with Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel and Michael Madsen among the thieves on the run after a misbegotten caper.

The Rounders: Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford co-star in an agreeable 1964 Western tracking two veteran cowpokes as they gallop into middle age.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

GOLDEN GLOBE

Haiti. Russia. Somalia. As the world gets smaller, it gets more complicated. Long before CNN's *World Report*, filmmakers weighed in on government ills and social injustice. From International Historic Films, some classic flashbacks:

Land Without Bread (1932) and ***Housing Problems*** (1935): Both are documentaries—Luis Buñuel's tale of hungry Spanish villagers, and an exposé on Brit slum dwellers. Decent double bill.

The Battle of Algiers (1966): Honored portrait of the 1954–1957 Algerian revolt. The Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo achieved doculike realism in a tale of a conflict that eerily paralleled Vietnam.

Two Men and a Wardrobe (1958) and ***The Fat and the Lean*** (1961): Early absurdist parables, both silent, by Roman Polanski—one concerning the elusiveness of privacy, the other an attack on arbitrary authority. (The first was a student film.)

Royal Tour of South Africa (1947): Self-congratulatory Brit travelogue of the royals' visit to South Africa—featuring dancing Zulus, grand speeches (in synchronous sound) and a majestic homecoming. Talk about being in denial.

Why Vietnam (1965): Speeches by McNamara, Rusk and President Johnson highlight this crash course on U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. Check out the year. If they had only known. —JAMES HARRIS

LASER FARE

A must-have for action fans: Voyager's Criterion Collection Edition of Hong Kong director John Woo's ***The Killer.*** Letterboxing restores the gangster flick to its original 1.85-to-1 aspect ratio, and the trio of discs includes audio commentary, restored scenes, loads of background material and 11 trailers for Woo films. . . . MGM/UA has added Lucasfilm THX sound capability and a 53-minute documentary to its newest "definitive" edition of ***The Wizard of Oz.*** Dubbed "The Ultimate Oz," the package boasts a new Technicolor version of the 1939 classic, restored from the original nitrate negative. . . . And you thought he'd left the building for good. BMG has released ***Elvis in Hollywood,*** a memorabilia-packed, 65-minute documentary of the King's early days in Tinseltown. Focusing on those pre-Army first flicks—*Jailhouse Rock*, *Love Me Tender*, *Loving You* and *King Creole*—the disc also includes (you guessed it) previously unreleased home movies and photos. $29.98.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO VALENTINES OF THE MONTH

From Playboy's *For Couples Only* collection, a pair worthy of replay on Cupid's VCR: ***Love, Sex & Intimacy for New Relationships*** provides a peek into getting to know (and getting naked with) a brand-new love, and ***How to Reawaken Your Sexual Powers*** is a sexy how-to on jump-starting an old one. The perfect his-and-hers valentines. (Both programs produced in association with—and also available from—the Sharper Image.)

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
HIT	***The Firm*** (Cruise unwittingly signs on with Mob attorneys; screenplay bends Grishom's story but still delivers), ***In the Line of Fire*** (Secret Servicer Eostwood versus crackpot Malkovich, who stolks prez and steals pic).
ROMANCE	***Sleepless in Seattle*** (Ryan heors widower Hanks on radio coll-in, then starts cross-country courtship; the ideal date flick), ***An Affair to Remember*** (Cary Grant–Deborah Kerr shipboard romance thot inspires Ryon in *Sleepless*; old gold).
DRAMA	***American Heart*** (ex-con Jeff Bridges and son struggle to survive below poverty line; sad, grungy, beautifully acted), ***Wide Sargasso Sea*** (erotic predecessor to *Jane Eyre*, set in Jamaica; British aristocrat can't take the heat).
COMEDY	***Robin Hood: Men in Tights*** (Borscht Belt Sherwood silliness vio Mel Brooks; expect less, you'll enjoy more), ***The Meteor Man*** (Robert Townsend's Africon-American, big-city superhero; not strictly comedy—but fun).
ACTION	***Rising Sun*** (cops Connery and Snipes crack corporote killing that's tied to rough sex; Crichton's updote softens the Jopon boshing), ***Carnosaur*** (shlockmeister Roger Corman's cheesy-but-charming *Jurassic Park*—with shorper teeth).

WIRED

LOST AND FOUND IN AMERICA

The military technology that kept Desert Storm soldiers from getting lost in the sand dunes is now available to skiers, sailors, hikers and other enthusiasts of the outdoors. Called global-positioning systems, these extremely accurate palm-size gadgets receive latitude, longitude and altitude data from about 24 Pentagon-launched satellites. They also track travel speed and estimate the time it will take you to reach your destination—information that, when used in conjunction with your personal maps and charts, will keep you on time and on course. Several companies, including Sony, Motorola

DAN PACCARINO

and Micrologic, offer consumer global-positioning systems priced between $600 and $1600. Panasonic's new KX-G5700 ($1200) especially caught our attention, because it's the first GPS to feature a liquid-crystal display for viewing maps and nautical charts (most competitors supply just numerical data). Panasonic tells us it plans to offer map-based systems as an automobile option as early as 1996.

NAME THAT TUNE

Smart new media kiosks in some of the nation's top record shops are making it easier for music lovers to spend their money. With just one title word from a sought-after song, for example, a Muze computer terminal will tell you the name of the album on which the track appears. Muze also uses its data base of more than 100,000 albums to search for recordings by artist or by musical genre. Another electronic shopping assistant, called i Station, uses personal identification cards that let you look for music that suits your tastes. When it finds something, it plays five 30-second song hooks while showing album cover graphics, record reviews and companion music videos on a built-in monitor. There's also a music station on the way from IBM that will create custom compact discs in six minutes. Tell it whether you want a complete prerecorded CD or a selection of individual tracks and it downloads the tunes (via fiber-optic cable) from a central music depository. Think of it as a vending machine of the future—one that could be as well-stocked as the nearest Tower Records.

GET THE MESSAGE

With tape-free operation, exceptional sound quality and instant random access to messages, digital telephone-answering devices will be the wave of the future. To underscore that, several manufacturers have introduced digital TADs that incorporate new and impressive features. Toshiba, Panasonic and Phonemate have combined a digital answering machine with a cordless telephone. Toshiba's entry, the FT-9003BK, illustrated here ($250), stores up to 40 messages and has a feature called Silence Detection that shrinks the pauses in messages to increase recording time. Panasonic's

GLENN ARVIDSON

version, the KX-T4600 (about $300), has four mailboxes that can be used to separate time-and-date-stamped messages for different members of your household. Friday is the name of a digital TAD by Bogen Communication with eight mailboxes. Dubbed "the personal office receptionist," the $500 machine can be programmed to screen calls, announce callers and play music from a radio or CD when you put someone on hold.

WILD THINGS

Panasonic has unveiled a new color television called Flat Vision (pictured below), which features a 14-inch screen that's less than four inches deep. Although it will initially be available only in Japan, Flat Vision is expected to arrive Stateside sometime in 1994 (priced at about $2500). We're told future versions of this superslim TV will come with larger screens that can be mounted on the wall like pictures. • Also headed our way some time next year will be Samsung's Digital Video Disc Recorder, the first home-entertainment component that can record up to 110 minutes of TV programming on a five-inch erasable CD-type disc. The recording-playback quality, Samsung claims, is comparable to that of laser discs. The price of the machine hasn't yet been determined.

Where & How to Buy on page 145.

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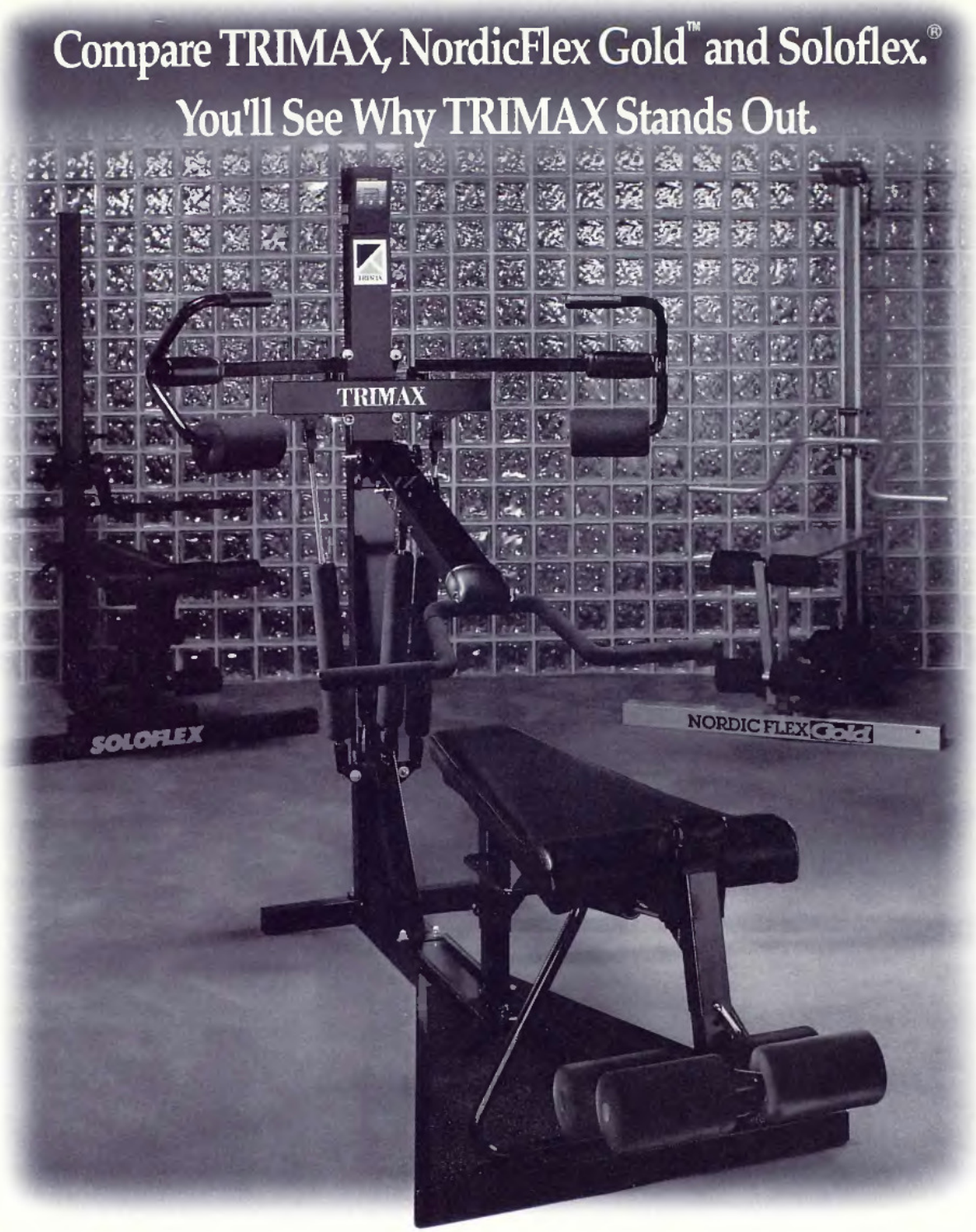

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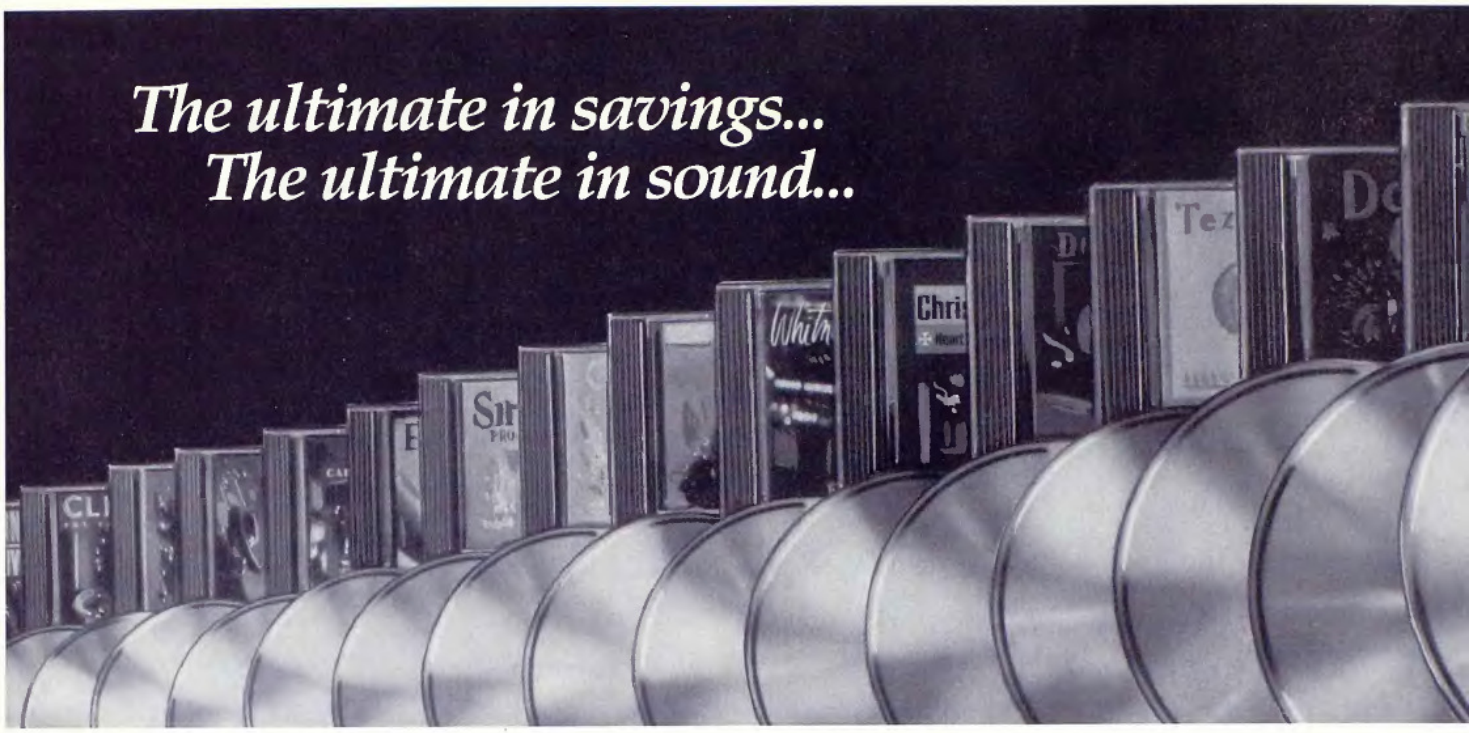

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The Doors: L.A. Woman (Elektra) **00215**

Frank Sinatra: The Best Of The Capitol Years (Capitol) **00242**

Phil Collins: Serious Hits...Live! (Atlantic) **00324**

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Van Morrison: Moondance (Warner Bros.) **64585**

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THIS MAY BE the era when mainstream publishing rediscovers sex. The recent flood of volumes embracing the subject includes anthologies of erotic classics, first-person reports from the field, explorations of spiritual sexuality, the ever-popular instructional guides and a survey of the new technology of erotica.

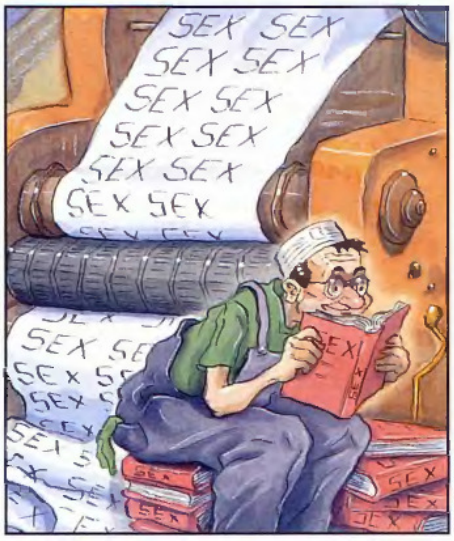
Most significant for contemporary readers, however, is the return of fiction in which sexual experience is not treated as simply an obligatory titillation. Instead, our most intimate relationships are explored with refreshing candor and humor in two new novels: ***The Fermata*** (Random House), by Nicholson Baker, and ***They Whisper*** (Henry Holt), by Robert Olen Butler.

Baker's previous novel, *Vox*—written in the form of phone-sex dialogue—was considered shocking stuff by some critics. *The Fermata*, with its long sections of amateur pornography, is considerably more explicit. It is the autobiography of Arnold Strine, a 35-year-old temporary secretary in Boston who has discovered the secret of stopping time. Unlike the rest of us, who might want to use the secret to make money or work for world peace, Strine uses it to freeze moments for his erotic entertainment.

His first experiment in stopping time is prompted by a desire to see his fourth-grade teacher, Miss Dobzhansky, undressed. Following this thrilling success, his life is guided by his power to enter the Fold (or "hit the clutch" or "find the cleft" or "take a personal day" or "investigate an estoppel") and remove clothes from thousands of unwitting women, fondle them, dress them and restart time. At one point he straps a butterfly vibrator on a woman in the subway and watches her melt with pleasure. In another impulsive moment he puts "nipple nooses" on author Anne Rice while she is signing a book for him.

When he tentatively discusses the concept of "time perversion" with his girlfriend, Rhody, she is so repulsed by the idea that she leaves him. Meanwhile, Arnold voyeuristically obsesses over various unaware victims of his ardor. He finds one woman sunbathing on Cape Cod and contrives to place a sex fantasy he has written on the sand near her. Afterward, he hides in a laundry hamper in the woman's bathroom to watch her masturbate, and—in a frozen-time moment—becomes so excited that he ejaculates on her motionless face.

Strine's neurotic, comically self-absorbed confessions will remind you of Woody Allen and Philip Roth at their hilarious bests. Beneath the sf sexual comedy, however, Baker toys with serious ideas. You will undoubtedly have more fun with the sardonic humor and the sexual high-jinks than you will with the philosophical inquiries.



Erotica makes a big comeback.

The new erotica: from tantric sex to cybersex.

In *They Whisper*, Butler, who last year won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction for *A Good Scent from a Strange Mountain*, has written an intensely sexual, emotionally powerful story of a love affair gone crazy. It is also a stream-of-consciousness memoir (full of run-on sentences) that connects the women in the narrator's life and in his fantasies as one ceaseless flow of voices and memories and bodies.

Ira Holloway is a Vietnam vet who meets Fiona Price on the street and falls passionately in love with her. They marry. They have a vigorous, adventurous sex life, which stimulates his memories of earlier lovers and other women. Ira's phantoms are mostly sweet. But Fiona is haunted by memories of sexual abuse at the hands of her father—and by jealous fears. She flies into uncontrollable rages night after night when Ira is not able to produce an erection on demand. Out of his love for the woman Fiona used to be and his love for his young son, John, Ira suffers her irrational anger and endures her increasingly fanatic devotion to Catholicism. He survives on his memories and infidelity.

One of the many remarkable aspects of this novel is Butler's ability to re-create the strikingly individual voices of women as they whisper to Ira. Butler has written movingly of Vietnam in his earlier books, and the memory sequences of Ira's life in that country are among the most unforgettable in this novel. *They Whisper* is as authentic and as heartbreaking a portrait of the inner life of a contemporary man as you are likely to read this year.

Two new anthologies offer similar selections of "the good parts" from literature throughout history: ***Erotic Literature: Twenty-four Centuries of Sensual Writing*** (HarperCollins), edited by Jane Mills, and ***The Literary Companion to Sex*** (Random House), collected by Fiona Pitt-Kethley. Visual stimulation is provided by ***Erotica II*** (Carroll & Graf), by Charlotte Hill and William Wallace (the raunchy version with old French postcards), and ***The Art of Arousal*** (Abbeville), with text by Dr. Ruth Westheimer (the classy version with a full-page close-up of the scrotum on Michelangelo's *David*).

Want to know what everybody else is doing in private? Try Mark Baker's ***Sex Lives: A Sexual Self-Portrait of America*** (Simon & Schuster). It provides a cross-section of unattributed quotes from a hundred people whose memories, opinions and sexual adventures are grouped into categories. But if you want a detailed, eye-opening account of the real sexual underground in America, read ***Different Loving: An Exploration of the World of Sexual Dominance and Submission*** (Villard), a thorough and serious study by Gloria Brame, William Brame and Jon Jacobs.

A strong interest in the spiritual dimensions of sexuality is reflected in ***Sacred Sexuality: Living the Vision of the Erotic Spirit*** (Tarcher), by Georg Feuerstein, and in ***The Art of Sexual Ecstasy: The Path of Sacred Sexuality for Western Lovers*** (Tarcher), by Margo Anand. The latter is an older book, which focuses on tantric sexual practices; Feuerstein surveys the links between spirituality and sexuality in all major religions, including a fascinating chapter on "The New Erotic Christianity."

Brenda Venus learned from the old master of sex himself, Henry Miller, and she passes on the techniques to us in ***Secrets of Seduction: How to Be the Best Lover Your Woman Ever Had*** (Dutton). If you are thinking of a valentine for that special woman, you couldn't do yourself a bigger favor than giving her a copy of ***203 Ways to Drive a Man Wild in Bed*** (Harmony), by Olivia St. Claire—along with 203 condoms and one white rose, of course.

Finally, for a peek into how sex in the future will be transformed by computers, CD-ROM and virtual reality, there is ***The Joy of Cybersex: An Underground Guide to Electronic Erotica*** (Brady), by Phillip Robinson and Nancy Tamosaitis. Are you ready for teledildonics?

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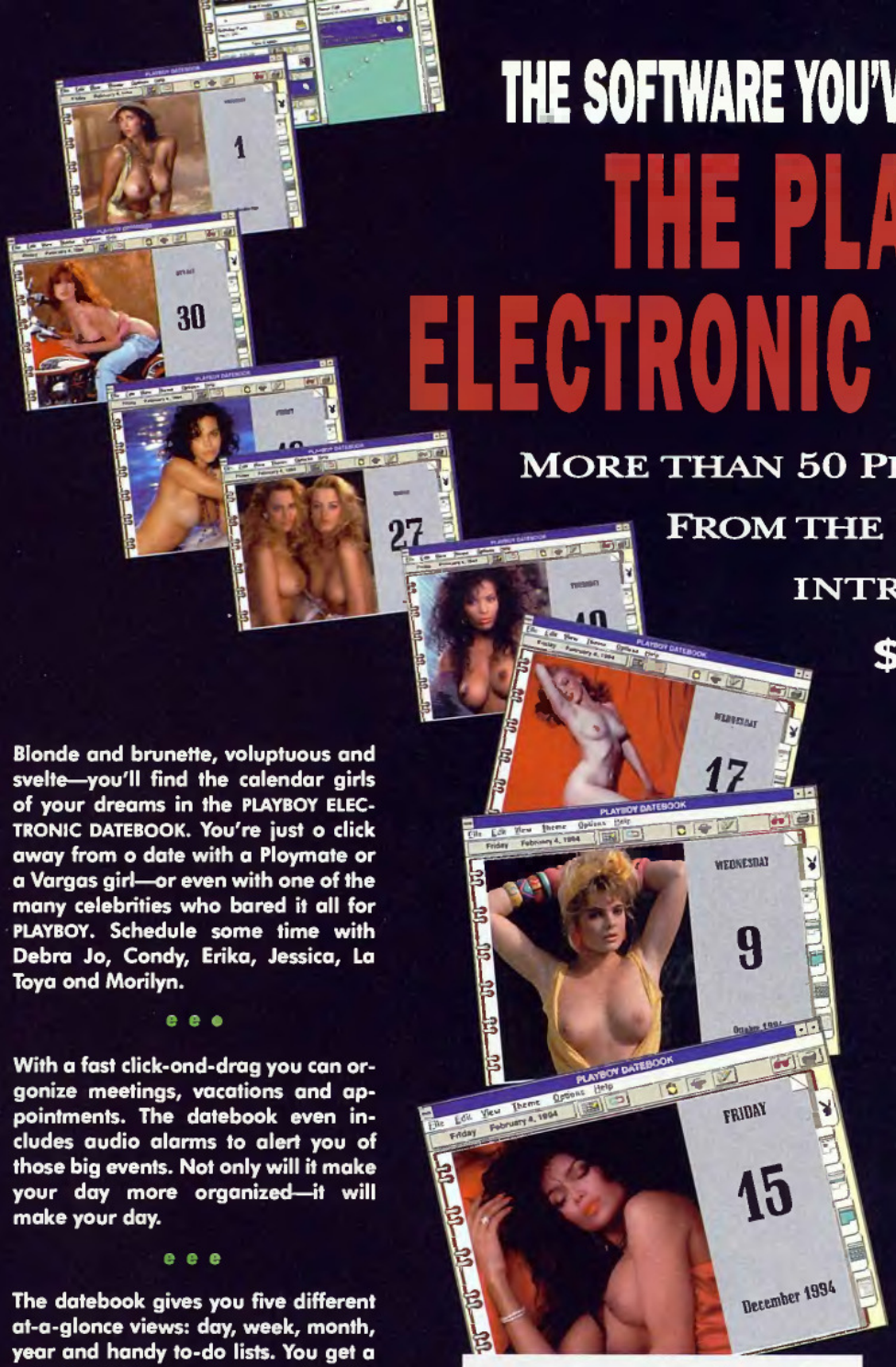

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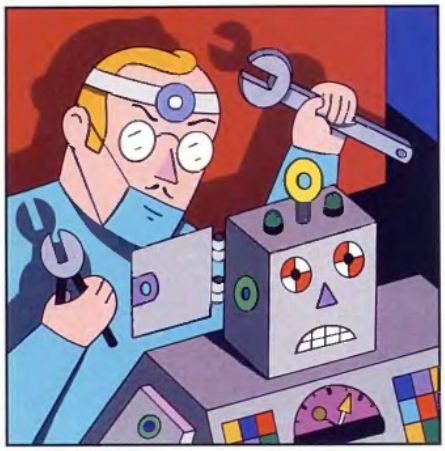
MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

IRON JOHN GETS FIXED

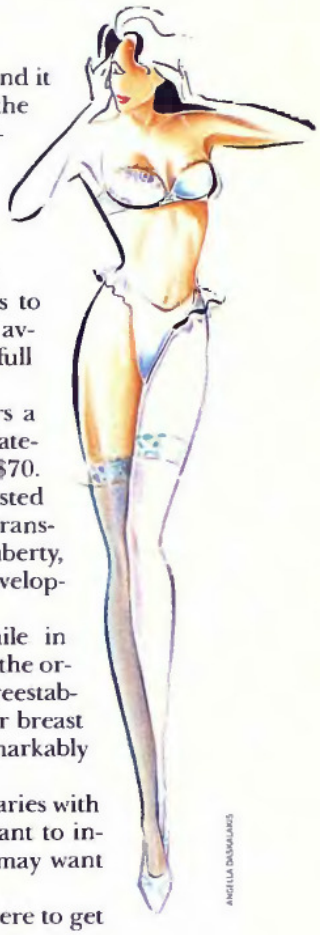
The drumbeats of Iron John and his campfire boys faded fast, but Robert Bly has a successor in the male-bonding biz. Wealthy businessman A. Justin Sterling is selling a fashionably retro message: back to such good old family values as sexual inequality. Today's relationships don't work because certain feminists tried to "turn men from pit bulls into poodles," says Sterling, who has offices in Oakland, Vancouver, Toronto and Boston, and has watched attendance at his seminars double in the past year. For $500 per head, Sterling's programs will wash both genders' brains clean of antimale propaganda, which includes sensitivity, sharing and domesticity. Men are taught to hang out in wolf packs, pump up their "masculine energy" and revive long-lost male-chauvinist rituals such as bragging, belching and babe-bashing. Like some hybrid of Werner Erhard and David Koresh, Sterling preaches his message ex cathedra: Stay away from women whenever possible and never, never confide your feelings to them because they will only use them against you. Stick close to your fellow Sterlingites, who will keep you in line.



STEVE TURK

Women need reprogramming too, says Sterling. In his female weekend workshops, the women learn that their only hope for a good relationship with a man is to respect him. Treat your male like a "guest in the relationship," he instructs, never nagging about such habits as shedding smelly socks or watching sports during sex. According to the mastermind of the millennium marriage, only women possess innate talent for intimacy and nurturing. For all their blustering, men don't care to talk about these things. A Sterling-sanctioned union includes a formal commitment that the woman will be "the emotional manager."

NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES AND IMAGINE MOUNT EVEREST



ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

Think about a problem long enough and it is sure to grow on you—at least that's the plan behind Rick Brown's breast-enhancement therapy.

"Creative visualization can stimulate breast growth," asserts Brown, a southern California–based hypnotherapist. "Many women have used the simple and effective visualization programs to achieve measurements they desire. The average increase is two inches and one full cup size."

To facilitate this process, Brown offers a set of six audiocassettes called, appropriately, *Think and Grow Breasts*, for a mere $70. The program works best in cases of arrested breast development, Brown says, by transporting the patient's mind back to puberty, when her breasts were (or were not) developing in the first place.

"Researchers discovered that if, while in hypnosis, women recalled puberty, then the organic conditions of puberty may be reestablished, leading to the completion of their breast development," Brown says with a remarkably straight face.

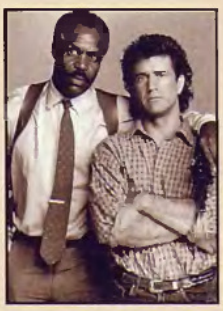
"The magnitude and type of change varies with each woman. While one woman may want to increase her breast size, another woman may want only an increase in firmness."

What would happen if teenage boys were to get hold of this technology?

PERIOD PIECE

Research papers presented at the British Psychological Society's annual meeting declared premenstrual syndrome a myth. Although a small percentage of women have genuine hormone imbalances, the papers argued, difficulties blamed on PMS are attributable to other factors and life events. Which proves, we guess, that Fergie's behavior is more complicated than we thought.

AND THE WINNER IS. . . .



What are the ten best buddy films of all time? *Mantrack* asked that question recently, naming our own choices for the top seven buddy movies and urging readers to nominate three more to round out the list. Susan Joe of Bayside, New York submitted *The Odd Couple*, *Some Like It Hot* and *Thelma & Louise* (yes, *Thelma & Louise*—hundreds of respondents, mostly men, named this male-bashing classic as one of their favorite buddy movies. Those of you who are outraged will find some solace in this month's *Mantrack* "Guest Opinion" by Joe Bob Briggs). Add these three to our list of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Frisco Kid*, *Grand Illusion*, *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*, *Midnight Run*, *The Man Who Would Be King* and *Lethal Weapon*, and you have PLAYBOY's top ten buddy films. Susan will receive all ten movies on videocassette, courtesy of our friends at Critics' Choice Video.

MERIT BADGES FOR MAN SCOUTS

Life was easier when we were younger. We knew where we stood. If we were good at something—archery, bugling, rowing, that sort of thing—we earned a merit badge. But for grown-ups, even those who consider themselves to be good scouts, proving a proficiency in areas that really count is not easy. Herewith, our modest proposal: merit badges for Man Scouts:

BBQ cuisine: A true Man Scout must be able to start a fire, either by rubbing sticks or by using Match-Light briquettes. He must then burn all burgers, dogs and marshmallows and convince his guests that ketchup and mayo constitute a secret sauce.

Wine tasting: The Man Scout must properly master such words as nutty, daring, assertive, mincing and perspicacious—and apply them convincingly to a beverage. A Man Scout never exclaims, "That sucker really hit the spot," and he must be able to explain the difference between an oenophile and an onanist.

Urban survival: The scout must catch a cabdriver trying to take the long way, be able to discern which of three panhandlers deserves a handout, know which parts of town to avoid at night and be able to keep a car stereo from being stolen for six consecutive months (entire car being stolen counts the same as stolen stereo).

Jock talk: To win a jock-talk badge, Man Scouts prove their mastery of the virile art of sports conversation. In drunken scout troops gathered near wide-screen televisions, they take turns evaluating pro-jocks' performances, citing their statistics and placing them in historical perspective.

Home repair: Man Scouts engage in the modern version of a barn raising by rehabbing a suburban home in one day. Their provisions include tool belts, saws, lathes, sanders, shingles, a cement truck and 50 six-packs. While whistling the theme song to *This Old House*, they must rehab the home and add a rec room before sunset, or run a lathe for one hour without amputating any scout appendages.

LIP SERVICE

"I never characterized myself as a feminist. Who needed feminism when your mom wrestled alligators?"
—ATTORNEY GENERAL JANET RENO

"There isn't a leading man who will do frontal nudity and there isn't a leading lady who won't."
—PRODUCER ROBERT EVANS

"For me as an actress, it's a very easy victory to get people's attention by uncrossing your legs in a movie. I don't have much respect for it."
—MEG RYAN

"I feel about booze and cocaine the way I feel about success, about sex. Success can be as much of a trap as cocaine or alcohol or sex."
—HARVEY KEITEL

"You're born with a brain, you're born with a big nose, a small nose, you are born with whatever you are born with. But I know for a fact that people from Belgium are all born with big dicks."
—JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME

"Yeah, there were a lot of Beavises and Butt-Heads in Seattle. The only difference is they weren't as clever as the guys on TV."
—NIRVANA'S KURT COBAIN

MANTRACK SURVEY LINE RESULTS: FEMINISTS WIN, DAN RATHER LOSES

WOULD YOU DATE A FEMINIST?

Absolutely, said callers who took part in a recent Mantrack Phone Survey. Of those responding, 60 percent said they'd be more likely to date a woman who is a feminist, and 56 percent said that feminism had affected their lives in a positive way.

WHO'S THE BEST TV NEWS ANCHOR?

We asked the callers that question and the result was good news—for one famous retiree. According to 43 percent of those responding, Walter Cronkite—who went off the air 12 years ago—is still the ideal anchor. ABC's Peter Jennings came in second with 27 percent, NBC's Tom Brokaw third with 18 percent and CBS's Dan Rather last with 12 percent. But don't worry about Dan. Many of the respondents took the survey before he teamed with Connie Chung, and they named Chung their overwhelming choice for first full-time woman anchor.

There was bad news for Sam Donaldson of ABC, however. Callers tackled the all-important hair issue and 31 percent suggested he would be well advised to wear a hat on the air. ABC colleague Ted Koppel was a close second in the bad-hair derby (27 percent), with Gene Shalit breathing down his neck (26 percent) and Irving R. Levine—who has little hair—getting a hat recommendation from 16 percent.

The breakdown was even closer when we asked, "Who asks the silliest questions on the air?" The results: Barbara Walters (32 percent), Larry King (26 percent), Maria Shriver (23 percent) and John McLaughlin (19 percent).

ARE YOU FAITHFUL?

Affairs happen—or so our callers told us. Fifty-six percent admitted they'd had an affair when they were involved in a supposedly monogamous relationship. Usually, the culprit was lust (according to 52 percent of the callers), though only 16 percent of those who had affairs blamed their extracurricular activities for the breakup of their primary relationship. Forty-four percent claim they're still together and 40 percent said they broke up for other reasons.

MANTRACK

GUEST OPINION
BY JOE BOB BRIGGS

Try this experiment. Say the following to any woman:

"You know that movie *Thelma & Louise?* Kind of silly, wasn't it?" And then, of course, prepare to run for your life.

When I'm feeling especially brave, I like to say, "The real theme of *Thelma & Louise* is 'Look what happens when you let a woman drive.'"

Of course, I have to change cities every time I do this.

In case you haven't noticed, this is one movie women do not have a sense of humor about. If you hate this movie, or if you're simply bored by it, you aren't just commenting on the movie. Your opinion reveals what a disgusting creep you probably are, and no one knew it until now. Because this movie has become more than a movie. It's an article of faith. Women in their 30s and 40s speeding down highways in a T-bird, smoking, drinking, singing and blowing away men, remains a symbol of feminism, such as it is, in this country.

Still, when the movie came out, I had no idea that we were dealing with anything more than a flash in the panties. But it was a full-fledged cultural trend, or maybe the culmination of something that had been building for 30 years. It started on network TV shows, when "Dad" became a synonym for "the weenie who sits in the back room rattling the papers while Mom runs the world." Feminists say we have all these male role models on television. What role models? Ever since Ward Cleaver we've been going downhill. When a kid says, "Hey, Dad, I need some advice," it's a setup for a joke.

But I really thought *Thelma & Louise* was as bad as it could get. After a whole movie of males' being bashed around by sensitive, courageous sisters, surely this was the last we'd hear of that particular cartoon image.

THE MUTANT OFFSPRING OF THELMA AND LOUISE

El wrong-o. Along comes *Fried Green Tomatoes*, full of male demons so brutal that an honest gal's only practical choice is to go lesbo. Then, in quick succession, came *A League of Their Own* (feminist solidarity), *Sister Act* (celibate feminist solidarity) and, of course, *Basic Instinct* (lesbian women in secret societies who can murder men at will). Even *Northern Exposure* got in on the act. The town of Cicely, Alaska is so wonderful it could only have been founded by lesbians.

But the ultimate expression of the form is the TV movie, in which there are no longer any male leads—unless you count actors playing wackos like David Koresh—and in which the only purpose seems to be showing how many times a woman can get kicked in the teeth by the male she's married to, males she works for, bureaucracies run by males and court systems run by males until she bucks up, plants her feet firmly on the ground like Annie Oakley and belts out the disco version of *I Will Survive*. Put on your hockey masks, guys.

But in the meantime, know thy enemy. Let's take a closer look at that male-bashing prototype, *Thelma & Louise*. I feel especially qualified to review this phenomenon. For ten years now I've been getting flak from feminists because of my championing of movies like *Death Wish* and *Friday the 13th* and *I Spit on Your Grave*, which, according to the feminist bible, (a) glorify male violence and (b) encourage men to abuse women by portraying them as airheads who deserve to die every time they think about sex.

Hmmm. You see where this is going, don't you?

Let's take a look at the men in *Thelma & Louise*.

First we have Darryl, Thelma's husband. What a fine specimen he is. He's the domineering, miserly weasel who works at a car dealership, stays out all night, controls Thelma's life, can't take his eyes off the football game when his wife calls from out of town to tell him she's in trouble and has his most sensitive moment when the cops ask him if he's close to Thelma. "Yeah, I guess. I mean, I'm about as close as I can be to a nut case like that."

Thank God they didn't do a cardboard stereotype.

But let's move on. How about Jimmy, the boyfriend of Louise? Jimmy is the good-looking guy who won't commit. Jimmy has WON'T COMMIT written all over his face, his manner and his 12-string guitar. Every catch in his voice, every pause on the phone, says, "Don't make me commit." In other words, he looks like a great hunk of a boyfriend, but when you search down into the heart of the matter, he's bad news for a woman. Even though he agrees to borrow $6700 and send it to Louise without knowing why she wants it, even though he drives several hundred miles to see if he can help her out of her problem, even though he brings an engagement ring, he makes one fatal mistake. He's doing all these things because it's what she wants. It's not necessarily what he wants. It's what she wants. And so she kisses him off—tenderly, but forever—because he's doing what she wants. (I know it's not logical, but trust me.) "I wanted the ring," she tells him, "but not like this."

Moving from the two-dimensional to the one-dimensional, we have the cops. While waiting around in Darryl's living room for our heroines to call, one of them looks at the pictures in *Boudoir* magazine (no doubt a euphemism for PLAYBOY). Before they finally get Thelma on the line, Darryl is coached by them: "Be gentle, like you miss her. Women really love that shit." And they all go yuk-yuk, hardy-har-har.

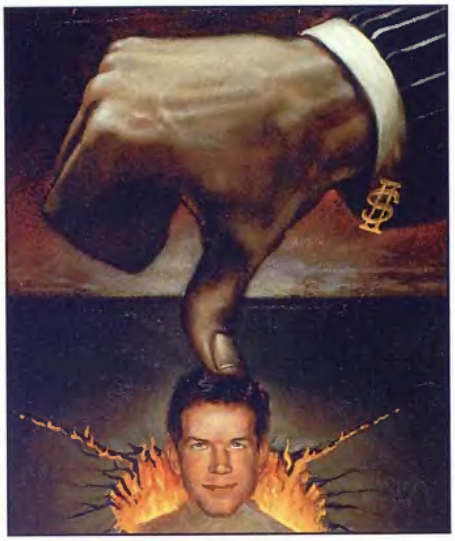
Please.

Then there's J.D. the hitchhiker, the man who seems to be the answer to all of Thelma's frustrations when he introduces her to wild, passionate sex. (In fact, this scene is a copy of the standard male initiation scene used in spring break and summer vacation movies since the beginning of time. It even includes Thelma's proud display of her neck hickey.) But, of course, J.D., who is just like the hooker who lifts your wallet when you're not looking, steals the $6700 and later betrays the women to the cops.

(concluded on page 147)

Joe Bob Briggs is the dean of drive-in movie critics, publisher of "The Joe Bob Report" and a regular fixture on the Movie Channel.

By ASA BABER



MICHAEL MUSSAR

GENERATION X

Most generations acquire a label that sticks. The Fifties were named the Silent Generation for the cautious young people living through the political correctness of McCarthyism. The Sixties saw the flowering of the Woodstock Generation, an era of sex and drugs and Vietnam war protests. The Seventies were the Me Decade and the Eighties brought us yuppies and baby boomers from hell who believed that greed is good.

Today, we have Generation X.

X is the label we have pasted on the older youths of the Nineties. How appropriate. X is a mathematical variable, not a word.

I took one of my favorite Xers to lunch the other day. His name is Brendan Patrick Baber. He was born in Iowa City, Iowa, on March 17, 1968, and he is my younger son. I wanted him to talk about his generation.

It is not with total pride that I nominate Brendan as a typical Xer. Like so many people in his age group, he has been through difficult times, including family breakups, and I am responsible for some of the chaos of his early life. But whatever our history, we are still good friends.

"As Xers, we have been hearing one basic message from the older generations all our lives," Brendan says. "'*You'll think of something*.' That's the line. 'The system is broken, but you guys will think of something.'

"We get that you'll-think-of-something treatment everywhere. The Social Security system is going bankrupt and we'll never see the money we put into it. Most of my generation works part-time with no health insurance and no chance of advancement. There is an enormous drop in wealth between people in their 30s and those of us in our 20s. A lot of my friends have had to move back in with their parents, which is insulting to all concerned. The generation ahead of us, the boomers, is like a swarm of locusts, chewing up everything and leaving nothing. But what about us? We'll think of something."

"So who do you blame?" I ask.

Brendan laughs. "As we see it, things are not necessarily going to get better for us, but most of us can't find a specific thing or person to blame. It's like that scene in a movie I saw where a land agent goes to repossess a farm. The farmer meets him at the door with a shotgun, and the agent says, 'Why do you want to shoot me, farmer? I'm just an employee of the bank.' The farmer asks, 'Well, then, who owns the bank?' The agent says, 'It's owned by thousands of shareholders.' The farmer scratches his head for a minute and asks, 'So who do I shoot?'

"That's us," Brendan says. "Who do we shoot? Who can we blame? Who did this to us? What's the solution? We can't blame an entire generation."

"What do you do about it?"

"There is good news and bad news. We do some fairly self-destructive things, which is bad. We smoke too much and drink a lot of coffee and work two or three jobs and refuse to take care of ourselves. You will not find a lot of Xers in health clubs. And no matter how hard we work, most of us feel like slackers, like we're screwing up somehow. But we don't know how. We don't ask yuppie career questions like, 'Where will I be ten years from now?' We ask Xer questions like, 'Where will I be next week?'

"But there is good news, too. We're doing a lot on our own. We're staking out the little things in our lives we can control. Most of us don't think governments or corporations or gods will take care of us. We simply want to take care of ourselves.

"We create our own work. We thrive on founding small businesses. For example, I'm editing a new arts magazine called *The Third Word*. I have friends who work in coffeehouses, designer shops, delivery services, theater troupes, computer consulting offices. We go to poetry slams and plays and concerts, and we are developing our own way of doing things.

"There's not a lot of money in what we're doing, but we work hard. It's nothing earthshaking or grandiose. But we talk with one another while we ride out the poverty cycle.

"Xers try to take care of one another. We trade information about jobs. We know who our allies are. And we have one advantage over every other generation in history: We feel at ease with technology. We can sit at a computer and have our way with it. We believe in our skills with technology, and that things might work out for us.

"We are not naive, and that is healthy. We know sex can kill. We know that the idea of a lifetime job has evaporated. We know it's a global economy now, and we're competing for work with Mexico and Taiwan and Singapore. And we are really smart about marketing and manipulation. It is impossible to sell us things we don't need. We're not for God and country as much as we're for friends and neighbors. Our motto: Be good to the people you know. Take care of them and they'll take care of you.

"My generation is not radical. We are moderate people. But the generation that follows us, the kids in grade school and high school now, I call voiders. They are growing up in even more violence than we did, and they live in a void. They could become truly radical; the seeds are there. They can be bigoted, fascist, intolerant, against free speech, searching for any kind of order they can find, good or bad. These are kids who get killed on their way to school.

"So Xers fall between the boomers and the voiders. We have stayed decent. But watch out for what's coming up next. The voiders might be your worst nightmare. And you created them. They did not arrive from another planet."

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Lots of you know me as a lone, hard-bitten columnist, prone to lurking on deserted rocky promontories while searching for my muse.

But did you know that I also have another life as a matchmaker? I swear. Every day I go to work and become a yenta, trying to bring together lonely souls desperate for love.

OK, it's true that half of these souls are orphaned dogs in a rescue kennel, which is somewhat different from a person you want to have sex with. But not that different. There are still the love and commitment factors, the boundary problems, the weeding out of abusive or withholding or just generally lousy humans who want dogs for all the wrong reasons. Like for target practice, or lab research.

I've gotten pretty good at it. I can tell a softhearted, sappy human who will let his dog sleep under the covers from the flakes and fuckheads in approximately ten minutes. And now I'm going to apply the same principles to my love life.

I used to sit up and beg, roll over, fetch and play dead for any guy who showed the vaguest interest in me. I would trot right along home with him and try not to notice that we were eating Brand X kibble and that he kept trying to get me to play in traffic.

But now I have a new leash on life. Now I will withhold judgment. I will ask many questions.

These questions will be deceptively casual and nonleading. You don't ask a prospective owner, "Will you let your dog sleep on the bed if she wants to?" because he'll say, "Why, of course!" just to shut you up. No, you ask, "Where will the dog sleep?" If the prospective says, "Out in the yard, or maybe in the garage if she's lucky," instead of, "Wherever she wants," this is a person who has no interest in the comfort or feelings of a longtime companion. This person does not get a dog.

I guess the "Where will I sleep?" thing won't work with a lover, but there are ways to gauge compassion and empathy in a mate. At some point during the early part of a relationship, the guy doesn't call when he says he will. It's a guy rule, just as it's a woman rule to say she'll be home when he calls and then purposely isn't. These are courtship rituals to see how much we can get away with.

BECKY HEAVNER

HOW TO FIND THE PERFECT MATE

When the guy didn't call, I used to pretend nothing had happened. Such behavior sets the relationship back to square one, with everyone pretending to be madly casual. Other people will tearfully cry, "Where the hell were you?" which is leading and demanding and pushes the relationship too far forward.

Here's what I'll do: I'll ask blandly, "How come you didn't call on Thursday?" If I get, "Oh, was I supposed to call?" I won't mind. Nobody likes to admit he's playing games. Although, now that the guy has been warned, if he does it again he doesn't get the dog.

But if he has a hissy fit about how you can't tie him down and he was just too busy and what's the big deal anyway, I will run away. This guy is way too defensive, his ego is too fragile, he has too much fear of getting close.

I always ask a prospective owner, "Have you had dogs before?" If she answers, "Hey, yeah, lots and lots," I keep up the questions. If Scruffy got hit by a car, and Fido just ran off one day, and she gave Rover to a friend because Rover chewed up the sofa, there is no way in hell I'll even finish the conversation. I want people who stick with their dogs through anything, people whose dogs live to be 15.

Again, I can't expect a guy to keep all his girlfriends until they die. In fact, if he did I'd be mega-concerned. But history is important. If Madge was a real bitch who took him for all he was worth, and Heather was a total basket case who just used him and abused him, and Fiona, well, she was one crazy lady—he wouldn't be surprised if she were a drug addict or worse—then I'll hide under the house until this guy leaves.

Because we know it takes two to tango. One person is never insane and the other lovely and sweet. A man is allowed one harridan in his early 20s, but then he must admit to equal responsibility. There is nothing more dangerous than someone who thinks of himself as a victim. Victims feel it's within their rights to fuck over everyone.

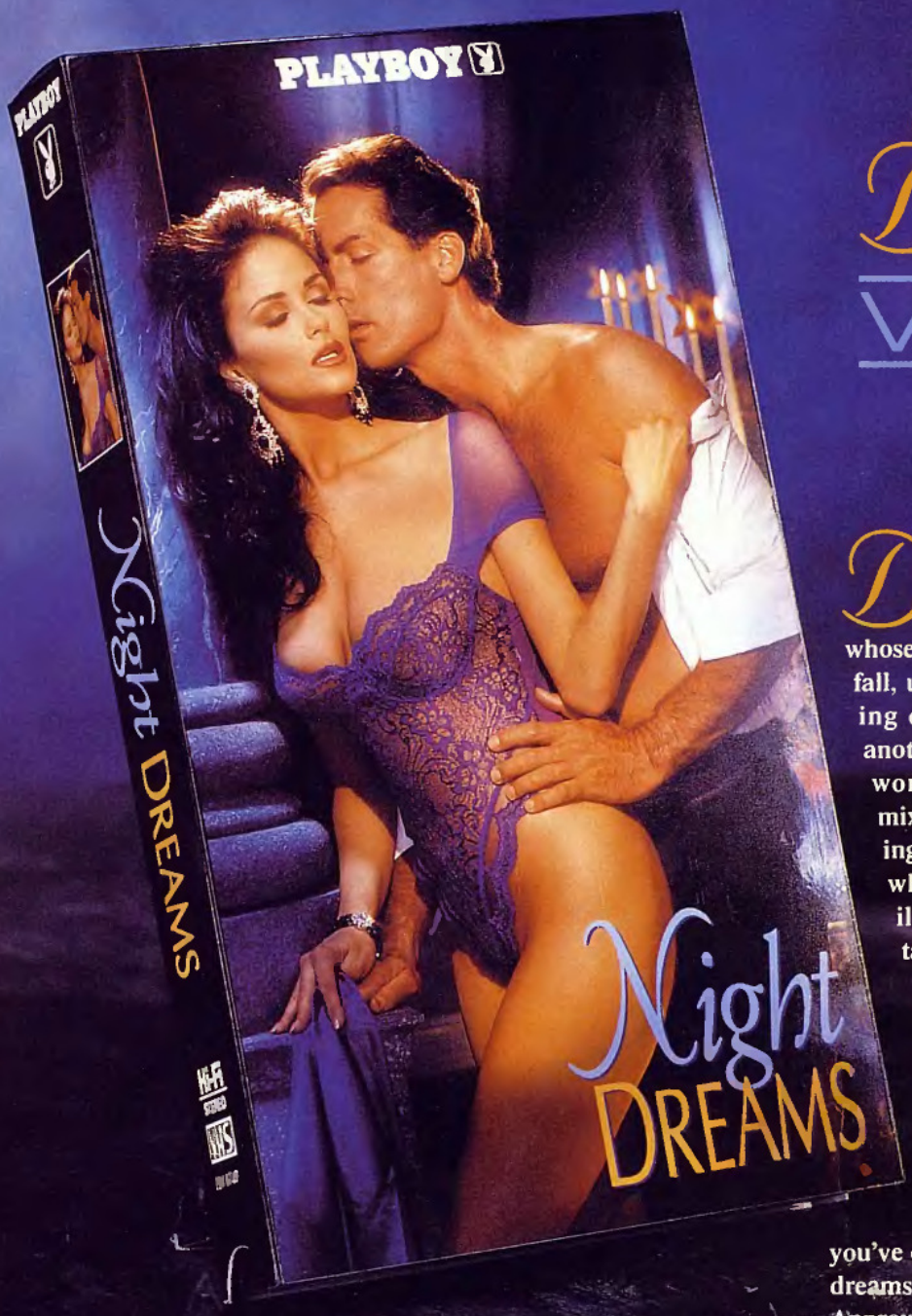
Sometimes people call hysterically, saying they want a dog right away because their dog died yesterday. No dog I show them fits their requirements, since they are looking for the dog they just lost. Dog-bereaved people have to wait a few months. The relationship-bereaved must wait even longer: Shrinks say it takes half as long as the relationship lasted to get over it. I will not go for a guy who is awash with feelings, negative or positive, for another woman.

Then there are the people who desperately want a dog, but they're unemployed and rent a furnished room in a house with no fenced yard. If they can hardly take care of themselves, they should know better than to think they can spring for dog food and vet bills.

Likewise, plenty of guys tell you all over the place how desperate they are for a woman, and then you visit them and there's a mountain of unpaid bills on the table and penicillin growing in the refrigerator. I already am a mother.

And then there are the weird ones. People who say all the right things, but somehow I get a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. Or people who seem so lovely that when they say something like, "We already have two cats, but we wouldn't mind if they got lost," I try to pretend I didn't hear that glaring callousness, because I'm so desperate to get the dog out of a kennel and into a home.

But then I realize the kennel's fine for now. Nobody should be so desperate that they ignore big red flags thrown right in their faces.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I like our sex hot—and cold. We turn off the air-conditioning, which heats things up, then she slides ice cubes all over my hot body, and I do the same to her. Trouble is, the ice melts and makes a mess. Do you know a way to get iced without getting wet?—F. T., Key West, Florida.

We've had fun with the chemical ice packs athletic trainers use on sports injuries. They're less messy than plain ice. They also stay cold longer, and they can be molded around interesting parts of the body. Get one at a pharmacy or sporting goods store. If the food-sex scene in "9½ Weeks" turned you on, try a bag of frozen raspberries. Leave them in the bag, or feed them to each other. As for the messiness of ice, we like to break out the oils, lotions and ice cubes the night before we do laundry. That way the mess gets cleaned up quickly, and the sight of a full hamper fuels the imagination with wonderfully sensual ideas.

After months of discussion with my girlfriend, I've accepted a promotion that means two years of living about 250 miles away from where we live now. She has a good job that she doesn't want to leave. We can see each other three or four weekends a month and, with holidays and vacation days, turn many of them into three- or four-day affairs. Friends say we're out of our minds, that long-distance relationships are doomed. We don't think so, but naturally we're nervous. Any tips for maintaining long-distance love?—W. S., Austin, Texas.

Several. You have two major assets—a well-established relationship and an end date. Long-distance romance is never easy, but it's more manageable when the lovers know each other well and know their time apart won't last forever. As for suggestions, invest in improved telecommunications. Add an unlisted phone number and answering machine at her end and yours. Reserve it exclusively for each other. It's a challenge to stay in touch over a long distance. In our experience, these relationships work best when lovers chat several times a day. There's no need for extended conversations. Brief check-ins are fine. The idea is simply to maintain a steady presence in each others' lives. When you get together, for the first few hours keep your expectations low. Whoever does the traveling arrives tired. Whoever does the waiting gets excited. This is a setup for strained reunions. When a long-distance couple we know get together, they greet each other with a kiss, then don't have much contact for a few hours while the traveler unwinds. Then they fuck. We also recommend establishing rituals at each end. Find a restaurant, bar or health club in each city that can be your place, and go there together often. A cozy, familiar spot helps maintain continuity. Finally, let go of peripheral friends. Long-distance couples don't socialize much. They invest most of their time in each other—and the investment pays off in a relationship that goes the distance.

I attend an all-male college. Sometimes I get an erection during a class, even though I'm not fantasizing about one of my classmates. It usually happens when I don't get enough sleep the night before. Besides going to bed early, how can I prevent this from happening?—Y. L., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Have you tried masturbating before class? A healthy session should not only relieve your sexual tension (no more surprise erections) but should also relax you and help you pay closer attention to your studies.

A friend says you should never carry house keys on the same ring as your car keys. Is he paranoid? It's bad enough having one key chain destroy the line of your pants.—J. R., Detroit, Michigan.

Security experts recommend that you carry your money in a clip, separate from your wallet. If you're robbed, you can just hand it to the thief and hope that will suffice. Now, in the era of carjackings, they apply the same principle to car keys. Don't put your house keys on your car-key ring. If you insist on only one ring, buy one with a detachable loop for the car keys. Consider concealing your car registration and insurance papers, especially if they contain your home address. You don't want to make it any easier for a thief who may now have your house keys to rob your home.

In previous relationships, the women broke up with me. This time I want to do the breaking up, but I can't bring myself to cut the cord. I don't want to hurt my girlfriend's feelings, but the relationship isn't working for me anymore. I could act like a jerk so she breaks up with me, but that would be dishonest. How would you advise me to make a clean break?—D. D., Metairie, Louisiana.

Be certain you really want to break up and not just change a few things. If it's changes you want, negotiate them. But if the relationship is over for you and you want out, break it off in person, clearly and firmly. Say something like, "I'm sorry, but this relationship doesn't work for me, and I know it never will. I've decided not to see you anymore." Firmness and finality are important because they leave no room for your future ex to grasp at the possibility of repairing things. Be prepared to answer the question "Why?" It's enough to say that you no longer love her and that you have decided to end it. Finally, give her some credit for resilience. It's never easy when a lover says goodbye, but after your previous relationships, you got over the hurt. She will, too.

My girlfriend's breasts seem to be incredibly erogenous. She can have an orgasm just from foreplay, but it has to be fairly vigorous. Can you suggest some techniques?—D. E., New Orleans, Louisiana.

How weird do you want it? Aficionados will use anything that causes an unusual sensation—ice cubes, sheepskin, toothbrushes, hairbrushes, gardening gloves or chopsticks drawn across the nipple. We recently read a hilarious catalog of accessories in "On the Safe Edge," by Trevor Jacques: "You'd be surprised how many household objects can be used for tit play. The most common are clothespins." And all we ever use them for is laundry. Now, about that spin cycle. . . .

I've noticed the increased popularity of passive and active safety features on new-model cars. Can I add an air bag and/or antilock brakes to my old car if it didn't originally come so equipped?—B. B., Miami, Florida.

Because of their complex sensing systems and the need for extensive testing on every car model before they can be certified, air bags cannot be retrofitted practically to older cars. But there are several aftermarket antilock-brake-type systems that can be installed on most cars. One of the best known systems is ABS/TRAX *(516-777-7070). Installation of* ABS/TRAX *does not void manufacturer warranties. Unlike conventional ABS, which electronically modulates brakes in nanoseconds after a skidding problem is detected,* ABS/TRAX *is a self-contained, all-mechanical system that continuously modulates and controls pressure feedback from individual wheel*

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

cylinders. By maintaining the brake-system pressure in relative balance, the unit's dampening effect forestalls premature wheel lockup. Cost of a system, including installation, runs between $400 and $600. Here's the good news: Besides possibly saving your life in a panic stop, installing a federally approved aftermarket ABS could save you as much as ten percent annually in insurance premiums.

After a few beers too many, a fraternity brother became obsessed with this question: Why is gonorrhea called the clap? Nobody knew. Do you?—J. J., Durham, North Carolina.

Clap comes from an old French word, clapoir, meaning bubo or swelling of a lymph gland, especially in the groin.

When my girlfriend brings me off with a hand job, I swear I produce more come than I do when I masturbate myself. Am I seeing things?—E. P., Warminster, Pennsylvania.

No, you're just witnessing one of the many wonders of extended nooky. Partner sex usually lasts longer than the solo variety, and as the duration of sexual excitement increases, so does the volume of semen, by about 20 percent, according to Dr. Kenneth Purvis, author of "The Male Sexual Machine."

My social life has been rather dull lately, and I find myself thinking about an ex-girlfriend. I've run into her a few times, once on a bike ride, which is significant because it used to bother me that she wasn't athletic. Now she is. I think I've changed, too, which makes me wonder if things might work better the second time around. But I've never dated an ex. Should I?—V. F., Springfield, Massachusetts.

We're all for improving dull love lives, but ask yourself this: Why are you suddenly interested in your former girlfriend? Perhaps you can't get her stellar qualities out of your mind. Or perhaps you're just lonely and her card popped up while you were twirling your Rolodex. If it's the latter, we urge caution. Dating an ex is the easy way out. It means you don't have to take the emotional risks involved in meeting someone new. In our experience, dating ex-lovers means dispensing with most of the preliminaries and getting to the good parts faster. But you get to the bad parts faster, too. After a few pleasant bike rides, is she likely to be your new true love or the same old flame whose embers went cold? Think about it before you call her.

After a heavenly interlude of oral sex that involved my girlfriend taking my balls into her mouth, she came up for air saying that one of my nuts seemed smaller than the other. I felt around, and I think she's right. Is this a problem?—V. N., Niles, Illinois.

Nope, it's normal. In most men, the left testicle is a little smaller than the right one, and it hangs a little lower. Scientists speculate that nature arranged things this way to keep the family jewels from pressing painfully against each other during daily activities.

I want to buy my girlfriend a nice fragrance for her birthday, but I'm confused about the terminology. What is the difference between *eau de toilette* and cologne?—T. G., Annapolis, Maryland.

Perfume is the strongest, or most concentrated, form of scent, followed by eau de parfum and eau de toilette, also called toilet water. Cologne is usually the lightest form of fragrance. But concentration varies among brands, so ask before you buy.

What are those plastic things that hold the shape of a baseball cap when it's washed, and where can I get one?—B. K., Chicago, Illinois.

You're describing the Ball-Cap Buddy, a plastic device you put a baseball hat into to hold its shape during washing in either the dishwasher or washing machine. The item is available from Wild Injun Products, Laguna Niguel, California 92677, or for $5 at Venture stores nationwide. The way guys treat baseball caps, we fully expect to see someone wearing the Ball-Cap Buddy backward as a protective measure during head banging.

I recently discovered something during sex with my wife. She was lying on her back with her legs slightly apart while I gently touched her vulva. Then I spread her labia with my fingers. She moaned and spread her legs wider. I let the labia close, then parted them again. She moaned even more. I continued to spread her labia, doing nothing else, and she went wild. I did have to touch her clitoris for her to come, but not much. Just gently touching was what really did it for her. What gives?—B. S., Fort Myers, Florida.

There are many nerve endings in and around the labia that enable a woman to reach orgasm by gentle touching. Spreading the labia provides indirect clitoral stimulation, as well as stimulating the nerves of the labia. Your actions also direct her attention to the area. Work your wife up to her orgasm slowly by lightly running your hand over her thighs and pubic area first. In the words of Monty Python, don't stampede the clitoris. Just being in the area is very pleasurable, and she'll thank you later.

What's this I've been reading about penises getting fractured during intercourse? Fucking can't be hazardous, can it?—A. A., Londontowne, Maryland.

No, sex needn't be hazardous, but accidents happen, which is why safe sex means more than just using condoms. The erect penis becomes quite firm, but only Superman's is made of steel. Bend an erection too far, and it can fracture, but not the way bones break. The typical penile fracture involves a tear in the layer of fibrous tissue that surrounds the organ's spongy erectile tissues. The result is what some urologists call bent-nail syndrome. Penile fractures usually occur during sex when the woman is on top. The man slips out, and the woman drops down on him to recouple, but his penis misses her vagina and gets bent a little too far. Be careful in this position and you won't have to worry. But if exuberance gets the better of your protuberance and you feel sharp pain there, see a urologist without delay. Penile fractures may require surgery. Not too long after treatment, most fractured penises work fine again.

In the morning I like to wake my boyfriend with a blow job. My problem is that a night's sleep coats his penis with a salty sweat. Would it be in bad taste (sorry) to crawl into bed with a warm, wet washcloth and wipe his penis and balls before taking him into my mouth?—P. J., Atlanta, Georgia.

We don't know anyone who would object to being awakened by something warm and soft on his penis before fellatio. Just make sure it's not a cold washcloth. And don't even think about breaking out the Dustbuster.

My husband has become very curious about the men I slept with prior to our marriage. I have never been comfortable discussing them because he knows there were quite a few. But during a recent lovemaking session he kept asking me the same nagging questions. I told him a detailed story about a past lover and me. The result was the most exciting sex that we've ever had. Now once a week I recall a past experience and we do it all over again. Will these recollections backfire on me at a later date?—N. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

We doubt it. We're not sure what's going on, but aural sex is a growth industry in America. Talking dirty fuels phone sex, computer sex, books on tape sex, confessional sex (if you're Catholic; sex therapy if you're secular) and now this. You don't have to describe your past lovers to turn on your husband. You'll probably get the same result if you describe your own fantasies or even by pretending to be Siskel or Ebert recounting the plots of favorite porn flicks. Why is this so exciting? To paraphrase Sherlock Holmes, sex is not what happens, it's what you notice. By recounting a story you tell your lover what was memorable, what you liked to do, what you liked done to you. It turns your body into a library of lusty stories.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

IN YOUR FACE

a double take on sexual harassment

By MICHAEL KIEFER

Two years ago Sanford Braver, a psychology professor at Arizona State University, realized that the scholarly articles on sexual harassment he'd been reading didn't seem scientific or enlightening.

The articles Braver read claimed that anywhere from 20 percent to 100 percent of working women had been sexually harassed on the job. The broad range inspired him to find out more about the issues involved.

First, Braver found that "most of the studies don't define sexual harassment. They just ask if you have ever been sexually harassed on the job." Some studies considered it sexual harassment to tell dirty jokes in the workplace.

Second, the articles tended to theorize that this epidemic of workplace chauvinism is seldom challenged in court because "the grievance system is male-dominated" or because filing the attendant paperwork is a "male activity."

Braver was not willing to accept such unscientific speculation. Instead, he hypothesized that the confusion came out of the "hostile workplace" definition of harassment. The problem seemed to be that no one had a clue as to what was and was not offensive to the opposite sex. Braver wondered, Exactly what are the rules of attraction in the workplace?

Certainly, he acceded, demanding sexual favors in return for employment or advancement is beyond the bounds of decency. Just as certainly, some women can sling the innuendo as glibly as the slimiest traveling salesman. Braver was curious about those gray areas in which acceptable joking or fraternizing among colleagues turns into unwanted courting. What is in the man's mind when he suggests that drink after work? And how often is the woman in the same frame of mind? Does that Mona Lisa smile indicate that she appreciates the double entendre, or is it a tight-lipped grimace masking a silent prayer for spontaneous human combustion, namely his?

Braver and graduate student Virgil Sheets theorized that different women would perceive a come-on differently.

"Sometimes sexual come-ons are welcome and desirable," Braver posits. But how to tell? The two researchers wanted to know how much the decision to accept or reject a proposition would be influenced by the man's appearance, marital status and vocation—even though women have claimed for decades that they have evolved beyond being influenced by such things.

To construct a test, Braver and Sheets bought a singles magazine called *Alaska Men*, which essentially consists of pictures of lonely men in the frigid north, and asked female university students to rate the photos according to desirability. Ultimately, Braver and Sheets used photos of three handsome guys and three dorks. They then created a scenario that went something like this:

You have a great part-time job at a law firm. John, who has asked you out a number of times, corners you in the company library, tells you he finds you attractive and asks if you'll meet him in a bar after work for drinks. Would you feel John was harassing you or acting in a socially acceptable manner? In the survey, John was sometimes a lawyer, sometimes a courier, sometimes a research assistant. Sometimes he was married, sometimes single, sometimes handsome and sometimes unattractive.

Braver and Sheets presented the scenario and the photos of Alaska's finest to 215 female students, ranging in age from 18 to 40. As might be expected of a university population, most of the respondents were in their 20s and single. The researchers justify their sample age with a bit of sexist logic: Young, lower-level female workers would more often be targets for office Lotharios than middle-aged female corporate executives with firing power.

Then the women were asked questions such as "Assuming you were free, how likely is it that you would meet John for drinks?" to determine just how harassing each of these individuals would be.

"I've been told that if you feel you've been harassed, then you've been harassed," Braver says. With this in mind, he and Sheets had expected that propositions from bosses would be most threatening. They were not.

"If someone has high status in an organization, they have higher desirability," Braver explains. If a male boss asks a woman out, he's more likely to be deemed a good catch than an insensitive sexist.

Although job title did not seem to strongly affect the survey results, appearance did. Fifty-seven percent of the women found the unattractive married man to be somewhat harassing and 24 percent found him very harassing, while only 11 percent found the attractive married man to be very harassing.

The greater sin, therefore, was being ugly: Attractive married men who hit on young women were considered less offensive than ugly single men who asked for dates.

So much for the high ground that some women claim—they're as appearance-conscious as the rest of us.

READER

CRIME TOLL

I'm happy to see *The Playboy Forum* taking on issues such as gun control, mandatory sentencing and the war on drugs. With the ever-rising rate of violent crime in America, some of our city streets are more dangerous than those in Beirut and Sarajevo. The methods used to combat crime over the past two decades have failed. Billions of tax dollars and human misery are the costs. We need a new agenda now more than ever, and the strategies proposed by my organization, the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, can assist greatly to that end. The NCCD is a private agency devoted to criminal justice and correctional research, reform and advocacy. We were asked to provide input to the Clinton administration, we have good rapport with Attorney General Janet Reno and one of our former board members, Lee Brown, is the first law-enforcement professional named as the nation's drug czar. We have hard answers and a commonsense plan that will reduce crime and violence in the U.S. and save tax dollars. Our goal is to turn around the country's thinking—to demonstrate, for example, that drug treatment makes more sense at less cost than locking up for six or seven years a kid nailed with a small bag of marijuana. Or that there is merit in establishing boot camps for first-time offenders to give them a second chance at becoming productive citizens. We must get our message to those who can help us change the way we attack crime: We need the support and financial contributions of any and all Americans interested in furthering these objectives. For more information on our organization or to make a tax-deductible contribution, contact: National Council on Crime and Delinquency, 685 Market Street, Suite 620, San Francisco, California 94105, 415-896-6223.

Barry Krisberg
President
National Council on Crime and Delinquency

FOR THE RECORD

THE SEX POLICE

"From Catharine MacKinnon to the protesters against the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue to more mainstream theorists of sexual harassment, feminists are on the front lines of sexual regulation. Much of today's feminism in its most popular forms provides yet another source of repression, in the Freudian sense; feminism increasingly sides with 'civilization,' not its wild, edgy 'discontents.' Which is to say that feminism has come more and more to represent sexual thoughts and images censored, behavior checked, fantasy regulated. In my late-adolescent idiom, feminism was not about rebellion, but rules; it was not about setting loose, as it once was, it was about reining in."

—KATIE ROIPHE IN *The Morning After: Sex, Fear and Feminism on Campus*

Last summer, Congress finally held hearings on mandatory minimum sentences, supposedly to determine if they are necessary. Unfortunately, the hearings were a farce because the members of the House Subcommittee on Crime and Criminal Justice who held the hearings had their minds made up before they arrived. It was a no-brainer for them: "TV cameras will be there, so we had better say things that will make us look tough on drugs." The chairman of the subcommittee, Representative Charles Schumer (D–N.Y.), claimed that it isn't a big problem because only 3189 nonviolent first-time offenders were sentenced to mandatory minimum sentences in 1992. Excuse me, but if that's a typical year, then we've locked up nearly 20,000 nonviolent first-time offenders in the six years that we've had these laws. That translates into more than $400 million, at taxpayers' expense, not to mention the toll it takes on the individuals and their families. Doesn't that bother anybody? The lesson from the hearings is that members of Congress are still stuck in the tougher-than-thou spiral that created the laws in the first place. Attorney General Janet Reno may be the only hope for a brighter future for thousands of inmates already serving mandatory minimum sentences and the thousands more who will go into the system until the laws are changed. Reno managed to keep new mandatory minimums out of the Democrats' crime bill, and she persuaded them not to include a death penalty provision for drug kingpins. Let's elect politicians who have Reno's guts and common sense.

Julie Stewart
Families Against Mandatory Minimums
Washington, D.C.

WEIGHT LOSS

I am writing with reference to "Paper Weights" from Richard White of California about LSD sentencing in the federal justice system ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, September). White was not joking when he said, "Drug offenders get no mercy." I know because I am serving a 97-month sentence for possession and distribution of LSD. Currently, acidheads (as we are called here in prison) are waiting to see if an amendment to existing law will become effective. That amendment would drop weighing the carrier medium (blotter paper, sugar cube, etc.) and set an average dose weight of 0.4 milligrams. The justice system is in no hurry to do away with harsh sentencing guidelines. But if Congress does not act against us, we can all get a break.

Andrew J. Marini
Carville, Louisiana

RESPONSE

MERCK WORK

I would like to praise *The Playboy Forum* for printing the excerpt from Peter McWilliams' book, *Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do* (PLAYBOY, September), and for your commentaries on the long-ago-lost drug war. To point out the hypocrisy of our government's approach to marijuana, here's a summary from *The Merck Manual of Diagnosis and Therapy*: Heavy marijuana use produces some psychic dependency but no physical dependency. Marijuana used in the U.S. has a higher THC content than in the past. The emerging literature may answer questions as to toxicity, but the politics of marijuana use will remain controversial. As Thomas Jefferson stated so eloquently: "A society that will trade a little liberty for a little order will deserve neither and lose both." We have had enough. Stop the madness.

Rick L. Meredith
Tampa, Florida

SIN TAX

The Playboy Forum "Newsfront" (September) mentioned a proposed Oregon sin tax on sales and rentals of X-rated videotapes. The tax money would be earmarked for counseling programs for victims of rape and sexual abuse. You editorialized that this is "yet another attempt to tie sexually explicit material to violence—with no scientific proof of a connection." I, too, oppose making such a connection, but in this case I'd be willing to make an exception. I do not oppose taxing rentals of any kind of videos, be they *Bob Vila Does Kitchens* or *Debbie Does Durango*. In the greater scheme of things, I feel that Oregon's proposal is a sinless way to spend that money.

Andrew Bourne
Portland, Maine

There is a simple First Amendment issue here: Oregon wants to turn a personal, perfectly legal choice into a moral and financial penalty. If it taxed all tapes, regardless of content, the First Amendment issue recedes, but only slightly. Why tax Bob Vila's home-renovation tapes and not the wood sold at a lumberyard?

PENN STATE NORML

Late last year, the Penn State administration notified Penn State NORML that marijuana disciplinary policies would be reformed on campus. For two and a half years Penn State NORML fought for a marijuana policy that would be consistent for all students who are arrested with small quantities of marijuana, that would be on a par with the university's sanctions for underage-drinking violations and that would distinguish marijuana from hard drugs. After extensive negotiations, Penn State NORML was granted all three requests. The victory indicates that, in the middle of the war on drugs, university students are fighting back for more equitable drug guidelines. In 1992 the student body of the University of Massachusetts voted to legalize the use of marijuana, as did the students at the University of Michigan. If the current trends are any indication, soon the citizenry at large will succeed in pushing back the intrusiveness of our government's antiquated drug policies. Government working for us, not against us? Yeah.

Gene Hampton
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

We want to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

MOTHER, MAY I?

the antioch college sexual offense policy

All sexual contact and conduct on the Antioch College campus and/or occurring with an Antioch community member must be consensual.

(1) For the purpose of the policy, "consent" shall be defined as follows: The act of willingly and verbally agreeing to engage in specific sexual contact or conduct.

(2) If sexual contact and/or conduct is not mutually and simultaneously initiated, then the person who initiates sexual contact/conduct is responsible for getting verbal consent of the other individual(s) involved.

(3) Obtaining consent is an ongoing process in any sexual interaction. Verbal consent should be obtained with each new level of physical and/or sexual contact/conduct in any given interaction, regardless of who initiates it. Asking "Do you want to have sex with me?" is not enough. The request for consent must be specific to each act.

(4) The person with whom sexual contact/conduct is initiated is responsible to express verbally and/or physically her/his willingness or lack of willingness when reasonably possible.

(5) If someone has initially consented but then stops consenting during sexual interaction, she/he should communicate withdrawal verbally and/or through physical resistance. The other individual(s) must stop immediately.

(6) To knowingly take advantage of someone who is under the influence of alcohol, drugs and/or prescribed medication is not acceptable behavior in the Antioch community.

(7) If someone verbally agrees to engage in specific contact or conduct, but it is not of her/his free will due to any circumstances stated (a) through (d) below, then the person initiating shall be considered in violation of this policy:

(a) the person submitting is under the influence of alcohol or other substances supplied to her/him by the person initiating;

(b) the person submitting is incapacitated by alcohol, drugs and/or prescribed medication;

(c) the person submitting is asleep or unconscious;

(d) the person initiating has forced, threatened, coerced or intimidated the other individual(s) into engaging in sexual contact and/or sexual conduct.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

THE SELF-CLEANING OVEN

a new perspective on drugs and aids

We first heard the descriptive phrase of our title in a profile of novelist Richard Price. Price was discussing his book about drug dealers in the South Bronx. Writer Ron Rosenbaum captured the moment: "Crack, needle drugs, AIDS and crime are killing off so many victims in the ghettos, both predator and prey, that the plagues are beginning to burn themselves out for lack of new souls and bodies to consume. 'You know what the cops call that?' Price asks. 'The self-cleaning oven.'"

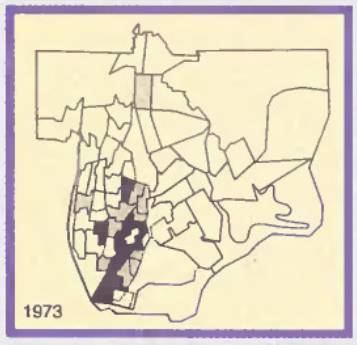
The phrase took on substance when we read Peter Gould's new book, *The Slow Plague: A Geography of the AIDS Pandemic*. We have come to view AIDS as either a personal threat—a specter hovering over every act of sex—or as a scientific challenge, a sinister particle captured under an electron microscope. Gould simply created maps of the epidemic.

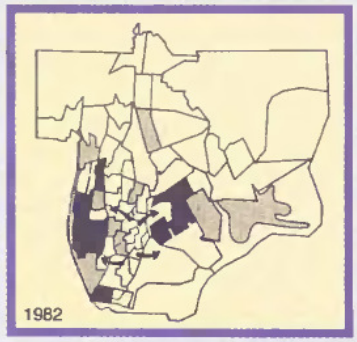
One set of Gould's maps is telling. He charts the neglect of the Bronx, which began long before HIV made its appearance. The south-central section of the Bronx—home to the poor and the addicted—was allowed to burn. (The city cut the number of fire stations, and landlords let fires "clean" their properties.) The survivors moved to adjacent blocks. "When stable backcloths of human relations in families, neighborhoods and communities fall apart," Gould writes, "then new transient and deadly connections reweave the fabric of daily life. They are the relations of shared needles and unprotected 'sex for a penny' forming the structures for HIV to exist and spread. If you burn out whole areas, displacing people without hope, you shotgun HIV all over the city."

Almost a year ago, *The New York Times* ran a similar map of AIDS cases in New York City. A study showed that the virus had devastated a handful of neighborhoods. Comparable maps exist for San Francisco and Los Angeles. The story is the same: A few zip codes suffer, but most of the nation goes unscathed. Some experts think that concentrating prevention efforts in the 25 to 30 besieged zip codes would stop the epidemic. Forget finding a cure or a treatment, just hand out clean needles and condoms to those most at risk.

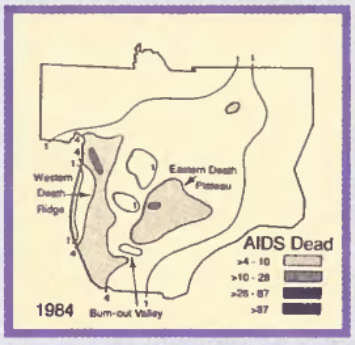
Dr. James Curran at the Centers for Disease Control suggests why this hasn't been done: "We don't yet have the political will."

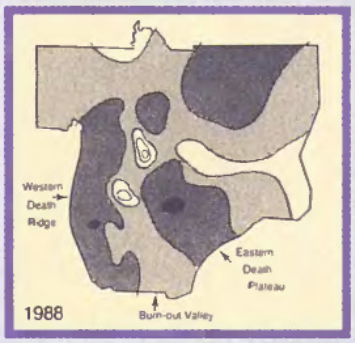
No, we don't. The nation is content to let the self-cleaning ovens cure America's ills.

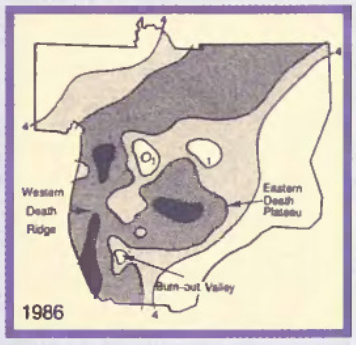


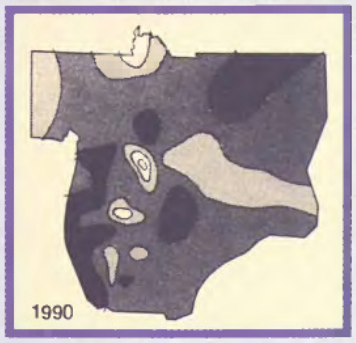


Drug-related deaths in the South Bronx before (top) and after (bottom) the burnout. The darker tones indicate higher death rates.

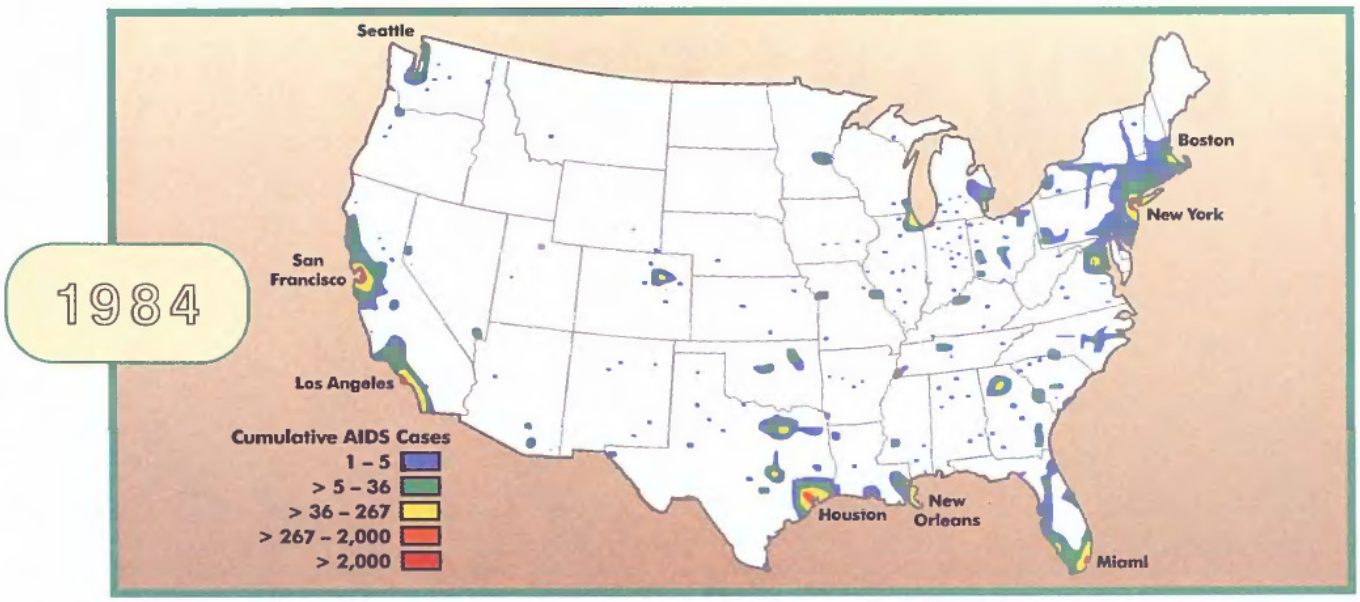


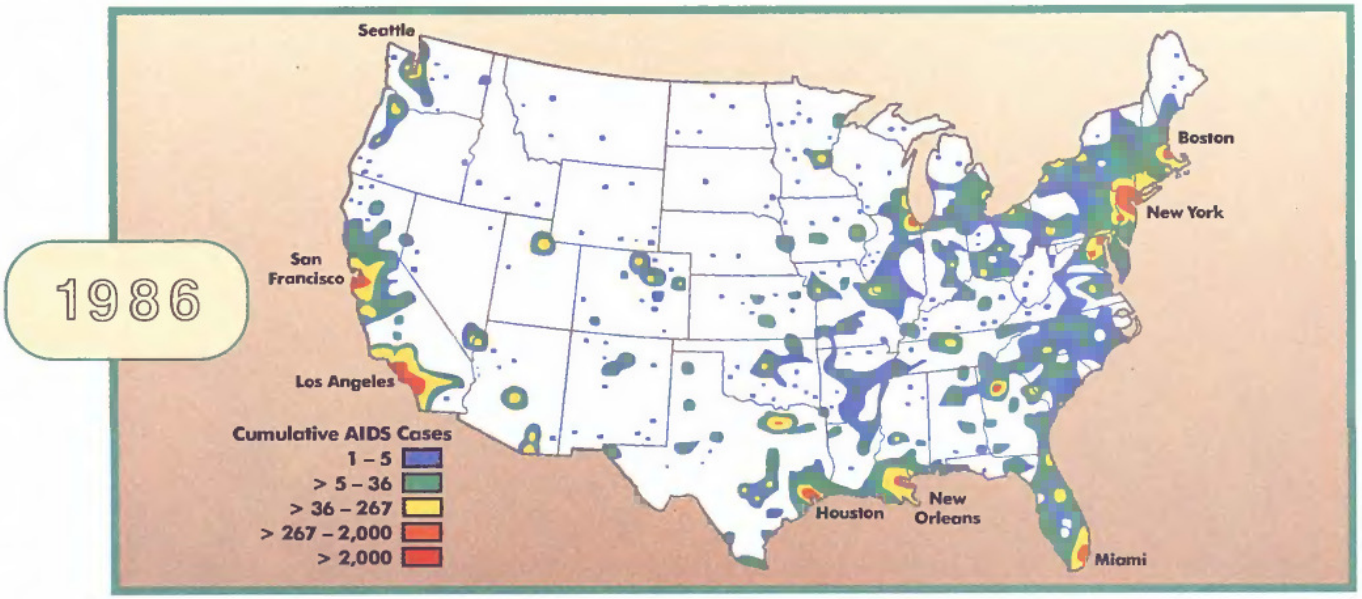






The rise in AIDS deaths in the south-central Bronx. The similarity of patterns in these maps compared with the map of drug-related deaths after the burnout highlights how AIDS followed the use of IV drugs. The burnout occurred between 1978 and 1982, and by 1984 the core already bears witness to the drug migration.


1984
Seattle
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Boston
New York
Houston
New Orleans
Miami
Cumulative AIDS Cases
1 – 5
> 5 – 36
> 36 – 267
> 267 – 2,000
> 2,000


1986
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Cumulative AIDS Cases
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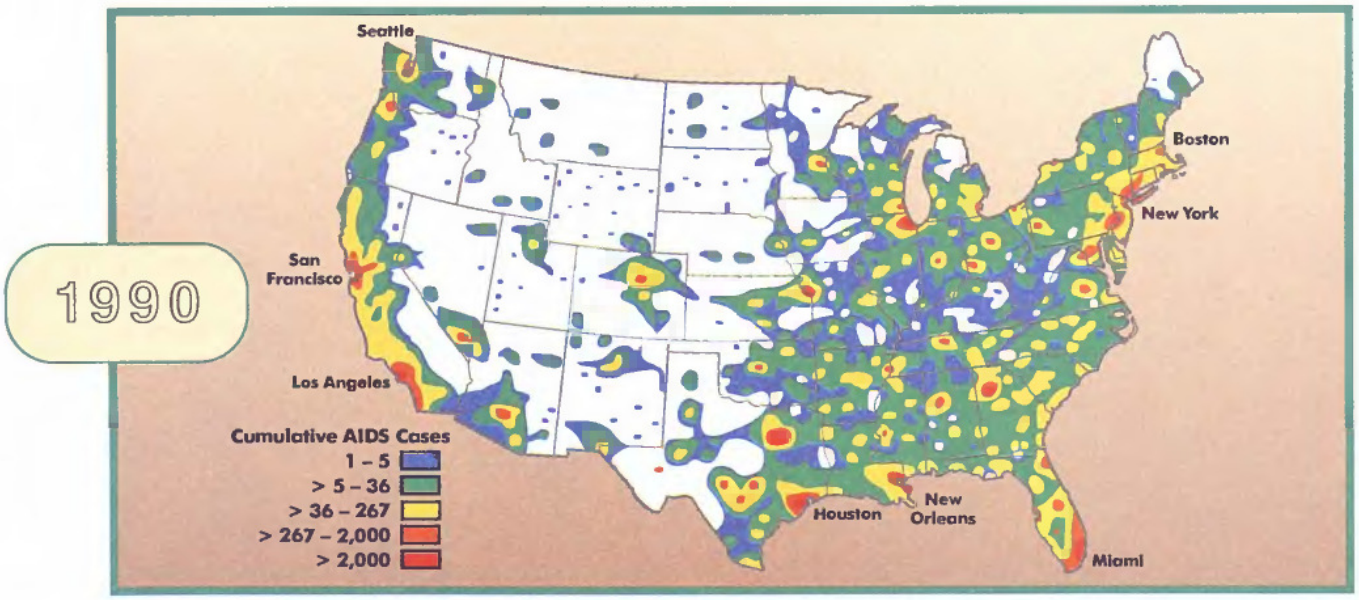
1990
Seattle
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Boston
New York
Houston
New Orleans
Miami
Cumulative AIDS Cases
1 – 5
> 5 – 36
> 36 – 267
> 267 – 2,000
> 2,000

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Helen Fisher is an anthropologist and author of *Anatomy of Love: The Natural History of Monogamy, Adultery and Divorce.*

What do you think about this constant harangue over the issue of patriarchy?

The question of patriarchy has gotten out of hand. Naomi Wolf came out with that ridiculous book, *The Beauty Myth*, in which she basically blames men and the entire advertising industry for the fact that women have to remain beautiful and thin all their lives. But for millions of years, men have been attracted to women who look youthful. That was an evolutionary adaptive response on men's part, because clear eyes, white teeth, smooth skin and a youthful appearance indicated that the woman was more likely to have fresher eggs and more likely to bear viable young. As a result, men have always been attracted to women who look healthy and young. If the New York City advertising, cosmetic and clothing industries fell into the Hudson River tomorrow, women would re-create them, because the human female instinctively seeks to look youthful, healthy and attractive. That has nothing to do with patriarchy.

Would it be good for women to acknowledge that their appearance is a useful resource?

Yes, I think women should recognize the incredible power of their sexuality. In fact, this is one of the problems with sexual harassment. I feel sorry for men. Women say, for example, "I have the right to wear anything I want to the office."

But they do have that right.

They do have the right, there's no question about it. But in the mating game they should know that there are consequences to wearing a blouse scooped down to your nipples and a skirt up to your fanny. Men respond to this. They respond naturally. We have men absolutely terrified in the office. They don't know how to behave anymore. And they don't know how to behave because the sexes see sexual harassment so differently. Both men and women need to be educated about what the other considers sexual harassment. We have to show women how not to smile. How not to touch. You can't casually graze a man on the elbow and ask him what he thinks of the memo you wrote. You can't touch him like that. You can't walk in and start sucking on the tip of your pencil. Actually, you can. Our society certainly permits women to do that. But as an anthropologist I know there's something much more primitive going on—it's called the human mating game. In fact, we probably weren't meant to work together at all. Women were designed to gather and men were designed to hunt. We were probably primarily designed to pick each other up and to flirt with each other. So men respond to all kinds of subtle cues that women give off—with their makeup, their cosmetic smells, the way their dresses swish, their high-heeled shoes. Then women wonder why men aren't respecting the rules. Basically, the rules have not been defined. Neither men nor women understand what's going on.

It's not going to go away. And if we don't define the rules, we're going to continue to misunderstand each other.

Feminism isn't always antimale. Or so Jack Kammer found when he interviewed the self-described feminists in his forthcoming book, "Good Will Toward Men." Here, we excerpt four of the women's thoughts on such matters as sexual harassment, child custody and moral superiority.

Cathy Young is a free-lance writer and a cofounder of the Women's Freedom Network.

Is there a belief that women should exercise power over men's lives because women are better or are more moral than men?

I think that is the case for some feminists. It amazes me, for instance, that a major female newspaper columnist, Anna Quindlen, has repeatedly expressed her view that women are morally superior to men. She gets a Pulitzer Prize. She is a hot item. Now just imagine a male columnist explicitly writing his belief that men are superior to women and should therefore be in command. He certainly wouldn't be writing a column for *The New York Times*, much less getting a Pulitzer.

In what ways does she say that women are superior to men?

During the 1992 election campaign she said, "If we really believe . . . that there's not a male politician in America who hasn't slept around, I have a solution for the future. Look for a woman." Then she said, "If we really believe . . . that our political leaders don't have a clue about real life, look for a woman." And she said, "I've rarely met a woman who didn't know more about the supermarket, the bus stop and the prevailing winds than her male counterparts. Not to mention child care, human rights, abortion, the minimum wage and sexual harassment."

What is the best refutation of that line of thinking?

It's amazing how this is really a return to the Victorian view of women, that women don't sleep around, even though a lot of surveys now suggest that female rates of adultery are almost as high as the rates for men. But Anna Quindlen tells us that women don't sleep around.

Carol Gilligan's book, *In a Different Voice*, sums up the argument that there are distinctly male and female ways of making moral judgments. Women make moral judgments based on caring for other people, caring for their needs, caring for intimacy and relationships. Men's moral judgments are based on abstract notions of people's rights as opposed to their needs.

That's just spin control, isn't it? Couldn't we put a positive spin on what she says about the way men make moral judgments?

INTERVIEWS WITH FEMINISTS ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES, BY JACK KAMMER

Certainly: Men have principles and women are so eager to please others that it's the only thing they care about. This is something feminists used to complain about—that women were socialized to please other people rather than to think of their own integrity and their own personal goals. The only problem, which is highly ironic, is that the feminine traits that Carol Gilligan puts a positive spin on were also viewed positively by the Victorians. They were seen as feminine virtues. And it was early feminists who defined these things as flaws, not male chauvinists, as the new feminists, the followers of Carol Gilligan, are claiming.

Rikki Klieman is a trial lawyer who specializes in defending against sex-crime allegations. *Time* magazine named her one of the nation's top five female trial lawyers.

What do you see happening in the criminal justice system with allegations of rape?

I look at what's happening on college campuses in the sexual-assault arena today, and I'm very frightened for young men. In the Nineties, a young man can be involved with a young woman in the slightest ambiguous act, and if she thinks about it the next day, two weeks later, five weeks later, whenever, and decides to say it was against her will, then that young man is in big trouble—a suspension, perhaps an expulsion and perhaps a criminal record. It has become outrageous.

SCOTT MCKOWEN

What is the motivation of the people who wish to scrutinize every ambiguous sexual encounter for criminal conduct?

I'm what I would call an old feminist. I think the new feminists have some important issues, but when I was a young woman in the Sixties, when I started in the feminist movement, the idea was to "own" your personal identity as a woman. I do not think young women involved in new feminism own their personal identity. They're owning the collective identity, and they see themselves as victims of men. Instead of being empowered, what they say is, "As a woman, I should be able to go anywhere, do anything, at any time and place I want, and no one should bother me." Well, that's a rather naive way of looking at the world. Life is not so simple. Women ought to be responsible for themselves. Young women are saying that they have no responsibility and that men must have all responsibility, that in any situation the man must take 100 percent responsibility not to do something that would offend them.

My thought is that men and women must each take 100 percent responsibility, and both must control their own situations in a potential sexual encounter.

Barbara Dority is co-founder and co-chair of the Northwest Feminist Anticensorship Task Force.

How much of a feminist are you?

I am totally and completely a feminist. I worked for the passage of the ERA for more than four years. But recently it's been a real temptation to stop using the word to describe myself, because meanings have been attached to it by people with whom I do not agree. The dictionary says a feminist is a person who advocates or demands for women the same rights granted to men. I add "responsibilities" to those rights because this is a problem many women are having today in the so-called feminist movement. They want the same rights, but they don't want the same responsibilities.

Why do you disagree with the idea that men rule the world?

Because women have equal, if not somewhat greater, types of power than men do; it's simply in different areas that women are very powerful. In our society, rigid gender roles still dictate to mothers that they be the primary parent. Raising babies is a powerful role. I'm not saying that we don't still have work to do on basic fairness and equality issues, but it's a mistake to make the blanket statement that the entire world is a patriarchy and that women have no power. An immense kingdom was granted to woman in the form of absolute control over the body and soul of her child.

How have you seen that power misused?

The system encourages women who are going through divorce to be vindictive. The basic assumption of the family court is that the man is a jerk. He's deserting his wife—never mind if she left him; that doesn't make any difference—and he's trying to walk away from his responsibilities, including his children. That's the way he's treated. It's a sad situation.

Some feminists and conservatives share the idea that men are jerks.

Yes. And the courts will go after a man for child support and throw him in jail if necessary, but they will not enforce his visitation rights with his own children. We must reform the law and give it teeth. Sometimes fathers just fall apart. Sometimes, in despair and hopelessness, they leave the state, or even leave the country. All fathers who leave are not deadbeat dads. I ask women, "How would you feel if well over half your salary were forcibly taken from you with no accountability for its use, if your ex-husband had total control of your children and wouldn't honor your visitation rights and the courts wouldn't, either, and the father of your children were filling their heads with vindictive lies about you? How long could you deal with that sort of abuse and heartbreak?"

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BUTCH TREAT

BERLIN—*Club Rosa is like many exclusive escort services: When you call for a companion, a sexy female voice answers*

the phone. The similarity ends there. "Exclusive" in this case means only women need call—it's a service for lesbians, and it's causing some feminists to fume. "I was shocked. Women are not objects," said a woman who works at a Berlin lesbian support center. Club Rosa's owner counters, "This is a feminist project. Sex with women is less degrading than sex with men because women see you as a whole person."

MOLOTOV COCK TALE

MOSCOW—*Russia may have repealed its sodomy laws, but you wouldn't know it from the number of people still imprisoned for that act. Masha Gessen, an American gay-rights activist, says, "Since the repeal, not one person to our knowledge has been released." Some sources say that at least 35 gay men are still in prison for sodomy throughout Russia.*

VIP TREATMENT

RENO, NEVADA—*The feds use RICO statutes to seize the assets of convicted drug dealers. Now they're going after the assets of some lawyers who defend drug dealers: The government recently seized the practices of two attorneys, Patrick Hallinan of San Francisco and Jack Grellman of Reno. They stand accused of helping a former client launder money and smuggle drugs. The client pleaded guilty in 1990 and is now apparently helping the feds. Critics of the government action say it's simply an attempt to discourage attorneys from taking drug cases. The assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the prosecution denied this, saying, "No one gets treated differently just because their name ends in 'Esquire.'"*

A WOMAN PORNED

SAN FRANCISCO—*Actress Holly Ryder made more than 200 porn films before a mid-life career move. Now she's an antiporn activist. Ryder, going under her given name, Lisa Abato, wants to collect 1 million signatures to place an antiporn initiative on a November 1994 ballot. Abato and a Los Angeles entrepreneur have formed the Holly Ryder Commission and another organization, the nonprofit Holly Ryder Foundation, to pursue her new goal. Hmm, an actor turned politician—sounds familiar.*

PENIS ENVY

LOS ANGELES—*A judge dismissed porn star Jeff Stryker's suit against two companies for illegally using a model of his private parts. Stryker contended that, while he received payment for the use of his penis as a model, he received no royalties when dildos were mass-produced from his member. The court dismissed the suit but left open the possibility of appeal, saying, "It is entirely possible that an appellate court could decide this [judgment] inappropriate. It certainly is weird."*

MRS. ROBINSON R.I.P.

SACRAMENTO—*A bill that makes it illegal for adult females to have sex with underage males looks as if it will become law. A 1992 case in which a woman had sex with ten teenage boys inspired the bill. Authorities could convict the woman only of oral copulation and lewd conduct, not statutory rape, because California's statutory rape law applies only to female victims. The sponsors of the bill hope to close this loophole. The woman got off with probation.*

UNCIVIL WARS

SOMERS, NEW YORK—*A seventh grade teacher who showed an anti-abortion film rather than lead a discussion of the Civil War has been barred from the classroom pending a state disciplinary hearing. Without warning, William Wienecke, a social studies teacher, required his students to watch the film "Ultrasound: A Window to the Womb." The anti-abortion documentary includes a scene that shows dismembered fetuses.*

THE NEXT GENERATION

LONDON—*A British manufacturer plans to test market a new condom made from a polyurethane instead of the usual latex. London International Group, already the world's largest producer of brand-name condoms, said the new material is thinner, stronger and clearer than conventional latex. It is also hypoallergenic, effectively blocks the AIDS virus and offers improved sensitivity.*

KISS AND TELL

CHICAGO—*A survey by "Complete Woman" magazine of about 1000 women found that 74 percent of the respondents*

discuss details of their love life with friends. The survey also found that 56 percent of these women are likely to complain about their partner's performance or fantasize about someone else during sex.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

THE DRUG WAR'S A BUST

just as in vietnam, the body count hides a terrible lie. isn't it time to halt the mad crusade?

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The war on drugs is over, but no one has told the frontline combatants. The shooting goes on because this country's top brass, from the president on down, are afraid to go public with the truth. Like Vietnam, this war is no longer fought with a strategic expectation of victory. Instead, it has degenerated into ritualistic mayhem with no useful end in sight.

After more than ten years and the arrests of millions of citizens at a cost of more than $100 billion, not including the large expense of incarceration, there are actually more drugs on the streets. Drug-related crime is now the nation's number-one problem, inner cities are free-fire zones, distressing numbers of minority youths have been killed or have turned criminal, and there is no more room in the prisons.

Rapists, bank robbers and child molesters are having their sentences shortened to make room for people who receive draconian mandatory sentences for drug-related offenses, which in some cases are three times the length of those meted out to murderers.

That's why senior judges across the country are refusing to try drug cases and are speaking out for decriminalization. They are joined by a broad coalition that includes former Secretary of State George Shultz, Nobel laureate Milton Friedman, conservative columnist William F. Buckley, Jr., and big-city police chiefs and mayors. Decriminalization does not connote approval, nor does it condone selling to youngsters. Rather, it means intelligently regulating drugs the way we do alcohol.

Lee Brown, the current drug czar and former police chief of New York, Houston and Atlanta, knows the extent of the failure of the program all too well. Recently, we both attended an ACLU program during which he admitted, "We cannot succeed in this effort [to control drug use] by declaring war on our own citizens."

He acknowledged that the decadelong emphasis on interdicting supplies rather than treating addicts has failed miserably. But then, his voice suddenly faltering and weary, he retreated to the expected noise about continuing to enforce the law, which, he concedes, cannot be enforced. I don't blame him; I blame his boss, President Clinton, who, maybe because he was attacked during the election campaign for once coming close to inhaling marijuana, refuses to provide leadership on this issue.

Instead, we have confusion. Clinton has quietly cut Brown's office staff from 146 to a paltry 25. As a result, Brown is a drug czar without troops. With his shrunken staff, he probably has trouble making lunch appointments, let alone catching drug kingpins.

Meanwhile, over at the DEA, the agency proceeds as if the war is still winnable because Congress continues to provide massive funding. The DEA is part of a national bureaucracy that extends down through local police departments, which have a stake in defining drugs as a criminal, rather than a health, problem. After all, they are cops, and rehabilitation is not their business.

We know why they want this mad crusade to go on as usual. But why does the public, which has to foot the enormous bill, put up with it?

The answer is that the public has been brainwashed by one of the most intense and effective government propaganda efforts ever pulled off in a free society. The resulting anomaly is that the war on drugs has been one of the most unsuccessful yet popular wars in this nation's history. That's because this particular war has been fought largely on the turf of ghetto communities.

Indeed, this war has become unpopular only in those rare instances when the targets have been shifted from ghetto street-corner dealers to middle- and upper-class assets such as yachts seized under the Coast Guard's zero tolerance program. In other words, the war on drugs has turned into a race war. Although 80 percent of the people who use illegal drugs are white, the overwhelming majority of those arrested are black and Latino.

Troy Duster, one of the top academic experts on the problem, points out that when you're in a war, your commanders try to raise the body count, and they accomplish that by smashing into crowded inner-city neighborhoods. "Ninety percent of today's arrests," says Duster, "involve black teenagers buying and selling drugs worth less than $75."

The effects of drug-law enforcement have been far worse than those of the drugs themselves, which have genocidally decimated a generation of black youths. This represents a social upheaval in America of unprecedented proportions, leaving one in four black males in the hands of what is euphemistically called the criminal justice system.

No one in his right mind can favor continuing on a course with such disastrous consequences, but we long ago surrendered our ability to think clearly about this issue. Logic has never been a mainstay of a program that demonized all drugs equally. The government tells us that 67 million Americans report having used marijuana, and most of those people can attest that it did not destroy their lives. Last year, only 17 million people used marijuana, so it cannot be that addictive. Indeed, the government's cracking down on hemp in the late Sixties, which dried up the marijuana supply, may well have led to the increased use of cocaine in the early Seventies. Subsequently, targeting the supply of cocaine powder gave rise to more easily transported, but far more destructive, crack cocaine.

We have focused on a drug epidemic among young people, yet the most reliable government statistics say that while only two percent of kids have tried cocaine by the eighth grade, 70 percent have used alcohol. Figures from the National Center for Health Statistics show that two thirds of homicides and serious assaults involve alcohol, and that 25 percent to 40 percent of all patients admitted to hospitals are there because of alcohol abuse.

The point is not to ban alcohol. For most people, myself included, alcohol adds to the enjoyment of life in ways that are not at all destructive. Furthermore, recent evidence points to the positive health effects from moderate drinking of red wine. Marijuana, too, in moderation, has no grim effect. Other drugs, including PCP and crack, are an obvious menace and need to be more tightly controlled. The indiscriminate approach to substance abuse is medically irresponsible in denying that people have individual responses, *(concluded on page 153)*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETE TOWNSHEND

a candid conversation with the wizard of rock about life with the who, bisexuality in music, "tommy" on broadway and, of course, how to smash a guitar

In a row house in a working-class London neighborhood 40 years ago, a young boy was given a clarinet by his father. The boy failed miserably on the instrument. Had he succeeded, he might never have tried the guitar a few years later, and we might still be listening to Paul Anka, wearing butch wax hairdos and believing everything our parents and politicians told us. The boy was Pete Townshend, and he has had as much to do with hard, pure, angry, irreverent, loud rock and roll—and all that it wrought—as anyone else.

Townshend became the leader of the Who, the band rock historian Greil Marcus claims "represented the very spirit of rock and roll." A quick list of the Who's best songs is testament: "My Generation," "I Can See for Miles," "I Can't Explain," "Magic Bus," "Won't Get Fooled Again," "Behind Blue Eyes," "Baba O'Reilly," "Who Are You." And from "Tommy," the classic rock opera, "Pinball Wizard," "I'm Free" and the haunting "See Me, Feel Me."

If the Who was rock and roll's spirit, the spirit of the Who was Townshend, who has remained a vital force since the group disbanded in 1982. Indeed, this has been a remarkable decade for Townshend. He co-produced "The Who's Tommy," which opened on Broadway in 1993 and won five Tonys, including one for Townshend's musical score, and the Drama Desk award for best musical. The production looks as if it will run, sold out, for the foreseeable future. Frank Rich, in "The New York Times," wrote, "'Tommy' is at long last the authentic rock musical that has eluded Broadway for two generations." The original cast recording—produced by George Martin, who also produced the Beatles' albums—was released, and the original version of "Tommy" by the Who was re-released. And Townshend wasn't only repackaging his classic Who material, either; he debuted "Psycho Derelict," an infectious collection of songs built around a play. With a new band and a cast of actors, he took "Psycho Derelict" on a sold-out tour through the U.S., and it aired as a pay-per-view television broadcast.

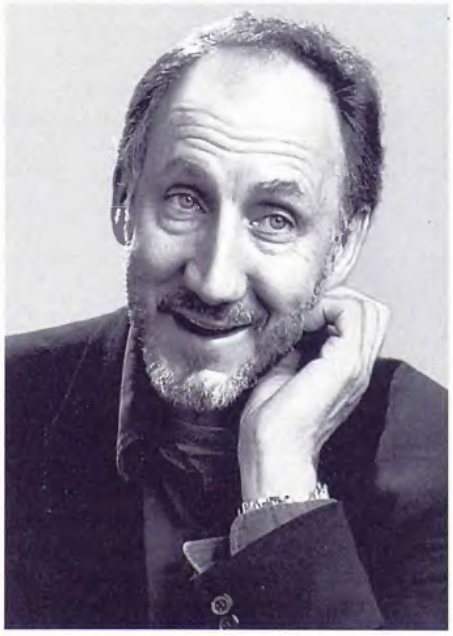
Townshend was born in London just as World War Two ended. Both of his parents were musicians—his father played sax and clarinet with the Squadronaires, a Royal Air Force band, and his mother was a singer. To make ends meet between gigs, they ran an antique shop.

After being inspired by the music he heard in church as a boy, Townshend joined the school Dixieland band and played banjo. When he switched to guitar, he teamed up with schoolmates John Entwistle, who played bass, and Roger Daltrey, who sang, in a band. Drummer Keith Moon joined up later, and by 1964 the group, named the Who, was packing clubs in London. The band's first record was released the next year, and the Who took the U.K. and then America by storm.

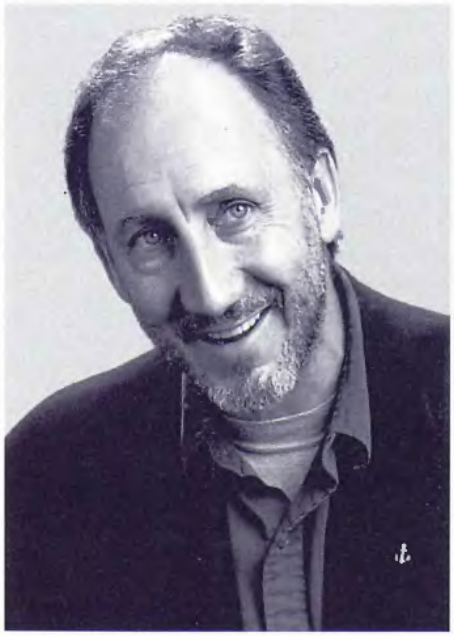
Keith Moon's debauched antics got the most press attention, and Roger Daltrey's yellow curls and golden voice helped the group win pop appeal. But it was Townshend who defined the Who. He wrote the songs and his live performances were epic. He leapt into the air, his right hand sweeping in a full windmill and crashing into the strings of his guitar until his fingers were bloody. Before a Who concert would end, Townshend would be likely to destroy his guitar, amplifiers and anything else in his path.

The Who released a series of now-classic albums and toured constantly. The band played Woodstock and the Monterey Pop Festival, and "Tommy" was performed by the London Symphony. There was a "Tommy" film, which featured Elton John, Tina Turner and Jack Nicholson, and two Who films that remain cult favorites: "Quadrophenia," starring Sting, and the band's rockumentary, "The Kids Are Alright." But, perhaps as an inevitable result of all the anger and fury that the band represented, there was also tragedy.

In 1978, Keith Moon, whose drinking and drug use were the stuff of legends, died



"All rock and roll is toothless. Nirvana, Guns n' Roses, Bon Jovi, Pearl Jam, Public Enemy—however big, strong and powerful they are, and no matter the megabucks they get, they're still toothless."



"I used to turn off the TV set with a glass ashtray. It was in the days before remote control, and I never bothered to get out of bed. I'd just hurl an ashtray and smash the television, which did the job."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"Rock and roll needed to be brought to Broadway. I always felt that Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, with 'Jesus Christ Superstar,' rode off with part of my inheritance. I wanted to claim it back."

of an overdose at 31. The band had barely recovered when it set out on a tour with a new drummer, Kenney Jones, and pianist, John "Rabbit" Bundrick. When the tour reached Cincinnati in December 1979, there was a stampede of fans in Riverfront Coliseum that left 11 dead. The band was devastated and dispirited, as evidenced by the albums for the next couple years—though they did contain a few memorable last gasps (including "You Better You Bet" and "Who Are You"). In 1982 the Who embarked on its final tour (there was also a 25th-anniversary reunion tour in 1989).

Townshend was married in 1966 and had two children, but he had his own troubles with alcohol and he moved out on his family. He got hooked on Ativan, a prescription drug, and admits that he barely survived the experience. With the help of a treatment program, he kicked the addiction and also stopped drinking. At the time, he claimed that his longtime devotion to Indian guru Meher Baba provided the inspiration that helped him through the period. He reconciled with his wife, Karen, and theirs is one of the longest-lasting marriages in rock and roll. They had another child in 1990.

Townshend began releasing solo albums in 1980 with "Empty Glass" (there was also a collaboration with Ronnie Lane in 1977, "Rough Mix"). "Empty Glass" is a stunning record, as are follow-up albums, including "All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes." He created a musical theatrical production of British poet laureate Ted Hughes' novella "Iron Man," and he pursued nonmusic interests, founding a small book-publishing house and working as a part-time associate editor at another publisher, the prestigious Faber and Faber. He also showed up at benefits for all kinds of charities. (He has joked that "when it comes to charity in the music business, it's me, Sting, Peter Gabriel, Phil Collins and a few others calling up and saying, 'You owe me a favor.'")

Townshend is often teased for having penned one of the most famous lyrics in rock and roll: "People try to put us down / Just because we get around / The things they do look awful cold / Hope I die before I get old."

Now that Townshend is 48 years old, we decided it was time to check in with one of the most potent forces in music. Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *who last interviewed Conehead Dan Aykroyd, was tapped for the assignment. Here is Sheff's report:*

"I met Townshend during the 'Psycho Derelict' tour in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and also in New York, where he was scheduled to appear on one of the final 'Late Night with David Letterman' shows on NBC.

"Before he arrived, the show's producers were all atwitter. Apparently, one of them had asked Townshend if he would, after performing, destroy his guitar. Townshend had for the most part given up smashing guitars, and he hadn't committed, but the show provided an expensive guitar just in case (Townshend had insisted that the guitar be auctioned for charity if he did it). A cameraman was flustered. 'If he's going to smash the guitar, we must rehearse it!' he said. But one of Townshend's entourage rolled her eyes. 'He's not going to break a guitar,' she said. 'And he's certainly not going to rehearse breaking a guitar.'

"Townshend arrived dressed in black, his hair cut short, Steve McQueen style, eyes sparkling. First was a rehearsal. It was something to watch up close, as Townshend played the powerful opening riff of 'Pinball Wizard.' Bandleader Paul Shaffer interrupted. 'On the record there's a D in there somewhere,' he said, and Pete politely nodded. 'Right. Thanks.'

"Finally, it was showtime. After an opening monolog, Letterman introduced Townshend, who played a fiery 'Wizard,' D included. When he sang 'How do you think he does it?' the Letterman band chimed in, 'I don't know.' Meanwhile, the producers, in the audience, were concerned about one thing: 'Will he do it?' they asked one another. The cameraman waited nervously.

"A couple months later, on the MTV Music Awards show, Kurt Cobain, lead singer and guitarist for Nirvana, appeared to feign fury when he destroyed his guitar. It seemed silly. But when Townshend, on Letterman, as 'Wizard' ended, lifted his guitar into the air and brought it crashing down into an amplifier, annihilating it, it was absolutely thrilling."

"The string gets under the fingernail and rips it off. It's part of the job. It actually energizes me."

PLAYBOY: When did you smash your first guitar?

TOWNSHEND: I was 13. John Entwistle and I were rehearsing together in the front room of my house. My grandmother came in shouting, "Turn that bloody racket down!" I said, "I'll do better than that," and I got my guitar—this was a good guitar that I had paid for myself with money I earned from a paper route—and smashed it to smithereens. I said, "Now will you fucking get out of my life?" and she stomped out.

I looked at John and said, "What now?" And he said, "Another paper route, I think." Once I had done it, it was always there as a possibility. If ever I wanted to deal with any kind of hidden rage, I could always take it out on the guitar. I could always trigger the same little bit of psychotherapy.

PLAYBOY: So it's therapy, not theater?

TOWNSHEND: Well, you have to remember I'm not angry all the time. Even now I occasionally get frustrated on the stage with guitars and want to smash them. I tend not to do it, but the opportunity's always there. I smashed a guitar on the *Psycho Derelict* tour and it was great fun.

PLAYBOY: Is it also cathartic?

TOWNSHEND: It's also embarrassing, is what it is. It's like comedians' being forced to use their catchphrase after they've become serious actors.

PLAYBOY: Are you annoyed when you're asked to do it?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah. I smashed the one on the Letterman show even though I didn't really want to. They asked me to do it and I told them I would if they sold the guitar for charity. They gave me a fabulous guitar—a Gibson J-200 blond, an Elvis Presley–type guitar.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel at all guilty in smashing such a great and expensive instrument?

TOWNSHEND: I do at my age. I didn't when I was 25 and out of my brain. But that's why it had to be auctioned for charity. And believe it or not, it's worth more broken than it is in one piece.

PLAYBOY: Like the comedians and their catchphrases, is it frustrating when people want to hear your old songs, such as *My Generation* and *Won't Get Fooled Again*? Are you tired of performing them?

TOWNSHEND: Sometimes I try to avoid obvious hits, but then my confidence gives out. When I was on the Letterman show, I wanted to do a song by the English Beat, *Save It for Later*, but at the last minute I thought, What the fuck. Who wants to hear *Save It for Later*? Don't be a grouch, Pete. They want to hear *Pinball Wizard*. Give them what they want. And it's OK. I don't want to disown the old songs or what I did with the Who.

PLAYBOY: Do you look back at the Who and remember it as the good old days—or do you think, I can't believe that we survived?

TOWNSHEND: Under the so-called democracy of the Who I felt very fettered by Roger, but at the same time it was wonderful to share the weight of a concert with him. I was somewhat held back by John Entwistle's tendency to play too loud, but equally I miss his backstage wit and the fact that we have been friends since we were 11 years old. So it's mixed.

PLAYBOY: Is there a way for you to quantify the magic of the Who?

TOWNSHEND: We were driven by this showbiz technique of constantly shooting for the people who are least involved with you, the least convinced by you. I once read an interview I had done in which I said, "When I'm performing I often find the most beautiful girl in the audience and play the whole concert to her." I thought, What a crock of shit! I don't do anything like that. Why did I say it? Then I remembered. Often, when the Who was onstage, the most beautiful

girl in the audience was looking at Roger. When I saw that, I began to fight for her attention. By the end of the show I wanted her to be looking at me.

PLAYBOY: So it was competition with Roger Daltrey?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah, youthful rivalry. The mechanics of the Who were very much built on that. That rivalry gave us a great, competitive, dangerous edge. That, plus everything else about us at that time in our lives. It all culminated in those performances.

PLAYBOY: Which included your ferocious guitar playing and your trademark windmills. Does it hurt to hit guitar strings with such force?

TOWNSHEND: It is terribly painful. But I'm used to the fact that there will be pain. I know that I will take my nail off at the beginning of every tour. Still. The string gets under the fingernail and rips it off. It's part of the job. I am playing sometimes and I go [*does a windmill*], "Wang, wang, wang, blood" and then I think, This is it. I've arrived. It is the place where I should be, like a boxer in the middle of a fight.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep playing when you're bleeding like that?

TOWNSHEND: It's difficult to hold the pick because it gets slippery. But that doesn't matter. It actually energizes me.

PLAYBOY: You hurt your hand in an accident a couple years ago. Has it affected your playing?

TOWNSHEND: No. It seems that I hurt the same hand all the time.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

TOWNSHEND: I was on a bike, completely exhilarated, going down this hill, and I hit a pothole and went over the handlebars. I had to have physical therapy every day for six months.

PLAYBOY: Which hand did you hurt?

TOWNSHEND: The right.

PLAYBOY: Was that the same hand you injured during the 1989 Who tour?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah. That time I speared myself. I was using a guitar that was created for Eric Clapton. It had one of those whammy bars for vibrato, basically a sharp piece of metal. It went in one side of my hand and out the other side. I lifted my arm and the guitar was hanging there by the piece of metal through my hand.

PLAYBOY: Did you finish the show?

TOWNSHEND: I slipped it off and it bled a lot, but, yeah. And there was a brilliant surgeon nearby and I was lucky enough not to have hit anything vital. Then it happened again on the bike. Everything has happened to the same hand. I have some heavy right-hand karma. I've had 126 stitches in this hand.

PLAYBOY: You had quite a reputation, especially in the early days. How do you feel about the Who's wilder antics?

TOWNSHEND: I didn't like them very much, I have to say. It's not just me being a bad sport. I kind of went along with it, but I didn't like it. And I don't think Roger did, either, and maybe not even John.

PLAYBOY: But you took part, didn't you?

TOWNSHEND: Keith set the precedent, and once it was set, I fell into it, too. Like, I used to turn off the TV set with a glass ashtray. It was in the days before remote control, and I never bothered to get out of bed. I'd just hurl an ashtray and smash the television, which did the job. Occasionally, at a party I would turn over a table or something, but Keith was an artist when it came to that. He was a hotel-room-wrecking artist. It wasn't about violence or hedonism. It was art. Quite seriously. It was part of the statement against materialism, against neatness, against order, values, role models, against all that shit. He'd come into a freshly made-up room and look at it intently and study it. Then he'd rearrange it. Afterward, he would always go to warn the maid. "A slight problem in room 1308," he'd say.

PLAYBOY: Would he at least leave a big tip?

TOWNSHEND: We used to have to pay for it. We got some enormous bills.

PLAYBOY: Are times such as that what you remember most about Keith?

TOWNSHEND: Keith was a very powerful, driving person. He was also unbelievably funny. He was witty the way Groucho Marx and Dorothy Parker were witty. He was a fucking fast-thinking guy. Joe Walsh used to come see us and he'd play us tapes of evenings with Keith. You listen to them, and Keith, with two bottles of brandy in him and 16 elephant tranquilizers, was [*snaps fingers*] quick. And that redeemed the other side.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

TOWNSHEND: This nihilistic, self-destructive thing that always turned to darkness. And, of course, led to his death.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to his death?

TOWNSHEND: It was hard. The other day I was thinking we could have hired doctors to follow him around. Then, when he started to inhale his own vomit, they could have sucked it out. But then I remembered that Elvis Presley had one of those doctors, one who followed him around, and he turned out to be the one providing the drugs. I think Keith is a brilliant example of the tragedy behind the clown. If he thought it would make you laugh, he would pour petrol on himself and set himself on fire.

PLAYBOY: How far would he go?

TOWNSHEND: He did things as dangerous as that. Once, he was walking along with me on the second floor of a Holiday Inn, and he climbed up on the railing and said, "Bye, Pete!" and leapt off. There was a swimming pool down there, but it was at least five yards away. By some miracle he contorted himself and managed to barely squeeze into the pool. Then he got up and shouted "Voilà!"

I was the only person there, so who was he doing it for? It's ironic, since he

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and I had had several conversations about how we should behave—what was our responsibility and what was good publicity. In some ways he saw himself as the Who's publicity machine. If he could get a front-page story, he'd do it. And it was quite difficult for us because we didn't want to turn down the easy notoriety he gave us.

PLAYBOY: Was his death expected?

TOWNSHEND: It shouldn't have been a surprise, but it always is when that happens. It was the logical conclusion to nihilism and violence.

PLAYBOY: There was more violence when 11 kids were killed in a stampede at a Who concert in Cincinnati. Was violence inevitable, given the band's image?

TOWNSHEND: The stampede could have happened at any rock concert. It was much more a symptom of the kids who go to rock-and-roll concerts—being young, getting drunk, doing whatever shitty drugs are available. It can happen at a football game or high school reunion—and it does. But that doesn't mean you don't feel guilty, not that it happened but that it was a symbolic moment and we could have handled it right, but we didn't.

PLAYBOY: What did you do wrong?

TOWNSHEND: I was drinking so hard at the time I wasn't conscious of what I was saying. And I said some dumb things. I said some things that hurt the victims' families. I remember saying, "It seems that everybody wants us to shed the theatrical tear and to say 'sorry.' Whereas what we have to do is go on." The fact is that we didn't have to go on. We could have stopped, and I think we should have stopped. We should have stopped the tour.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

TOWNSHEND: I don't quite know why we didn't. I suppose we didn't, to put it bluntly, because there was too much money at stake. It would have been a big legal mess to cancel tour dates, but we should have. It's obvious that we should have stopped. The idea that "We're going on to Buffalo and we're doing this for those kids" was rubbish. The kids were gone. We then should have attended to the families. We should have stayed in Cincinnati. It looked as if we had gone in like commandos, created this havoc, then fucked off to do the same things somewhere else. Our advisors, our lawyers and everybody else were just completely wrong, inhuman and stupid. Everybody was stupid—the record company, the manager, my lawyer, the fans—they were all stupid, completely stupid. Never, ever have I come across a chunk of humanity as stupid as the people with whom I interrelated. And I sat on top of all those stupid people as Mr. King Stupid. I mean, we had to go on for rock and roll? What shit! It's like *Wayne's World*, "Rock and roll!" That's what we did after Cincinnati. "Rock and roll!" Eleven kids dead, but what the fuck?

PLAYBOY: Were you overwhelmed at the time?

TOWNSHEND: I don't think I allowed myself to be overwhelmed because I blamed everyone else for it. And I never felt right until I stopped blaming the other stupid people. That is no defense, no defense in court, let alone before God. I thought, What could I do? I had to do what the rest of the lads wanted me to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you mind that questions such as these—about the Who—never seem to stop?

TOWNSHEND: Sometimes I do, but it was an important part of my life, and I don't disown any of it. It follows me always, especially now with *Tommy* on Broadway.

PLAYBOY: Is it gratifying to see *Tommy* on Broadway and back on record charts after all these years?

TOWNSHEND: It's difficult to talk about this without sounding unbelievably conceited, but in my life I've had great difficulty riding the serpent. We made big mistakes with the Who in the Seventies, and I had my personal collapse. But after finishing the 1982 tour and being confronted with going to the studio yet again with this band, which I thought was really bereft, I had the courage to say, "Fuck it, it's over." From that

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moment on I've been in complete control of my life. I've had time to sit and look at which part of my life I want to turn into a continuum and which part of it I want to leave behind. It has been done by choice, with a plan, and *Tommy* on Broadway is part of it.

PLAYBOY: Why Broadway?

TOWNSHEND: At first, when I was approached about doing it, I wasn't interested. But I became intrigued with the form. The shows that work on Broadway come down to one magic moment. In *Guys and Dolls*, for me, it's [*singing*] "If he says the horse can do, can do, can do. . . ." There are those moments in *Tommy*, iconic moments. The *Tommy* story and album attained that very quickly. It briefly overshadowed the Who. So it has been good fun to find those moments and re-create them for a new audience. And I am extremely enthused about Broadway. I think that Broadway has many qualities that make it an interesting place in which to work.

PLAYBOY: More so than the rock world?

TOWNSHEND: I like the fact that when rock and roll comes to Broadway there are no heroes. No Keith Moons to go up in smoke. It's a group effort, a true ensemble. And for me, it is a new place in which I can experiment. I have long felt that I have a place in musical theater; I feel I have a function there, a duty.

PLAYBOY: A duty?

TOWNSHEND: To give Andrew Lloyd Webber some competition. Rock and roll needed to be brought to Broadway, and in doing that I always felt that Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, with *Jesus Christ Superstar*, rode off with part of my inheritance. I wanted to claim it back. Now I've done so. And *Tommy* is my way in. I plan to become more involved in musical theater.

PLAYBOY: Does it strike you as odd that the show's audience now includes blue-haired old ladies, children and everybody in between?

TOWNSHEND: But there always was a wide nonrock audience that was interested in *Tommy*, even at the beginning. They didn't know anything about the Who and would confuse the two names—which was the name of the group and which was name of the the album.

PLAYBOY: But for some fans, the Who and Broadway are almost a contradiction in terms.

TOWNSHEND: There are these so-called purists who think, Fuck this. This isn't *Tommy*. This isn't the fucking Who. Because they think they own the Who. They want *Tommy* to be their experience and no one else's. They know what rock and roll is: the Who, Pete Townshend, 1968, 15 joints—"I was there." But the people in this production also know what rock and roll is about. They've been brought up on it. And *Tommy* works on Broadway on its own, not only as nostalgia. A lot of the audience has never heard it before.

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PLAYBOY: Why did you take out most of the original version's look at hero worship and religion? Were you afraid of offending a mainstream audience?

TOWNSHEND: It works better as a play now. When *Tommy* first appeared, there were 30 or 40 human-potential groups who were sincere seekers of spiritual truth. There were all the traditional pathways that we know about. There were a dozen Indian masters. There were Chinese traditions, Tibetan traditions, holistic leaders. They all turned to shit, most of them. That was part of another time, though I still quietly follow Meher Baba.

PLAYBOY: How is that different?

TOWNSHEND: I don't go on about it much because I don't want to bring him into the loop of people who machine-gun other people in South America, the David Koreshes and the Rajneesh leader who spent most of his time fucking his disciples. I don't know if it is important to me whether Meher Baba is *a* one or *the* one or what. But if I focus on him I actually feel a kind of—I'm trying to think of a word that personalizes the idea of pilgrimage, because that is what I feel: that I'm attending to my inner pilgrimage. It's the idea that one's time on earth is about more than just getting through the time allotted. It is the idea that the main purpose of the human animal is to try to rise, to stand taller. It is the energy to aspire to more, to create, to discover or to invent. Meher Baba gives me an idea of what the target is. It is very simple: Thinking of him makes me aspire to more for myself and my family and the planet. It is not a religion, which often has more to do with guilt than with anything inspired.

PLAYBOY: So there is no guilt with Meher Baba?

TOWNSHEND: No, although I actually have a great deal of guilt and I use it to drive myself forward, which is quite diseased. I try not to, but guilt is very big in Western society. It is the reason for the success of the Catholic Church.

PLAYBOY: Were you raised Catholic?

TOWNSHEND: No. My parents didn't go to church at all, but I did. It was Congregational church.

PLAYBOY: Did you go because you believed or because you enjoyed the social aspects?

TOWNSHEND: Both. At the time, I had this Sunday school image of Jesus Christ as a pathetic character who needed my support. But later that crystallized into an image I still have, of Jesus Christ as a very dangerous guy—much more of a warrior or a thug, prepared to use the tools of the time to drive home the message. Christ is very powerful and actually quite a sexual being. Like a rock star, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: So, thanks to church you got your first glimpse of what it might be like to be a rock star?

TOWNSHEND: What church really did was

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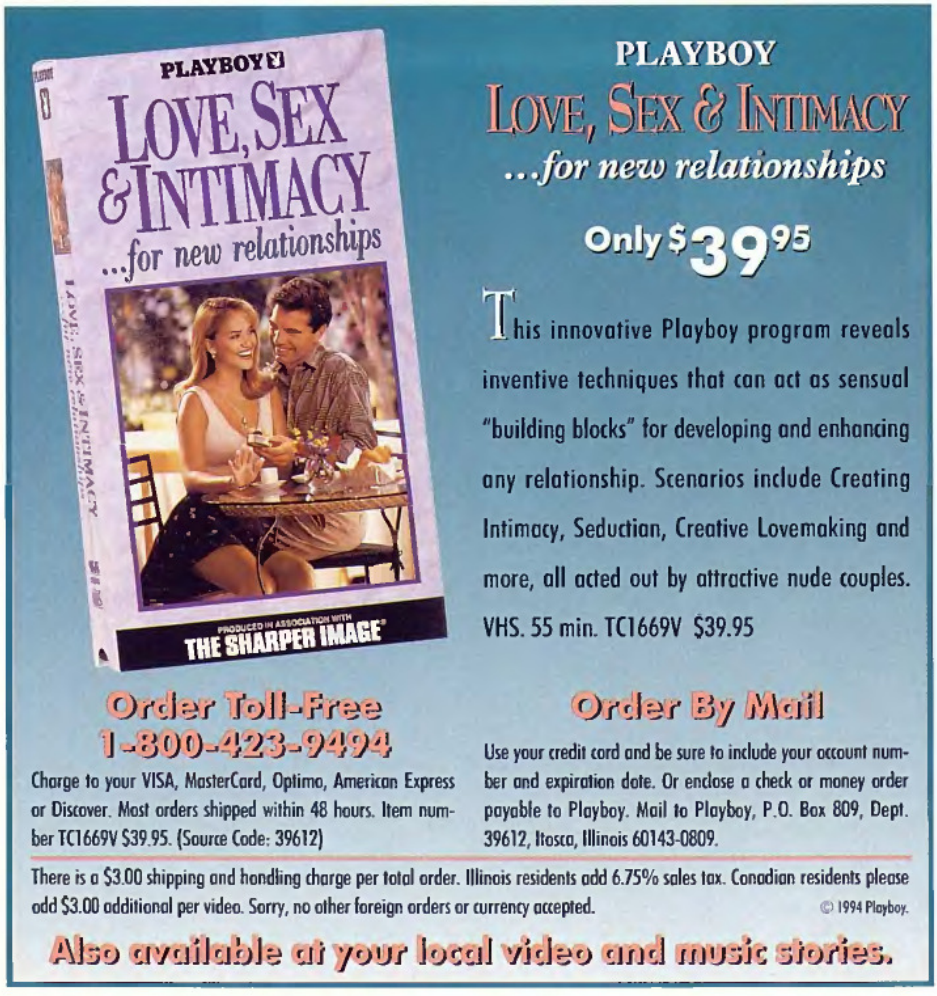
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inspire me about singing. The gospel singing in church was what brought me there.

PLAYBOY: Was that before you heard rock and roll?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah. I started in the choir when I was eight. My first big musical moments were ecclesiastical, though at home my dad played music, too. He played saxophone and sang, and my mom sang.

PLAYBOY: What happened to your religion when you discovered rock and roll?

TOWNSHEND: Actually, it was the church that led me to rock and roll. I used to visit what was called the Congo Club—the Congregational Church Youth Club—which was very much like the bit in *Tommy*: The minister comes in to the clubhouse where all the kids are going wild. He looks around and asks, "What's happening here, boys and girls? Good. Carry on." What was actually going on was that lots of 15-year-old girls were getting their brains fucked out on the pool table in the back room. And in a dark room we were playing the pop records of the day, pre-rock-and-roll Bobby Darin, Paul Anka, Neil Sedaka. Then suddenly it wasn't Bobby Darin anymore, it was Elvis Presley. I went cold. I remember hearing *Heartbreak Hotel* and thinking, What the fuck is that? Then my father took me to a Bill Haley concert. I was hooked.

PLAYBOY: It seems unusual that your father took you to your first rock concert.

TOWNSHEND: My family used to play music without boundaries. They would play Tchaikovsky, bebop, Stan Kenton, string quartets, Scottish folk music, anything. There was never any snobbery.

PLAYBOY: Did you have brothers or sisters?

TOWNSHEND: Not until I was a bit older. My parents split up briefly, and I went to live with my grandmother. Then they got back together and I was back with them, and it was a very pleasant time. Finally, when I was 12 they had my first brother, Paul, then soon after that, Simon. I loved them and doted on them, but I always looked for older boys to hang around. If not older boys, certainly boys who were more emotionally equipped than I was.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were looking for an older brother?

TOWNSHEND: Probably. Because these boys would be more grown up than I was, more mature, and I would attach myself to them. Maybe there was some of that in my relationship with Roger Daltrey. We always try to fill in the missing pieces, don't we? Roger was the abusive thug of an older brother I never had.

PLAYBOY: Was Cousin Kevin, the abusive bully in *Tommy*, modeled after him?

TOWNSHEND: Not specifically, but I was driven, and still am driven, by a vengeance that ties itself to the kind of abuse kids suffer at the hands of one another. Kids are terrible. When I was 16, a

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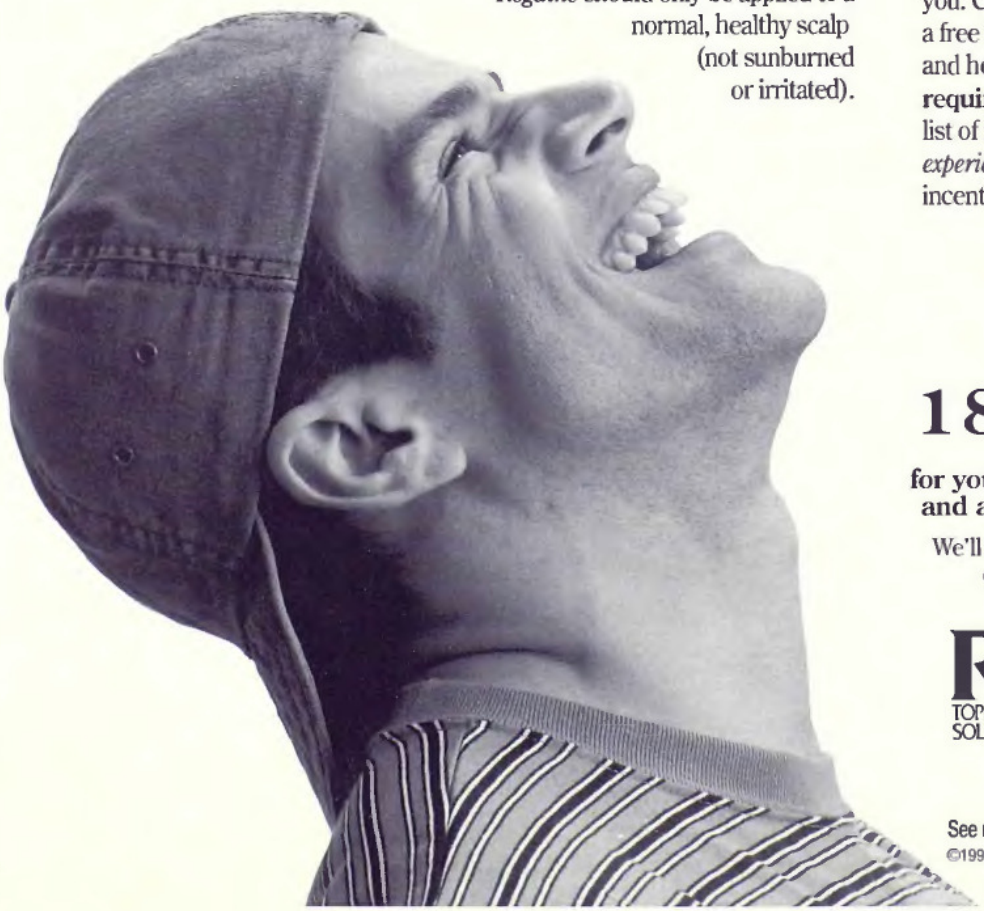

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What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US and 10 European medical centers involving over 600 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 23% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 9% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 43% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could effect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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friend of mine sent me to Coventry and managed to persuade several of my close friends to send me to Coventry after we had a fight and I hit him.

PLAYBOY: What is Coventry?

TOWNSHEND: It is when nobody talks to you. I don't know what they call it in the States. He got everybody to not talk to me, and it was absolutely awful. I was happy to get out of school and move on to art school, which was this radical place full of ideas and wonderful music and wonderful women. But before that was torture, and it took a toll. I probably shouldn't talk about this, but I'm on good enough ground now with Roger to address it. He used to be the worst bully, terrorizing other kids. He was a tough guy at school, pushy, always using it to get his way. It wasn't only in school. In the band he used it to get what he wanted. If you didn't agree he would threaten you with violence, look you in the eye like a street fighter, and you'd cave in and say, "OK, we'll do it your way." But one day we all got together and said, "Roger, you have to stop. You have to learn to talk." It was like a couple who fight and the husband always wins by smacking his wife. And to Roger's credit, he did stop, and it gave the band a future, because if he hadn't we wouldn't have lasted. But in the early days, we were very much affected by his bullying.

PLAYBOY: Were you already playing guitar when you met him?

TOWNSHEND: Oh, yeah. My grandmother gave me my first guitar long before I knew him.

PLAYBOY: Your grandmother, not your musician father?

TOWNSHEND: She did, which I didn't like at all. I wanted it to be my father. I thought, Why did they have her buy it? My father also played clarinet. When I was about eight he let me try it, but I couldn't make a sound. He suggested the guitar, which he had started on. My father was a good musician, and I expected him to buy me a fine instrument. My grandmother was—let me put it politely, because she is my *beloved*, *beloved* grandmother—clinically insane. Somehow she was elected to buy me my first guitar, and the one she chose was one of those you hang on the wall of an Italian restaurant. A cheap Italian restaurant. When I complained, my father said, "When you can get a tune out of this I'll buy you a good one."

PLAYBOY: Did he?

TOWNSHEND: My mother and father ran an antique shop between gigs, and one day quite a good guitar came in and they gave it to me. I had to pay for it with money I earned from my newspaper route. It was the one I smashed because of my grandmother.

PLAYBOY: What led to your first band?

TOWNSHEND: I met John Entwistle the first year of high school. We formed a traditional jazz band, which grew out of

a marching band. We used to take it around the pubs during holidays to make money. At the same time we also had a kind of Shadows or Ventures type of band with another guy from school, with John on bass, me on rhythm guitar, a lead guitar player and a drummer. Then, when we were 13, I met Roger. He was threatening me with a belt buckle because he'd beaten up a friend of mine on the playground and I shouted that he was a dirty fighter because he kicked the guy when he was on the ground. Roger came over to me and said, "Who called me a dirty fighter?" And I said, "I didn't." And he said, "Yes, you did." And he got his belt off and went to whip it across my face.

PLAYBOY: What an auspicious way to start a friendship.

TOWNSHEND: I should have taken it as a sign. About six months later he came up to me in the corridor at school and I thought, Oh, my God, what is he going to do to me this time? He was a horrible, horrible boy. A real kind of spiff, you know? But he said, "I hear you play the guitar." I nodded, and he said, "My house. Tonight. 7:30." I was secretly quite delighted.

PLAYBOY: Did he want to form a band?

TOWNSHEND: I didn't know. All I knew was that I went to Roger's house and, on the way, I passed this stunning girl who was sobbing. I asked her if she was OK, and she looked at me and said, through these sobs, "Is that a guitar?" When I said, "Yeah," she asked, "You going to Roger's house?" and I said, "Yeah, I am, actually," and she screamed, "Well, fuck you! Tell him for me it's either that guitar or me!"

I staggered the rest of the way to the house. Roger showed up at the door with his guitar in hand and he said, "Come in!" I said, "Listen, I've just seen your girlfriend and she's given you an ultimatum. If you rehearse tonight she's never going to talk to you. So, I'll see you tomorrow maybe?" But he said, "Get in here! Let's play."

I don't know whether I've apocryphalized this weeping, stunning girl, but I remember her as one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen in my life. *And he's just going to dump her because he wants to play guitar.* I was awestruck. I think Roger had his priorities in order, unlike me at 48 years old. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: In your song *English Boy*, you sing "Hold me down, and I will bite." Was that you then?

TOWNSHEND: I feel that postwar boys, postsubscription boys, boys who weren't attracted to fighting in the army, were left without any function or purpose. I've always hooked that into one of the reasons why rock and roll was so important to us. The others before us had gone off to fight, but there was no war for us. It is why rock and roll is so militaristic in many ways.

PLAYBOY: Militaristic?

TOWNSHEND: So much is about touring and conquering and destruction. This was our version of military service. Now you see so many young men with no future who tend to kick and fight and rape and pillage and amuse themselves by blowing people away. There seems to be a connection between that and my life and Roger's. We've talked about it. We had a choice when we were kids. You became either a boxer, a criminal or a rock star. That's the kind of community I grew up in, though it's not the background of my family.

PLAYBOY: When did Keith Moon join the group?

TOWNSHEND: We met a while later. We were struggling to get a record deal. We had a very good drummer, but he was much older, about 36. We were about to get a record deal with Philips, and the record-company guy told us, "Listen, we'll give you a deal, but you have to get rid of the drummer." We said we weren't sure, and the guy goes, "Listen, you have to get rid of him now. You have to tell him now." So John, Roger and I had a meeting. It was a big question of loyalty because this guy was somebody we loved very much. And at that moment my heart turned to stone and I said, "I'll go tell him." And I went out and said, "He

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Don, Age 27

Before	After*
Body weight: 194 lbs.	Body weight: 175 lbs.
% Body fat: 11.5%	% Body fat: 6%
Waist: 33 inches	Waist: 31 inches
Arms: 12.5 inches	Arms: 15.5 inches
Chest: 40.5 inches	Chest: 44.5 inches

Jody, Age 28

Before	After*
Body weight: 119 lbs.	Body weight: 111 lbs.
% Body fat: 17.5%	% Body fat: 11.5%
Waist: 27 inches	Waist: 24.5 inches
Hips: 37 inches	Hips: 35 inches
Thighs: 20.5 inches	Thighs: 19.5 inches

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said he would give us a record deal but not if you're in the group, so you're out." And this guy Doug didn't talk to me for 30 years. Quite rightly.

PLAYBOY: How did you find Keith?

TOWNSHEND: At first we used a couple of session drummers, and during one of our usual dates Keith showed up. He was in a competing band and heard that we were looking for a drummer, and he came to audition. You know the rest.

PLAYBOY: At what point in the band's career did you begin your solo work?

TOWNSHEND: I did an album with Ronnie Lane, *Rough Mix*, in 1977, but that was just on the side, not really competition with the Who. In 1980, when I was never sober, I was writing songs that were not right for the Who. Some people said that my solo albums should have been Who albums, though Roger never said those words out loud. The songs were personal, and they reflected what I was going through.

PLAYBOY: What inspired your first solo album, *Empty Glass*?

TOWNSHEND: It was wanting to not be a drunk. Alcoholism produced my most morally bereft period—1978 through 1980—and *Empty Glass*, which most people think is my best solo work. That album is, in a sense, a cry for stability, a cry for an empty glass, for sobriety and for a return to values that I held above everything else. But the reason the cry was authentic was that I was in real trouble. The album is like a war medal. I went through hell and I don't undervalue it, but I don't aspire to do it again. The 14 years since then, being sober, are far preferable, though a few months ago I decided to go on a bender.

PLAYBOY: That sounds dangerous.

TOWNSHEND: I thought I should try drinking again. Just to see what would happen.

PLAYBOY: For a self-admitted alcoholic, isn't that a bit like Russian roulette?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah, because I didn't know for certain if I was going to be able to stop. I was pretty sure, because I'd done it before. I've not treated myself as a clinical alcoholic even though I think I am one. I have the symptoms: If I have three glasses of wine at dinner, I just feel depressed. But if I go to six, I'm kind of [*singing*] "vroom, do do, do do, do do, do" and I've reached that place. So maybe I am one of those guys: "My name is Pete and I'm an alcoholic." Because at that point I have no control at all. I can drink an enormous amount without too many aftereffects.

PLAYBOY: What happened with your bender?

TOWNSHEND: I stopped after a couple months and it produced some interesting stuff. I don't think I would have taken on the most recent tour if I had not been drinking—I was more free signing contracts. And I also think it allowed some important conversations with my wife about the future. And I had some good times and made some friends I'll probably have for the rest of my life. People I met in bars.

PLAYBOY: Were you worried that when you started drinking again you might not have been able to stop?

TOWNSHEND: Yes, but even during the years I wasn't drinking there were times when I would try it. I would sit alone in the middle of the night and drink a glass of brandy and wait and watch. "Do I turn into a monster? Do I need to drink the rest of the bottle? No? Good." I did that enough times to know that I can control my superficial will. Of course, as my daughter said, "Don't get cocky, because tomorrow Mom might leave you, your mother might die, something might happen to you. *Tommy* might close. *Psycho Derelict* might be a disaster and you might then find that you actually need to drink." This time I started drinking from the position of strength.

PLAYBOY: Those midnight brandies sound like a test of your will—that you didn't want to accept that a force was more powerful than it.

TOWNSHEND: I think that's right. I don't accept it. Because if you accept that, then what you actually accept is that you're so clinically alcoholic that nothing is ever going to save you. I don't accept that about myself. At the same time, this is not the kind of experiment I would recommend to anybody else. I'm in a privileged position. If I got in trouble and needed treatment, I could get it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that need to test your willpower risky?

TOWNSHEND: Sure, and maybe that's part of the point. "Look at me, I can nearly die of alcoholism and drug abuse, come back, have a family, produce a young son, bring *Tommy* to Broadway, be a drunk again and stop." And drinking is sort of an impetuous thing, like: I'm still young, a teenager; at least I'm still my own man.

PLAYBOY: Have you felt as if you weren't your own man?

TOWNSHEND: Well, there is something encumbering about being a father again, realizing that I shall be a father for another 15 years, having to be responsible. But I don't think that is exactly what made me drink again. It was understanding that I had become very hard on myself and that I had earned the right to relax.

PLAYBOY: In what way had you become too hard on yourself?

TOWNSHEND: I was sober, responsible, making a living, and perhaps I wasn't enjoying things enough. I was shouldering so much guilt. It was enough; I shouldn't keep punishing myself for having fucked up in the late Seventies. And that's what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Guilt over what?

TOWNSHEND: I felt guilty for fucking up rock and roll toward the end of the Who, when I wasn't delivering the kind of material the band needed, guilty for fucking up by not keeping Keith alive, guilty for fucking up by being so drunk all the time that I was regularly unfaithful to my wife and I neglected my children. Then I had this long period of sobriety that was about penance. So I did my penance and I wanted to give myself a break. I wanted to pat myself on the head and say, "You're OK. You've done good." I don't know whether I chose the right way to reward myself, but that's what it was. I allowed myself to fly a bit, to enjoy a period of life in which it would seem to be bountiful in an unexpected way. To have some fun. I wanted to loosen up my heart because I felt kind of hard-hearted. So I drank again because I thought maybe my son would be better off having a father with a soul rather than a father with a bank full of money to put him through college. So I went on a bender and then I stopped.

PLAYBOY: So, did your son's father regain his soul?

TOWNSHEND: He did, and I think it came with another lesson. That's why I'm now trying to write about the subtleties and intensities of the daily domestic grind and the simple pleasures and difficulties of domestic life. Things we all understand. Not the extreme and excessive. We all understand passion. We all understand danger and risk. We all understand futility. We all understand desolation, desperation. Everybody writes about "I can't live without you." It would be interesting to write about "Honey, we can't go to the party yet because I have to change a wheel on the car." Or, "Help me, I've forgotten how to tie a fucking bow tie." Or, "Yes, I would love to make love to you, darling, but it's my period and you know you hate blood." The stuff of real life.

PLAYBOY: Your real life?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah. And that's the trick. Because I get all this stimulation from the work I do. Flying from London to New York for the *Tommy* opening, or to La Jolla, where I worked on *Tommy*, or touring *Psycho Derelict*. It's great to be able to straddle the world. I find that apart from sleeping on airplanes, I do a lot of writing and thinking and decision making and planning. There's something about being up in an airplane in the middle of two countries that gives me a good objective overview of which foot should be planted in which place. Yet that life is quite perverse compared with the fulfillment I get from interaction with family and friends. It's of a completely different nature. It challenges normal life.

PLAYBOY: Can normal life compete?

TOWNSHEND: It's the life most people lead, and it's perfectly satisfying. I want to explore it, the subtle and the real. It's ultimately where I'm going, and it is the

(continued on page 148)

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TO LIVE & DIE IN L.A.

heavy dope from rap's original gangsta

"The most dangerous black man in America is the ghetto hustler. He is internally restrained by nothing. He has no religion, no concept of morality, no civic responsibility, no fear—nothing."
—MALCOLM X, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*

GANGS WERE BORN out of chaos—the inner city. When you grow up in South Central and you've never had anything in your life that you control, you seek control. Gangs offer ultimate control to do what you want. Just getting it for a minute is intoxicating. Gang members are out there trying to control their own little world. It's only a tiny place. It may not look like much to you—an alley, a street—but it's like a country to them. It's easy for outsiders to say it's just a block, but many of those kids won't leave that block for years—and in some cases, their entire lives. It's theirs. It becomes their whole world. Everybody wants to have power over their world.

The gang scene in Los Angeles is extremely complicated and deep-rooted. The Hispanic gangs have been banging for more years than any of the black gangs. The black gangs began to form after the Watts riots in 1965.

I first came in contact with gangs in 1974, when I started going to Crenshaw High School. I saw one group of guys hanging out together and I wanted to

article by **ICE-T**

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

know what was going on. They were *the* unit. At that point I unknowingly got connected with the Crips. When you go to school and you start hanging out with friends from one neighborhood, they immediately become your gang. The guys I met had come from Horace Mann Junior High School, and they were part of the first generation of black gangs. Across town was a gang called the Brims, which is now called the Bloods. I then began to learn about the different groups and their idiosyncrasies.

Gang divisions are called sets. A gang member will ask you, "What set are you from?" Meaning, Are you a Crip? Are you a Westside Crip? A Rollin' 60s Crip? Eight-Tray Gangsters? Avalon Gardens? Project Watts?

The Crips wear blue, the Brims wear red. The Crips call you cuz. The Brims call you blood. The Crip has his left ear pierced; the Brim, his right.

Gangbanger clothes are based on the cheapest shit in the stores. Bandannas. Shoelaces. The Mexican kids wear pressed T-shirts; they even iron a crease in them. They wear khakis and corduroy house shoes that cost five or ten dollars. They wear Pendleton shirts that last forever. The entire dress code consists of inexpensive items, but they press them and turn their dress into something that's honorable because it's all they have.

In black gangs, anything that wasn't a Crip was a Blood. But the Blood gangs weren't all connected. You had the Bounty Hunters, Pirus, Denver Lanes, Villains, Swans. But they didn't get along, and the lack of unity made them less potent than the Crip gangs.

As the gangs evolved, the Crip gangs became so wild that they started to prey on themselves and divide among their own sets. The Grape Street Crips in Watts would be at war with the Rollin' 60s—the numbers correspond to the street blocks. From slightly west of Crenshaw Boulevard, all the way east to Long Beach Boulevard and back into Watts, was the area for gang activity. So when you hear people talk about the 20s, they're referring to 20th through 29th streets. The 30s go all the way across town, but the actual gang lived right around Western and the South Central police station. The 40s were the hustlers. They were the closest thing to non–gang members of all the blocks. They were out there gambling. They thought they were a little slicker than gang members.

Of ten blocks, one street would be popping and a gang would be named after it. You had Five-Deuce Crips (52nd and Hoover) and Eight-Tray Crips (83rd and Hoover). Before there were Rollin' 60s and 74 Hoover—that's the hot spot for the Crip gang—there was a gang called 7459 Hoover Crips, which meant everything from 74th to 59th streets. And each set would have an east or a west side, like the 74 Hoover Westside and the 74 Hoover Eastside.

All these gangs have their own hand signals. A Hoover Crip throws two of his fingers down and puts another finger across, to look like an H. The Crips hold up a C. A Blood will make his fingers look like a B. The hand signals are intricate. One set can tell another to fuck off by throwing up their signals.

When a gang member gets ready for battle or goes hard-core gangbanging, it's called locing. Going loc. Locing up. All of a sudden the beanies will get down crazy, their pants will sag, their sunglasses will go on. It's the equivalent of Native Americans going on the warpath.

I've been to parties where my homies are chillin', and even though they're in a gang, they're low-key. A fight will break out and immediately my guys go on loc. Their hats flip up and they're ready to pop. They spread the gang energy and start vibing off one another.

A gang member reading this will automatically know I was in a Crip set, because a Blood will never use the word loc. When it became public that I was involved in a Crip gang, interviewers asked me which set I was affiliated with. I don't think it's to anybody's advantage for me to represent a set publicly. I don't want to be responsible for somebody targeting that set for any reason. You have to remember, this is no joke on the street. People live and die over their colors.

I also run into problems when I talk to Brims about the gang truce that started in April 1992. They don't necessarily want to listen to me because I'm not in their set. Bangers feel me out first by asking what set I was with. I tell them it's irrelevant because now I'm trying to work for everybody.

"Oh, so you was a Blood?" they ask.

"Fuck a Blood," I'll snap. It's an automatic response because a lot of my friends got killed by Bloods. A lot of my friends. The last time we were on the road, the brother of one of my buddies got killed in gang violence. We had to do everything we could to keep my buddy in, because his brother made a 911 call and named the murderer.

I felt bad for him because I used to be so emotional. I would go on autopilot and no one could talk to me. That's exactly what happens to these kids. They just go crazy—and when you don't retaliate, you just sit around waiting, waiting for justice to be served.

The question is, Will he get justice? Will the killer go to jail? Or will he have to issue his own form of justice?

Try to put yourself in the position of losing your sister or brother. You'd be crazy with revenge, driving around the streets asking people, "Do you know who killed my brother?" Once you find out, your response is, "Fuck them. And their whole set." That's how you get a gang situation.

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There are three levels of gang membership: the hard-core, the members and the affiliates. The hard-core gangster is the straight-up warrior. He's always looking for the enemy; he's always in attack mode. He lives the violent side of gang life and that's all he focuses on. He's the equivalent of the Army soldier who enlisted in order to go to war: "Fuck the GED. I'm here to kill some motherfuckers." He's the guy reading *Soldier of Fortune* and living for the confrontation.

The members are in gangs primarily for the camaraderie. They'll represent their set, but they're not sitting there nutty, just ready to go at it all the time. The members usually run the gangs because they are more levelheaded than the hard-core members. These are the guys who understand that gang membership has its privileges. The Geto Boys have a record out, *Damn, It Feels Good to Be a Gangsta*. Members have fun with it. They gain brotherhood and confidence that they aren't getting anywhere else.

The affiliates know all the gangbangers and they wear the colors. But they are not out there putting in the drive-bys. Usually, they just live on the same street as a set and they abide by the rules. Sometimes, the affiliate gang members might be calling the shots because they may be a bit more intelligent and less violent than other members. I was an affiliate member, and if one of my homies from Hoover needed advice, we'd hook up and discuss tactical maneuvers. Before you know it, you're setting up a drive-by.

See, when you live on a certain street, you will always be held accountable for your hood if something goes down. In other words, a totally square kid living on 83rd Street knows his street is a Crip street and knows he can't avoid the politics of his hood.

I once went with my daughter to buy some sneakers. I picked out a pair for her, but she pointed to a red pair. "Let's get these," she said. I looked at her and asked, "Red—what are you talking about?" She was living near the

(continued on page 139)

"You're fun, Spider-Man—but you tickle!"

My Sudsy Valentine

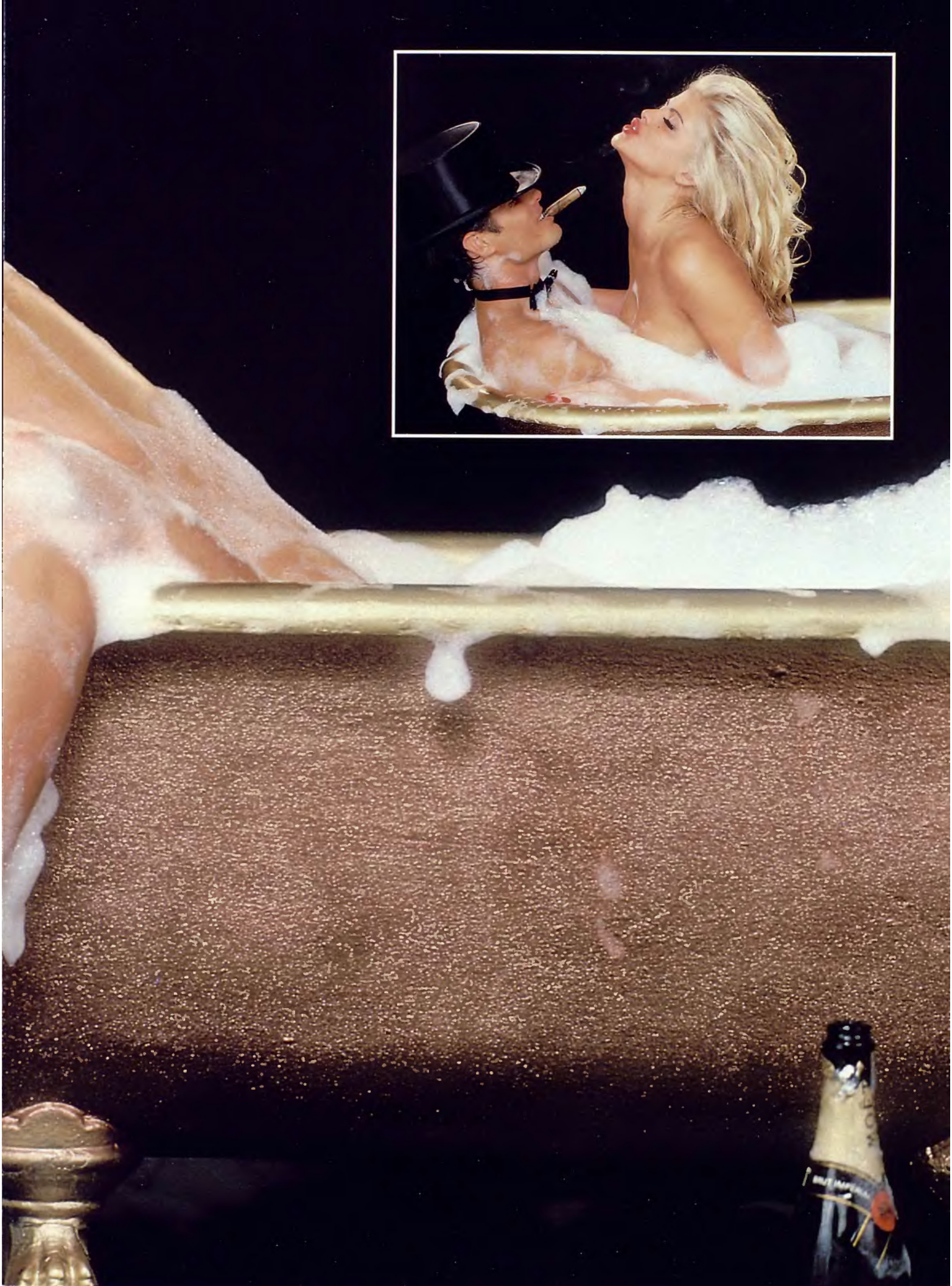
anna nicole smith celebrates cupid's holiday
by coming clean with a friend

text by Christopher Napolitano

NOBODY FILLS a dress, charms a camera or takes a bath like Anna Nicole Smith. The first two qualities are why she's a Playmate of the Year and a soon-to-be movie star (look for her in the upcoming *Naked Gun 33⅓* and *The Hudsucker Proxy*); the last trait is why, to mark Valentine Day, we've asked her back for her steamiest pictorial yet. But you don't have to take our word for it. We suggest you put yourself in Tom Johnson's flip-flops.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Johnson, Anna Nicole's rubber ducky in these photos, was new to us. At 38, the native Californian and former model was making a fresh start as a photo assistant and interviewing at Playboy Studio West, which is how he met Anna Nicole. "After my interview I was given a tour," he recalls. "We went by the makeup room, and there was Anna Nicole. We said hello. I was trying to act cool—like it's every day that I see a Playmate of the Year." Incredibly, Anna told Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda that she wanted Tom in the shoot. "I couldn't believe this was happening," says Tom. "I thought, No way!" Sure enough, he was asked to get ready to pose. "I was in the makeup room. All of a sudden, Anna Nicole walked in—naked, except for this feather boa. I was, like, aaaahhh! I was so nervous. I tried small talk. I remembered that she's from Texas, like my father, so I asked her 'Where in Texas?' She said, 'Houston. Now take off your clothes.'" And so began for Tom the ultimate male fantasy. "I thought, This is the best. I have died and gone to heaven," he says. And Anna Nicole proved to be a real water sport. "It was great. She was so nice," continues Tom. "She was friendly, she was fun, she was playful. In Los Angeles you find a lot of women with attitude. But she was genuine. I'm just a



struggling photographer and she treated me straight. I appreciated that. When she gets in front of the camera she lights up. She just pulled me along." It worked—it looks like the water in the bubble bath was boiling. "She insisted that they keep the water warm," says Tom, laughing. "We got into it. It wasn't sexual, it was more romantic, glamourous. When we did the Marilyn Monroe pictures, I felt like Fred Astaire. I think she knew it was a fantasy for me." She topped it off by inviting him to drive her home in her Playmate of the Year Jaguar. "I drove down Sunset Boulevard in a Jaguar with a beautiful blonde," says Tom. "You can't get better than that."

SHE was good, SHE was funny

alaskan winters are frigid and bloody lonely. who could resist a bit of neighborly comfort?

fiction by

DAVID MARUSEK

IN A BORROWED CABIN, in a northern wood, Walt Baffen welcomed winter. He had sacks and tins of food in the root cellar and a moose quarter in the cache. He had three cords of firewood. He had a bookshelf full of paperback classics and a propane lantern to read them by. He had a shortwave wireless and a carton of spare batteries.

Most of all, he had his work—ten crates of obsidian flakes from the University of Alaska–Fairbanks archaeology lab, a case of excavation maps and site catalogs, calipers, a stereomicroscope and a 12-volt laptop computer. By spring—if all went well—he would return home to England with his dissertation, *The Detection of Meat Processing in the Prehistoric Record: Microblade Analysis of Late Pleistocene Denali Artifacts in the Brooks Range*.

In the meantime there was plenty to do. Walt hauled water uphill by sled from a hole he had chopped in the lake. He split and stacked firewood. He shoveled snow from his rather lengthy driveway. He taught himself to cross-country ski and visited his few and odd neighbors.

In early winter, when it was still warm enough to start the old Subaru wagon, Walt made monthly trips down to Fairbanks to consult with his graduate committee chair, to take in a show at the Goldstream Cinemas and to get pissed or laid, or both.

Soon, real winter began. The dense Arctic cold settled itself about his cabin and pressed against the logs. The sun no longer rose above the ridge across the highway. At night the splitting crack of freezing trees sounded like rifle shots.

Walt stayed indoors. He fed the wood stove day and night. It hissed and groaned as it poured out heat. Walt slept in the loft, near the ceiling where the heat collected. During the day, no matter how warm the cabin got, the air near the floor was frigid. So Walt wore a silk kimono over heavy wool trousers and used his pac boots as house slippers. All in all, this log cabin—120 miles below the Arctic Circle, with no plumbing and no electricity—was

PAINTING BY ROGER BROWN

more comfortable than his damp and drafty student flat back in Oxford.

Today the weather began to change. Walt checked the thermometer nailed to a tree outside the window. An American thermometer, it had two concentric scales: the Fahrenheit large and easy to read, and the Celsius grudgingly small. The Yanks would never convert.

It had indeed warmed up, but since he could make out only the Fahrenheit numbers, Walt wasn't sure by how much. The needle, these past ten days, had lingered near minus 40 degrees, equally bitter on both scales.

So today would be a good day to do firewood. There would be about four hours of weak daylight. But first Walt needed to make a quick trip to the outhouse, and then have some breakfast. He opened the wood stove and tossed two pieces of birch into the miniature hellscape inside. The bark exploded into flames, sizzling and popping, and trickles of smoke leaked around the edges of the cast-iron plates. Walt filled the teakettle and placed it on the hot spot. He donned his stylish wolverine hat—which had set him back £200—opened the thick cabin door and stepped outside.

Now he could tell with his nose it was warmer. And the patch of blue sky above the cabin was hazing over. The thermometer, up close, read minus 30 degrees Celsius, minus 22 degrees Fahrenheit. He took the path to the outhouse. If he didn't walk too fast, his thin clothes could actually retain a layer of warm air next to his skin—a trick of the North.

Walt stood behind the small wooden outhouse. It wasn't true what he'd been told: Urine at minus 22 degrees does not freeze before it hits the ground. It steams and cuts through snow like lava.

•

On his way back to the cabin, Walt was startled to see someone standing in the path. At first he didn't recognize the man in old insulated overalls and a bulky brown parka. The man's wolf-trimmed hood was pulled into a face tunnel so that only his eyes and the bridge of his nose showed. But his large size, the way he filled the path, made Walt think of his neighbor, Gus Ostermann. And he recognized Gus' mukluks, the ones made from caribou hide, knee-high and trimmed with bits of arctic fox, ermine and seal fur. Hell, thought Walt. Bloody, bloody hell.

"Gus," he said as he approached the man. "Nice of you to drop by." Walt cinched up his kimono, which was cold now wherever it touched his skin. "Come inside."

Gus slipped his hands, in bright red cotton gloves, out of his pockets long enough to unfasten and pull back his hood. Underneath he wore a woolen watch cap that covered his ears. He hunched his shoulders and bent his neck left and right to pop his vertebrae. But his flat expression never changed. He fixed his dull gray eyes on Walt and said, "I have a bone to pick with you."

"Fine," said Walt. "Let's pick it over tea—or coffee. I have water on the boil." He motioned with his arm, but Gus didn't budge. So Walt tried to step around him on the narrow path, but Gus leaned over to block him.

"Actually," said Gus, "here will do."

"Don't be absurd, man," said Walt. He turned and walked to the other side of the cabin. He would have liked to run, so thoroughly chilled he was by now, but that might be interpreted as fear. In any case, Gus had cut around front and was waiting for him next to the woodpile.

Walt stepped right up to him and said, "Are you mad?" and tried to shove past him. But the big man easily pushed him to the snow-packed ground. Walt shivered, from the cold, from sudden anger, not from fear. He got up and said, "You're behaving stupidly, I hope you realize." He feigned a lunge to Gus' right and tried to dart around his left, but Gus crouched like a goalie in front of the cabin to block him. "That does it," said Walt. "You've taken your little stunt too far." He balled his stiff hands into fists and tried to hit Gus, but he connected only with pillow-thick clothing. Gus pushed him to the ground again.

Walt stood up, refastened his kimono and said, "I shall have you arrested." He walked around the woodpile, wading through deep snow, and came out on the driveway next to the Subaru. Meanwhile, Gus matched his progress via the path, and when Walt climbed into the driver's seat and slammed the car door, Gus sat down on the cabin porch a few yards away.

Walt couldn't bend his fingers, couldn't feel them. He used them like screwdrivers attached to the ends of his arms to jab the door locks. The little car shook with his shivering. American men, he thought, are so bloody primitive over their women.

Walt hugged himself, tucked his hands under his arms and shivered. His feet hurt. That much was true, at least. He hadn't even noticed his hands go, but his feet were freezing painfully.

Walt glanced through the car window at Gus, who was refastening his parka hood. Gus saluted him and buried his hands deep into his pockets. Dressed as he was, Gus could take a nap there if he liked. Still—there must be something Walt could do. He wondered if his car keys were in his trouser pocket. Then he noticed them dangling from the ignition of the steering column. Of course! But as he grappled with the ignition he realized the car had been sitting out at minus 40 degrees. The motor oil was toffee, the engine a block of ice; it would never start. And indeed, when he managed to turn the key, there were three or four metallic clicks, then nothing. Bloody hell!

Gus, when Walt looked at him, shrugged his shoulders.

There must be something, thought Walt. He crawled between the bucket seats to the back and rummaged through the cargo compartment. The emergency kit! He pulled the nylon athletic bag into the backseat with him and, with clawlike hands, unzipped it. Inside were woolen hats and gloves, an old vinyl mackintosh and a thin tartan blanket. That's all? He had packed this kit for an emergency somewhere warmer and damper. Still, it was something. He wrestled himself into the raincoat, covered himself with the blanket, stuffed the woolen hats beneath his kimono and draped the nylon bag over his boots. He could not put on the pair of gloves. His purple fingers kept jamming together. But he managed, using his teeth, to pull on a pair of mittens. These he held up to the window to show Gus, who nodded his compliments.

As bundled up as possible, Walt sat in the backseat of the Subaru and considered his options. The first option was to stay where he was until Gus got bored and left. There was a problem with this option.

Walt marveled at the calm lucidity of his thought process, his lack of panic or desperation. Was this the stiff upper lip he had always suspected he possessed, the cool head under fire? Or was it—despite his expensive wolverine hat—the effects of a cooling brain?

The second option was to run. If Gus allowed him. Running would warm him up, too. But run where? The nearest cabin was two miles away, and it belonged to Gus.

She'd be there, of course, glad he stopped by. We have all afternoon, she would say; let's go skiing. She would lead the way, kick-stepping up the ski trail with her long legs. She'd stop and wait for him, laughing with rosy cheeks. Her black hair would smell of woodsmoke. I'll turn off the light, she would say. Care for a drink? Let's get cozy.

Walt felt cozy. He noticed he'd stopped shivering. The blanket, thin as it was, must be doing the trick. And his

(continued on page 152)

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

a quintet of auto mavens joins indycar driver willy t. ribbs to pick this year's hottest wheels; plus, playboy's 1994 car of the year

article by KEN GROSS

IT'S A RENAISSANCE YEAR for American carmakers. General Motors and Ford are running hot with new versions of old classics such as the Camaro and the Mustang, and Chrysler's sporty Neon subcompact is certain to challenge Saturn and Honda. Undaunted, the imports are battling back with their best shots. There are so many new models to choose from, even experts are befuddled. PLAYBOY once again assembled a panel of automotive gurus to assess the best 1994 cars in a variety of categories. And for the fourth consecutive year, as part of our annual new-car review, we present Playboy's Car of the Year award. The winner is pictured overleaf. Enjoy the ride. *Hottest Pocket Rocket:* With the availability of so many pint-size-yet-potent cars, our panelists tied in the voting. "Lighter weight and major steering and handling improvements make the Celica GT the niftiest ride this side of $20,000," said *Motor Trend* editor-at-large Don Sherman. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Ken Gross agreed, calling the Celica "a junior Supra for half the price, with the looks and nearly all the punch of its older brother." *USA Today* auto editor James R. Healey thought the Acura Integra GS-R was "a sweet piece of work—almost German—with the world's *(text continued on page 154)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR

Our fourth annual Playboy Car of the Year award and accompanying bronze statuette (pictured above left) go to Chevrolet for its stunning Camaro Z28 convertible. "Those razor-sharp body panels conceal a slightly detuned 275-horsepower Corvette LT1 V8," said PLAYBOY Contributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross. "Whatever your transmission choice, either a six-speed manual or o four-speed automatic, this ragtop will rumble. Nail the throttle for a five-second zero-to-60 sprint. The throaty sounds of the dual exhaust system are just a few decibels short of a ticket." Priced at about $25,000, the Camoro competes with sports cars that cost

Chevrolet's Camaro is celebrating its 27th year. With the dramatic looks, V8 muscle and crisp handling of the latest edition—the Z28 convertible—Camaros will be turning heads well into the next century.

twice as much. (The Camaro's top end is about 150 mph. Not that you'll ever see it, of course.) Gas-charged shocks, power rack-and-pinion steering and a much stiffer body greatly improve handling. Big four-wheel ventilated power disc brakes with ABS are standard, as are twin air bags. The Camaro's fully lined, electrically operated top has a heated-glass rear window. When the top is folded, a three-piece tonneau cover keeps everything neat. *Motor Trend* editor-at-large Don Sherman calls the Z28 convertible "the sweetest-looking automobile on the market." Congratulations to Chevrolet for revitalizing this great American classic.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIO HODGES

A Ring in Her Navel

body piercing has gone way beyond earrings, and our fearless reporter goes close up to bring you the story

article by Vicki Glembocki

"WOULD YOU MIND showing us the ring in your navel?" asked Wally Kennedy, host of *AM Philadelphia*, while I sat in the heat of the lights as a guest on his morning talk show. Without a thought, I untucked my shirt and wedged down my belt to show viewers across the Philadelphia area the silver ring through the skin above my navel. Of course, I couldn't see those people, but I could see the three cameramen, eyes glued on my stomach as they zoomed in—the same men who, minutes before, had instinctively crossed their legs when I explained the popularity of genital piercing. I had to laugh. There I was, a 21-year-old Penn State English major, born and raised in dreary Erie, exposing my bare skin on live TV during ratings week, as the supposed expert on body piercing. What a long strange trip it had been since I first stepped into the Forbidden Fruit Body Piercing Salon in State College, Pennsylvania.

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A slew of sorority girls appeared the day I went there to watch the man from Philly get his penis pierced. The bell on the door jingled as they marched in, two by two, all wearing their Greek-lettered sweatshirts inside out. Only one of them was getting tattooed—another specialty of the salon. It was the girl in black-and-white harlequin stretch pants with a plastic cast on her left shin. The other six just followed in a pack a few steps behind her as she browsed the thousands of multicolored tattoos covering every inch of the walls. They followed her through the display room, talking about who went to whose party last night and who hooked up with whom, and how the girl getting tattooed had partied so hard the night before that they couldn't believe she'd actually made it to the tattoo parlor by two o'clock, much less at all.

"He's a little nervous," the assistant, Ginie Buckley, 19, whispered as she crossed from the piercing room to the black leather couch where I had been waiting. She wore a sharp felt flapper hat that I wished were mine. The head of the pink and green lizard tattooed on her chest crept over the neckline of her blouse when she leaned forward to light her Salem. Ginie didn't think it would be cool for me to observe the piercing.

"He's old," Ginie announced while exhaling.

"How old?"

"Like 45, I think." She said he had spent *(continued on page 118)*

A Treasury of Cole

a gallery of drawings by jack cole, PLAYBOY*'s definitive cartoonist of the fifties*

JACK COLE'S first cartoon for PLAYBOY appeared in our fifth issue. Cole quickly came to define PLAYBOY's visual humor. He had begun drawing features and adventure strips in the Thirties and Forties, the most famous of which was his witty parody of superheroes, Plastic Man—a begoggled, rubbery fighter of crime and corruption. But Cole's penchant for the outré made him a likely target of comic book censorship in the early Fifties, and he turned to a young, upstart publication that was most receptive to his humor. That change in venue resulted in memorable appearances in PLAYBOY, at least one full-page drawing per issue. The artist died prematurely in 1958, leaving us the exceptional gift of his wit.

"Ohio casts fifty-seven—make that fifty-eight votes for . . ."

"On second thought, Mr. Birmingham, I'll buy you the Cadillac!"

"I ain't got no bod-eee . . ."

"You mean all the way from 23rd Street to Central Park?"

"Son, if you can stop seducing women for five minutes, I'd like to tell you about the bees and flowers."

"The butler did it."

"The D.A. had my phone tapped . . . . now he's up here every night."

"Oh, I couldn't, Colonel Harwick—it might ruin my amateur standing."

"Tell Sir Herbert the rescue party should reach him in three days and ask him if there is anything else he wants immediately."

"Well, there's history repeating itself."

"He wants to make an honest woman of me. He asked me to return the mink coat."

"Here's one ambassador, if they want to recall, they'll have to come and get!"

"Fake it."

"You've got a pretty fair line-up here, Abdul, but the trouble is, you lack depth. Now, if I were you I'd trade off one or two of your veterans for some promising young rookies. That way you'll have plenty of reserve strength in case any of your first stringers give out and have to lay off for a while."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

meet julie lynn cialini, a long playmate for a short month

Precious Jules

HI, DOLLY, hello, horsey, how's my girl?" Julie Lynn Cialini coos to a horse she has only just met. We were walking along Michigan Avenue in Chicago, and she charged right up and kissed the carriage-pulling nag on the nose while Dolly's driver shivered with cold—or perhaps envy. Miss February is definitely a soft touch when it comes to animals. When modeling jobs take her away from her Rochester, New York home—and her five cats—she takes on surrogate pets. In Milan she supplied food every day for a homeless pooch; in Miami Beach she adopted a cat. "I get upset when I'm in Miami because there are so many strays," she says. "Someday, when my career takes

off, I want to try to make things better for animals." Miss February loves another canine species: the underdog. Her own life has been a triumph over tough times. Her parents divorced when she was nine, and Julie and her two sisters were raised by their mother. "Mom did a great job, but she had to work hard. She took out a second mortgage on the house just to raise us," she recalls. School was no joy, either. "My high school was clannish," Julie says. "Either you were somebody or you were nobody. It brought me down, because I was never part of the in crowd." Ah, but living well—and looking good—are the best revenge. "I started filling out after high school," she says. "I was so skinny back then." Last year, when she went to her five-year reunion, "I got all decked out, looked just about the best I could—and all eyes

When Miss February was a tyke she loved to ice-skate: "But I had to wear double-bladed skates, and kids used to make fun of me." These guys from the Rochester Americans, Julie's favorite minor-league hockey team, sure aren't laughing. She shoots, she scores!

were on me." The recognition was gratifying. "I like to be the center of attention," she admits. "That's why I love modeling so much. It makes me feel good about myself." These days Julie has reason to feel good. The jobs are coming fast and furious. And now there's the pictorial before you. "I'm really excited about being Miss February," she says. "I hope I can be everybody's Valentine Day present." Great, Julie—just skip the wrapping. —BOB DAILY

What's wrong with these pictures? No stuffed animals. "I need to sleep with something cuddly," she says. "I'm just a big baby sometimes."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Julie Lynn Ciabini

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Julie Lynn Cialini

BUST: 34B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5' 11" WEIGHT: 126 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 11-14-70 BIRTHPLACE: Rochester, New York

AMBITIONS: I'm not into making millions, but I wouldn't mind having Cindy Crawford's career.

TURN-ONS: Guys with long hair, washboard bellies, soft skin, muscles and fast cars!

TURNOFFS: Cold weather, jealousy and men who think that money can buy love.

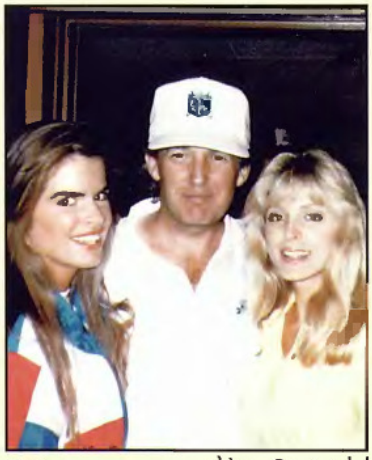
BEST HEART-POUNDING EXPERIENCE: Bungee-jumping from 15 stories with nothing below me, wearing nothing but my G-String bikini.

WORST HEART-POUNDING EXPERIENCE: Standing in the Atlantic Ocean for a photo shoot (also in a bikini) while a stingray brushed across my ankle!

HOW TO REALLY MAKE MY HEART POUND: Be nice, be romantic be yourself, don't try to be a hotshot- but definitely be hot!

Free at last! Graduation Day 1988

The Bud Babes My Sister is on the left!



Dinner with Donald Trump + Marla Maples

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Say, Al," one club member asked another, "how come Rick's not your doubles partner anymore?"

"Would you be a partner with a guy who's always late, never repays loans, blames you for every loss and tries to screw both your wife and your daughter?"

"Of course not."

"Well, neither would Rick."

A man walked into a cowboy bar and ordered a beer just as President Clinton came on the TV. After a few sips, he looked up at the screen and mumbled, "Now there's the biggest horse's ass I've ever seen." Immediately, a customer at the end of the bar got up, walked over, decked him and left.

A few minutes later, the man was finishing his beer when Hillary Clinton appeared on the TV. "She's a horse's ass, too," he said. A customer from the other end of the bar got up, walked over and knocked him off his stool.

"Dadgum!" the man said, climbing back up to the bar. "This must be Clinton country."

"Nope," the bartender replied. "Horse country."

After entering the offices of the local newspaper, a man handed the clerk a classified ad that read, "$1000 cash reward for wife's brown-and-white tabby. No questions asked."

"Geez," the clerk exclaimed. "Don't you think that's excessive for a cat?"

"Not for this one," the man replied. "I drowned the damn thing two weeks ago."

In the days before the pill, a bride asked her gynecologist to recommend the best contraceptives. He suggested she try withdrawal, douches and condoms.

Several years later, the woman was walking in the mall with three young children when she happened to meet her old doctor. "I see you didn't take my advice," he said, eyeing the trio of youngsters.

"Oh, yes I did, doctor," she insisted. "Davey here was a pullout, Darcy was a washout, and Megan over there was a blowout."

We hear Pee-wee Herman finally ventured back to a movie theater to see— you guessed it—*Free Willy*.

The locals suspected the unmarried town flirt, Bobbi Jean, of carrying on an affair with Horace, a red-haired married farmer. She swore the rumors were untrue, but the stories persisted, much to Horace's distress.

When Bobbi Jean became pregnant, the whole town buzzed with talk that Horace was the father, but she vehemently denied it. Months later, a red-haired boy was born after 48 hours of intense, painful labor. One of the town busybodies took one look at the child and flatly insisted that Horace must have been the father.

"Don't be stupid," Bobbi Jean retorted. "If that were Horace's kid, he wouldn't have taken so long to come."

Have you seen the new Heidi Fleiss doll? You buy the doll, she gets you another doll.

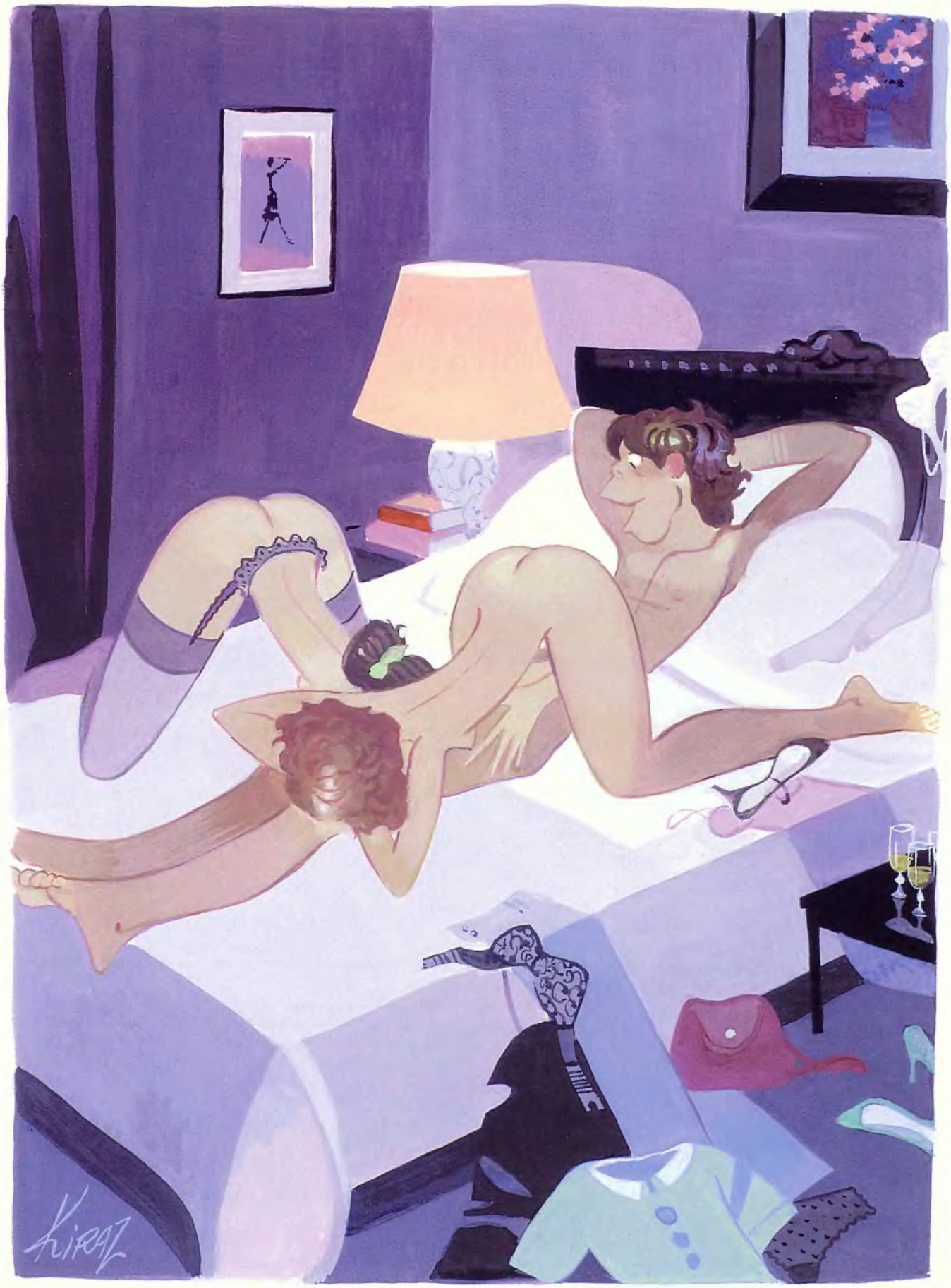
A wolf whistle stopped the two female Army officers in their tracks. "I'll handle this," the captain said to the lieutenant, turning to face the offending soldier. She lectured him on women's rights, military protocol and his lack of fitness for membership in the armed services. "Have you anything to say for yourself?" she concluded.

"No, ma'am," he stammered. "Only that I wasn't whistling at you."

Two old friends stopped for a drink after work. "I don't understand," Cindy complained. "People take an instant dislike to me when they find out I'm a lawyer. Why would they do that?"

"Maybe," her companion suggested, "it just saves time."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"I can't believe you girls don't know each other."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BY JIM HOUGAN

WHO SNEAKS OIL INTO SERBIA? SPIRITS GOLD OUT OF RUSSIA? SELLS MISSILE PARTS TO IRAN? MARC RICH IS WHO—THE FUGITIVE THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN'T, OR WON'T, BRING DOWN

K *of* I *the* N *world* G

LIGHT SNOW FALLS through the darkness as a gray Mercedes glides out of the driveway of one of the oldest and most spectacular mansions in Switzerland. As the car winds its way into the mountains above the lake, windshield wipers brushing at the snow, a man in a black cashmere coat and a dark blue suit sits in a cone of light in the backseat, reading. Not far behind, a chase car flirts with the Mercedes' rear bumper, surging closer and closer, then falls back. Inside, three Israeli bodyguards scan the road, alert for the possibility of a bounty hunter's ambush or a terrorist's kidnapping.

The man in the Mercedes is at once honored and infamous. There is a fellowship at Oxford University in his name, and his foundation disburses millions to worthy causes. Despite this, indeed, despite all the good he's done, he remains a fugitive, wanted by the FBI, Customs, the IRS, U.S. Marshals and Interpol. Should he be caught and convicted, he could face more than 300 years in prison.

It would be helpful, then, to know what he is reading as he leans back in the leather seat, engulfed by darkness, luxury and paranoia. At five A.M. it is too early for the newspapers; they'll be waiting on his desk when he arrives at the blue glass cube that is his office building. But there are the late-night faxes, certainly, and it may well be that among them is a message from one of his lawyers—the best that money can buy. It could be a note from Leonard Garment, then, or Brad Reynolds or—perhaps not.

Perhaps it's a message from his bustling Moscow office, or a copy of the most recent missive from the secret police of the mineral-rich republic of Kazakhstan. For nearly a year, renegade Kazakh spooks have been quietly distributing diatribes against him to the press, accusing him of a host of crimes in an effort to discredit his company and sabotage his business.

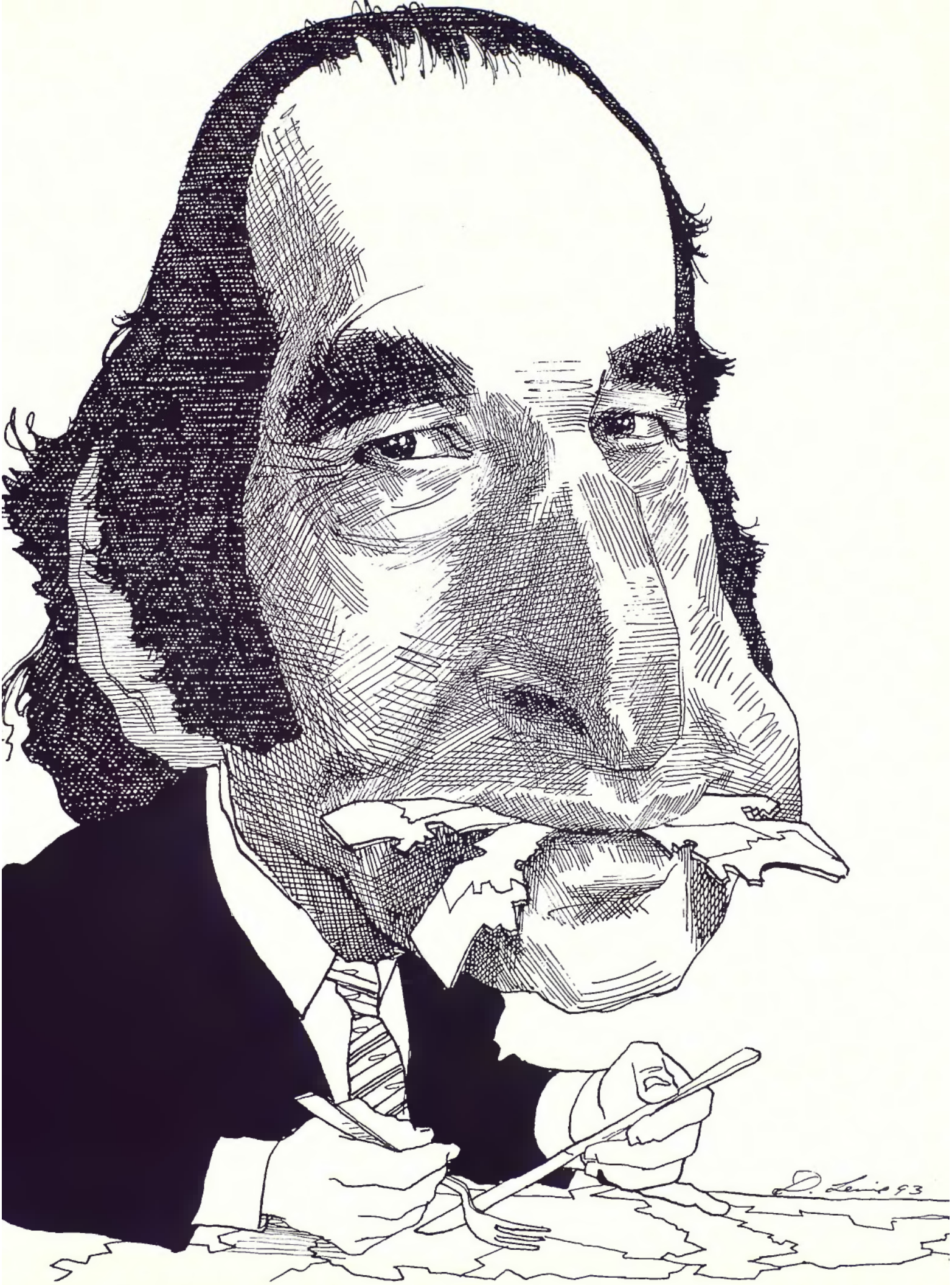
And in Moscow itself, ultranationalist newspapers have published articles alleging that his commodities business is a front for laundering drug money. He denies the allegation, but it has its believers. His companies have an annual turnover of more than $3 billion per year in what was formerly the Soviet Union, so the man in the Mercedes bestrides the disintegrating Russian economy like a sumo wrestler on a pony. Considering the stakes, it is hardly surprising that business rivals would stoop to slander in an effort to knock him off.

Then again, he may be studying the numbers. As in: How many tons of aluminum are stored in his Rotterdam and Singapore warehouses? How many board feet of timber were taken from his forests in Chile last month? How many tons of light crude petroleum are moving across the oceans in his tankers?

A Belgian-born American with Spanish and Israeli citizenship (and a pending application to Switzerland), the man in the Mercedes is Marc Rich, a billionaire over and over again, and one of only a handful of people who might reasonably be called, in novelist Tom Wolfe's parlance, a "master of the universe." Unlike Wall Street wheeler-dealers who trade in the abstractions of futures contracts, stocks and bonds, Rich is a player on the periodic table itself, buying and selling strategic quantities of the world's raw materials—its very elements—as well as more complex compounds (sugar, soybeans, oil, government officials). He is a titan in the business of wholesaling the planet's natural resources to the highest bidders.

He owns or controls oil wells in Russia, mines in *(continued on page 108)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE


D. Levine 93

COWBOY BOOTS have found a home off the range, and cap-toe clodhoppers, military lace-ups and ankle-high Chelsea styles are showing up where only brogues, wing tips and slip-ons once trod. In fact, boots are being worn with just about everything from dinner jackets to baggy denim shorts. (Troy Aikman wore black leather cowboy boots with a tuxedo in our *Quarterback Chic* fashion feature last month.) But whatever the look, take time to find a pair of boots that really fits. For maximum comfort, your heel should move up and down slightly in the back, and the boot's interior should be smooth and seamless. And if rugged workman-style boots work best for you, make sure that they're fully waterproof.

Our guy's well-shod wardrobe includes the calfskin cowboy boots, by Attitude for Pop Cowboy, $275, that he's wearing, plus (from left to right) leather military boots with rubber lug soles, by Georgia Boot, about $100; nubuck waterproof hiking boots with cushioned insoles, by Dexter, $110; mot leather, double monk-strap chukka boots with lug soles, by Kenneth Cole, $154; calfskin cap-toe boots, by Impulse for Steeplegate, $115; oily nubuck engineer boots with buckle straps, by Dingo, $125; and suede Chelsea boots with elastic side panels, by Paul Smith, $235.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

GETTING THE BOOT

rough, rugged and right—slide your feet into these

Where & How to Buy on page 145.

KING *of the world* *(continued from page 104)*

"The director of an intelligence network that has followed Rich for years says, 'Marc owns Peru.'"

Peru and electrical supplies in England. There are refineries in Romania, office buildings in Spain and smelters in Australia, Iran, Sardinia and West Virginia. He has 40 offices and 1300 employees throughout the world and is simultaneously the uncontested emperor of aluminum, a prince of sugar, a shogun of soy, a mover and shaker of the world's markets in nickel, lead, zinc, tin, chrome, magnesium, copper and coal.

One could go on. The managing director of a private intelligence network in the U.K., one that has followed Rich for more than a decade on behalf of a secretive Arab client, says bluntly, "Marc *owns* Peru," and this isn't so hard to believe. With an annual turnover in excess of $30 billion, Marc Rich & Co. AG has a larger turnover than the GNPs of many Third World countries—including the two dozen whose economies are said to be entirely within his hands.

Perhaps he is reading *Izvestia*, faxed from the Moscow office. He would agree that the Russian newspaper has behaved responsibly in the past, defending him against the U.S. Justice Department in a front-page editorial. But now, in the new Russia, the newspaper has actually opened its pages to investigative reporters and other idiots. Only recently, *Izvestia* reported that a $750,000 reward had been offered by the U.S. for Rich's capture, while suggesting that he was somehow responsible for the export of 700,000 tons of high-quality fuel oil, purchased for a fraction of its cost. His profit was estimated to be between $48 million and $400 million.

There are other allegations, of course, and a blizzard of rumors. It is said by one of his competitors, for example, that Rich has corrupted executives at the Finnish national oil company and that he's using them to plunder their country's economy.

Trade unionists in Romania accuse Rich of having banked the fortune that Nicolae Ceauşescu stole, and a freelance spook in what was formerly Ollie North's apparat insists that Rich worked hand-in-glove with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union to loot the U.S.S.R. of its gold reserves during the Eighties. The Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Relations has called for an investigation of Rich's connections to the infamous and now defunct BCCI.

And so it goes. In Amsterdam, the anti-apartheid Shipping Research Bureau accuses Rich of busting UN sanctions against South Africa. In New York, the authoritative *Platt's Oilgram News* reports that he made oil shipments into Serbia at the same time the UN was preparing a blockade against the rapacious country. In London, *Private Eye* suggests the billionaire has been trying to violate similar embargoes imposed by the UN against Iraq.

But what do they know? Can anyone really be all that bad? (Can anyone really be all that rich?)

The rumors fall like snow past the windows of the Mercedes. But Marc Rich isn't reading rumors. He knows the truth, and if he doesn't, he can pay to have it found. Perhaps, for instance, he's reading the report that he commissioned on a question of some delicacy—the report on the provenance of his blonde German girlfriend. Avner Azulay, an Israeli private eye, was hired by Rich to find out (among other things) if the woman's family was pro-Nazi during the war. The detective's report brought welcome news.

And so the man in the Mercedes can relax. It's almost dawn in the Alps, he hasn't been snatched and his girlfriend is clean. What more could a man want?

•

What, indeed?

To understand who Marc Rich is, we need to know how one of the most powerful men in the world came to be a prisoner in paradise and a capitalist in flight.

Born in Antwerp in 1934, Rich (née Reich) came to the U.S. with his parents in 1942. With the war in Europe behind them, they settled in Kansas City, Missouri, where Rich's father opened the Petty Gem Shop and earned a modest income. Rich attended public schools (where he seems to have made no impression whatsoever on his classmates), joined the Boy Scouts and went to summer camp in the Ozarks. (One of his tentmates was writer Calvin Trillin, who remembers Marc as "the quietest kid at Camp Osceola.")

To have been a Jew in Kansas City in the Forties (and one, moreover, who spoke three languages while still a child) could not have been easy. But he didn't live there for long. The Petty Gem Shop prospered and became the diversified Rich Merchandising Co., which Rich's father soon sold at a nice profit. In 1950 the family moved to New York, where the elder Rich entered into a partnership to manufacture burlap bags. With the Korean War shifting into overdrive, this proved to be a brilliant stroke: Military requirements pushed the demand for burlap through the roof, and the family's fortune was made.

By then, Marc was enrolled at New York University. But as a sophomore, he was lured away from school by an acquaintance of his father's, who wanted him to apprentice as a commodities trader at Philipp Brothers.

In 1954 Philipp Brothers was the biggest raw-materials trading company in the world, bridging the gap between mining and manufacturing companies on five continents. Established by scrap-metal merchants in Hamburg during the 1890s, the firm had expanded to England and the U.S. in the years before World War One. By World War Two it had become a giant with enormous influence in the Third World.

Rich began to learn the metals-handling business while working in the traffic department at Philipp Brothers. Like many of the other apprentices, he was the son of Jewish refugees. Unlike them, he'd grown up in Kansas City surrounded by goyim. His father was a millionaire who was well-connected at Philipp Brothers itself. Marc wore suits that the others couldn't afford, and he came to work in a red MG TD that seemed to instill envy in all who saw it.

Four years after leaving NYU, Rich was given his first assignment abroad. Sent to Havana on the eve of the Cuban revolution, he found himself in a vortex of decadence and corruption. It was a place where almost nothing worked except the bribe, which always worked. Rich got the company's metal out of Cuba and was sent out into the world to make even more money for Philipp Brothers. He began to travel constantly between New York and La Paz, Cape Town and Santiago, taking time out to get married in 1966. His wife is the beautiful, almond-eyed Denise Eisenberg, a New Englander who, like her husband, was the child of Jewish refugees who'd made a fortune in America after the war. Unlike Marc, however, Denise was a rock-and-roller. She lived in a world of boardrooms dominated by patriarchal millionaires; she was a junk-food addict who loved the movies and who was as driven to make it as a pop star as her husband

(continued on page 143)

"Gosh, thanks, but I'm not actually the lady of the house. She's in Toledo visiting her sister."

THE YEAR

HEIDI, SHOW US YOUR HO'S

Tinseltown trembled as purported madam to the stars Heidi Fleiss, busted for pandering and drug possession, hinted she might tattle on her clientele. Victoria Sellers (right) stuck up for her pal, accompanying Heidi to her arraignment, but one skittish studio exec disavowed involvement even before the charges were announced. Billy Idol went on TV to tell Jay Leno that he has never paid for sex, and a spokesman for Charlie Sheen reportedly claimed the actor hadn't endorsed those 18 traveler's checks cops found at Heidi's place—once owned by Michael Douglas, who (you guessed it) denied being a patron.

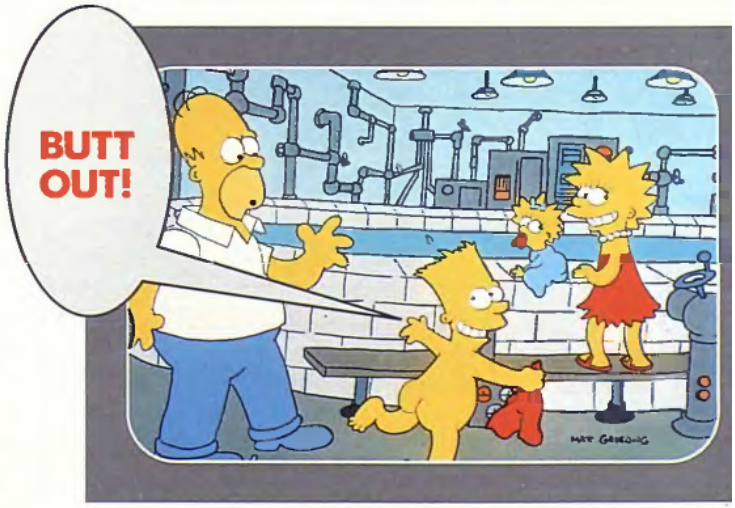
A 27-YEAR-OLD MADAM AND CALL GIRLS CAVORTING NAKED IN HOT TUBS WITH ACTORS AND STUDIO EXECS. WHAT DO WE DO?
HOLLY
BUY THE MOVIE RIGHTS.
HEIDI MAY TELL ALL

NUDE DUDE VIEWED LEWD

Andrew "Naked Guy" Martinez' habit of strolling the University of California's Berkeley campus starkers motivated the school to outlaw nudity and expel him, sparking First Amendment protests (below). Berkeley city fathers then enacted a similar ban, duly challenged by Andy (right), whose guilty plea got him probation.

BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEKS

Moon rhymes with June and also cartoon: Bart Simpson proves it, making the befuddled Homer and Marge endure another juvenile wise crack.



IN SEX

a wry salute to hollywood hookers, gender benders, randy royals and all those guys who can't say no

TODAY'S IN-FLIGHT MOVIE IS. . . .
Too chicken to do it on Delta? The aeronautically amorous can rent a discreetly piloted Cessna from Florida's Mile High Club (whose slogan is "We fly for love and it shows").

ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY. . . .
Talk about media overkill: The Amy Fisher–Joey Buttafuoco saga, in which Amy was jailed for trying to off Mrs. B., spawned three TV movies, a comic book, even trading cards. After more than a year of denials, Joey admitted he had boffed the teenager after all.

SO MANY GIRLS, SO LITTLE TIME
Julio Iglesias, explaining why he hadn't provided a blood sample in a paternity case: "I wouldn't have time to sing if I had to take a blood test every time a girl said I got her pregnant."

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL
Barbie's new beau, Earring Magic Ken—a gay blade—sports what appears to be a cock ring on a silver thread around his neck. "Absolutely not," claims a Mattel spokeswoman. "It's a necklace." Maybe she's right. Although a Mattel survey suggested that girls would like Ken "to look a little cooler," he remains anatomically incorrect.

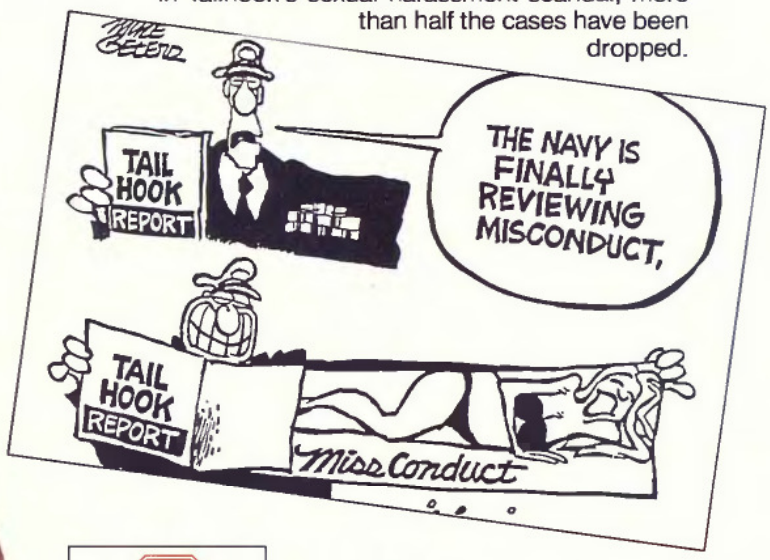
THAT SMARTS!
No pain, no train? Finding a condom in her husband's jacket, a Moscow wife decided to teach him a lesson. Dousing the rubber with pepper, she resealed it and returned it to his pocket. A local clinic subsequently treated the philanderer for a badly swollen penis.

LET'S GET NAKED—NOT!
The latest trend in magazines appears to be the coy cover-up. None of the others, however, can hold a candle to *Spy*'s spoof of Tina Brown, now the editor of the new—and sexier—*New Yorker*.

SHE ENJOYS BEING A GIRLIE
Critics say she's losing it, but 72,000 fans packed London's Wembley Stadium for Madonna's Girlie Show, which, hype promised, would "put a lump in your throat and perhaps in your trousers." Police in Toronto, where she was once busted for obscenity, said they'd pass this time: Nothing's obscene there anymore, it seems.

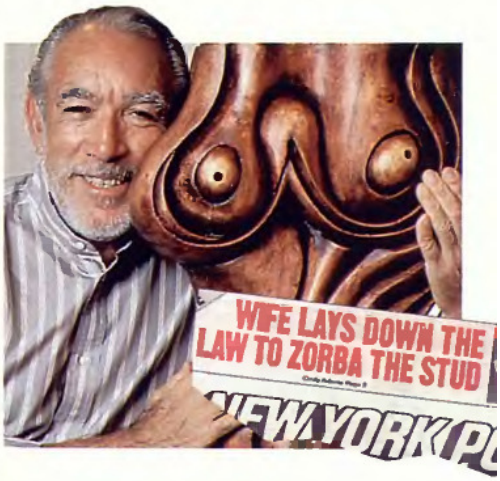
Enough ALREADY!

WANKERS AWEIGH
Despite Navy vows to prosecute the perpetrators in Tailhook's sexual harassment scandal, more than half the cases have been dropped.



STOP ME BEFORE I SCREW AGAIN

ZORBA GOES TO SEED
At 78, Anthony Quinn (here proving that he loves art, too) has fathered his fourth child out of wedlock, irking his wife of 29 years.



BRANFORD'S BRIEFS ENCOUNTER
After losing a Super Bowl wager to band member Kevin Eubanks, *The Tonight Show*'s Branford Marsalis stripped to bikini bra and leopard-skin briefs on camera, breaking up host Jay Leno.

AND SHE DID
Cable TV stripper Robin Byrd backed out of a run for Manhattan borough president when she failed to gain enough signatures to get on the ballot.

THE LOVE THAT WON'T SHUT UP, OR GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS
Lesbian chic was in the headlines as magazines, newspapers and TV programs dedicated space to the same-sex lifestyle of females. Gays and lesbians marched on Washington, marketers wooed homosexuals as potential customers, and many women, among them singer k.d. lang (quoted in *Vanity Fair*, near right), came out of the closet.

AND THE WINNER IN THE CATEGORY OF BEST ACTOR IN A FEMALE ROLE IS. . . .
Is she is or is he ain't? It's hard to tell in this age of gender bending. Wherever you turn, guys are impersonating gals. Take films: Robin Williams tries to gain access to the offspring he lost in a child-custody case by masquerading as a nanny in *Mrs. Doubtfire* (below); Quentin Crisp, self-described as "one of the stately homos of England," impersonates Queen Elizabeth in *Orlando* (inset); and, in one of the most controversial performances of the year, Jaye Davidson, as a transvestite singer in *The Crying Game*, had millions of moviegoers gasping when "she" revealed a full set of male genitalia. Or consider pop, video and the MTV awards (towering superdiva RuPaul Andre Charles conquered all three). Onstage, John Epperson (far right) stars in *Lypsinka! A Day in the Life*. Author Tama (*The Male Cross Dresser Support Group*) Janowitz, bottom right, asked about a published rumor that she had been born Tom A. Janowitz, had a spokeswoman reply, rather weakly: "It's very personal, and I don't feel that it's anybody's business."

SCENT OF A WOMAN

Following other designers into the fragrance business, Paris couturier Jean Paul Gaultier dreamed up a curvaceous, corseted perfume bottle—and then, for some reason, put it in a can.

STAY TUNED FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH BUBBLES THE CHIMP

Tabloids, both print and electronic, had a field day with child-molestation allegations involving eternal kid Michael Jackson, said to have shared his bed with young boys. Complicating the picture: a child-custody battle, dueling celeb lawyers and a Los Angeles private eye.

THAT SMARTS, TOO!

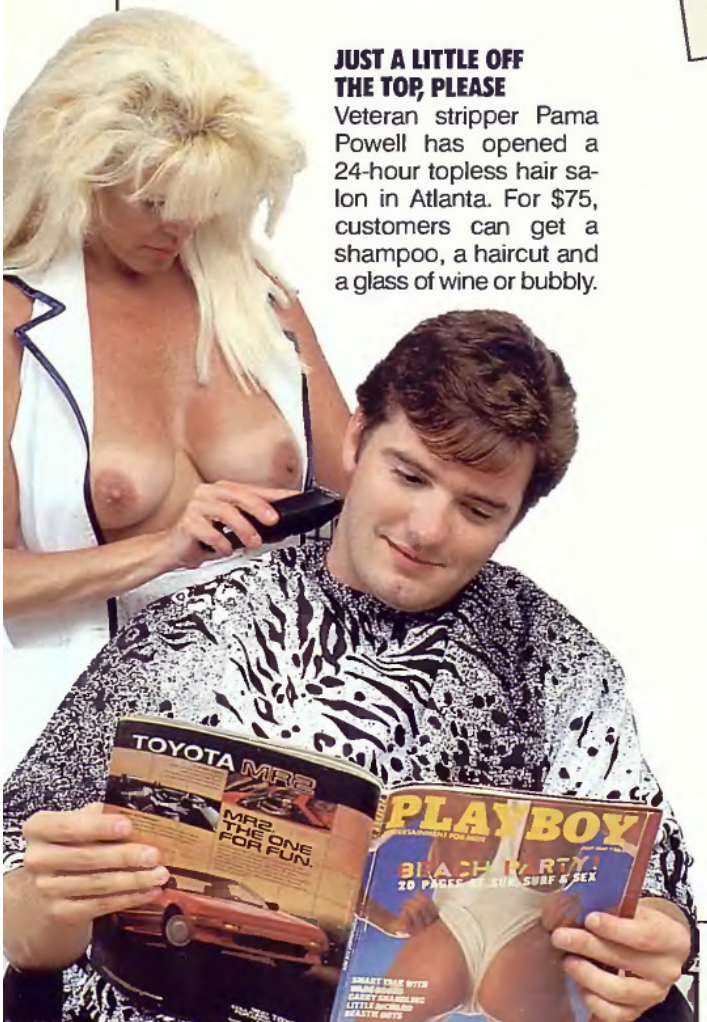
Facing rape, a Mississippi nurse grabbed her assailant's privates, twisted and hung on until the man fled. Cops, noting a name in the pants he'd left behind, found him at home with an ice pack.

BYE-BYE, BASER INSTINCTS

After treatment at the Sierra Tucson Clinic, Michael Douglas allegedly said that, cured of his addiction to exciting sex, he would return to his wife, Diandra.

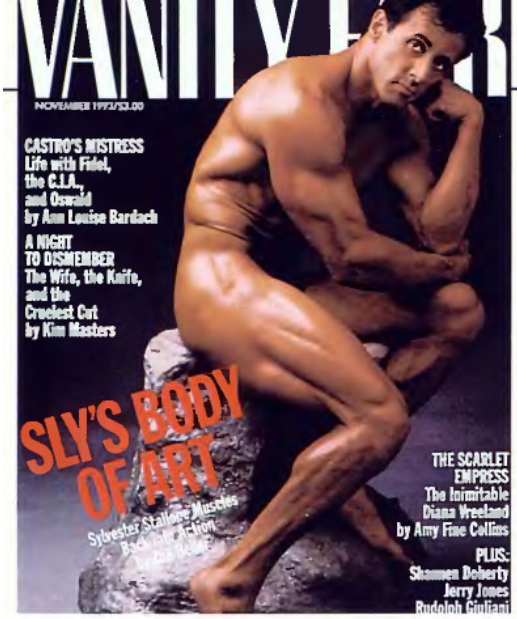
JUST A LITTLE OFF THE TOP, PLEASE

Veteran stripper Pama Powell has opened a 24-hour topless hair salon in Atlanta. For $75, customers can get a shampoo, a haircut and a glass of wine or bubbly.



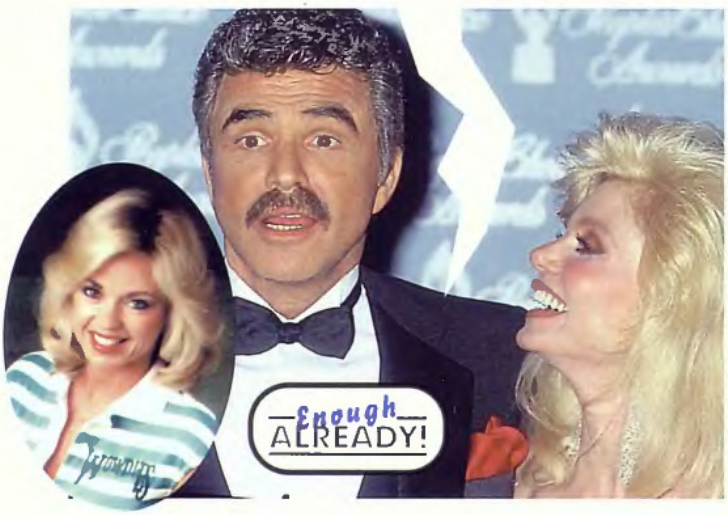
I SCHWING THE BODY ELECTRIC

We've been hearing for several years that computer sex is the coming thing. It took a while, but with the increasing popularity of network bulletin boards and interactive CD-ROM discs such as the hot-selling *Virtual Valerie* (above), it may finally be happening.



THE YEAR IN PECS
Something for the girls: With many apologies to Rodin, thinker Sylvester Stallone became a cover boy au naturel. Not coincidentally, Sly had a new movie coming out at the time.

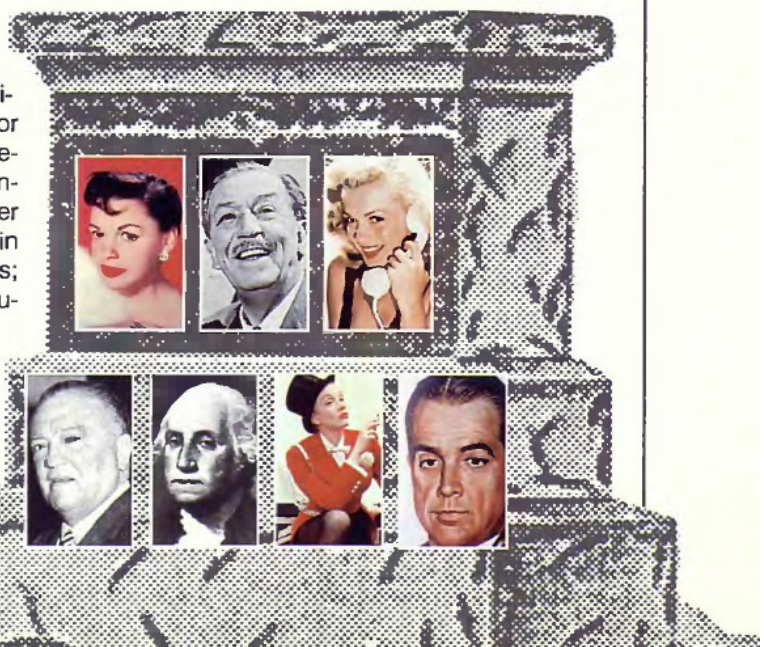
FOR SHE'S A JOLLY STRINGFELLOW
No longer hangouts for Joe Sixpack whiling away his lunch hour, topless clubs—such as Stringfellows, above—have gone upscale from Texas to New York to London.



WILL LONI GET CUSTODY OF THE RUG? FILM AT 11
We've heard all we want to about Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson, who have been battling via tabloids and television. Loni claims she was faithful during their marriage, but Burt admits to having had a two-year affair with yet another blonde, Tampa bar manager Pamela Seals (inset photo).

WHAT'S THONG WITH THIS PICTURE?
Arrested as a traffic hazard, hot-dog vendor Annette Baerman is back on the streets of Fort Lauderdale, peddling a new message.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT
Life after death turned sleazy for a host of famous folks who became subjects of new biographies: Judy Garland is labeled a bisexual by writer David Shipman; Walt Disney, according to author Mark Eliot, had a pathological fear of sex; Marilyn Monroe was, depending on which book you read, (1) a suicide, (2) killed accidentally or (3) murdered by politically connected Mob hit men after aborting a Kennedy kid; FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover is dragged (in more ways than one) from the closet by scribe Anthony Summers; George Washington's biographer Thomas A. Lewis dodges rumors of adultery but brands him a fortune hunter; Marlene Dietrich's daughter Maria Riva credits her mom with innumerable liaisons (sample: Gertrude Stein, JFK, Yul Brynner, Edith Piaf, Maurice Chevalier and Edward R. Murrow); and Howard Hughes, according to author Charles Higham, bedded Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn, Rita Hayworth, Cary Grant, Tyrone Power and Randolph Scott, to mention just a few.

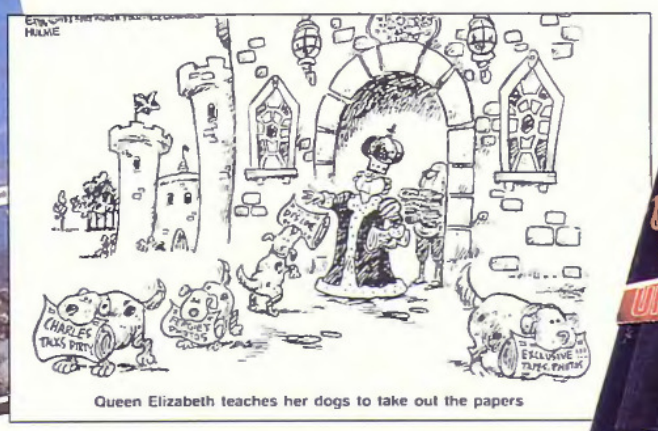


TOPS OFF FOR TEE TIME
These lovelies are caddies for Rick's Topless Classic, a Houston-area golf tournament that changes sites every year, usually after receiving complaints from some irate neighbors.

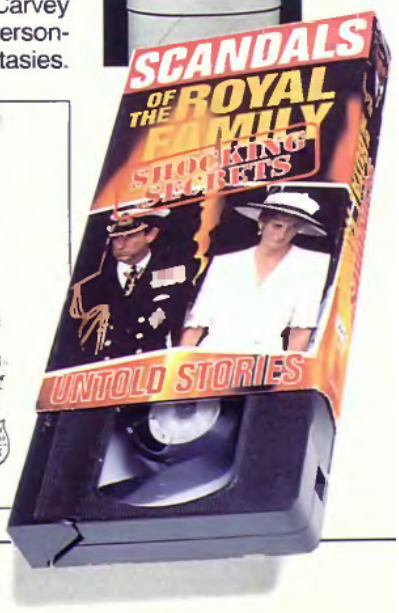
NAKED CAME THE JUMPER
The second annual Vancouver Island nude bungee jump near Nanaimo, British Columbia drew an estimated 150 male and female participants.

***BLUE* PROVES TRUE BLUE**
Steamy scenes such as this from TV's *NYPD Blue* had that bluenose clergyman Donald Wildmon yelping, but ratings went off the wall.

ROYALS FLUSHED
If 1992 was an annus horribilis for Queen Elizabeth and her brood, 1993 was worse. Spies caught Princess Di skinny-dipping, eavesdropped on lovey-dovey chats between Prince Charles and gal pal Camilla Parker Bowles (in which he expressed a desire to live in her knickers) and generally provided graphic gossip for the scandal-hungry Brit media. On this side of the Atlantic, *Saturday Night Live*'s Dana Carvey dressed up as a tampon (right) in order to impersonate one of Chuck's more vivid recorded fantasies.

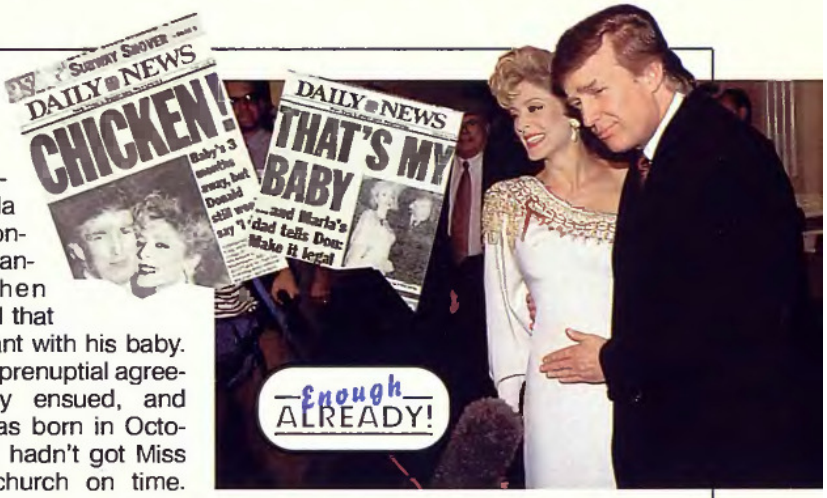


Queen Elizabeth teaches her dogs to take out the papers



THAT REALLY SMARTS!
Claiming marital abuse, Lorena Bobbitt sliced off two thirds of her sleeping husband's penis and then tossed it into a field. Rescuers located the organ and took it to a hospital, where surgeons (successfully, they think) reattached it. We await the miniseries.

TWO NO TRUMP
The off-again and on-again romance of Marla Maples and Donald Trump took another turn when they announced that she was pregnant with his baby. Disputes over a prenuptial agreement reportedly ensued, and when Tiffany was born in October, Donald still hadn't got Miss Marla to the church on time.



JUST KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH HIS CONSTITUENCY
Oregon Senator and diarist Bob Packwood, formerly a staunch champion of feminist causes, found himself facing a Senate inquiry when a score of women accused him of unwanted sexual advances over a period of some 20 years.

LOOK, MA, NO BRA
The folks at Cary's Creations in Bremerton, Washington designed Suspend-Hers to help big-bosomed women (cup sizes D to K) achieve the no-bra look, letting it all hang out while seemingly defying the laws of gravity.

IN PRAISE OF BIGGER WOMEN
Since skinny waifs (e.g., Kristin McMenamy, near left) are all the rage in fashion mags, one publication insisted that womanly Guess model and Playmate of the Year Anna Nicole Smith had had her bosom augmented. Nah, says Anna (far left), "it's all mine."

Ring in Her Navel *(continued from page 82)*

"For a split second, as though I had X-ray vision, I swore I saw the silver barbell through his penis."

the morning looking at retirement complexes.

"You're shitting me." I pictured my father. Then I pictured a Harley-Davidson longhair with chains, boots, mirrored sunglasses and a BORN TO RIDE tattoo on his flabby bicep, who's into whips and chains and the sacrifice of small animals. The second image was much more comforting.

"I've never seen a 45-year-old penis," I whispered to Ginie.

"I know. Neither have I." She looked at me wide-eyed. "Do you think it's wrinkly and smushy and, I don't know, like, old-looking?"

"I guess you'll find out." We started to giggle and covered our faces like two schoolgirls who'd just heard the word penis for the first time. Ginie put out her cigarette and went back into the piercing room.

"Ewwwww!" One of the sorority girls had discovered the price list on the desk by the register. "Ewwwww! People can get their penises pierced here. And their labia. Look at this." They all clustered around. The guy working behind the counter in a ponytail and glasses, with a faded chew-can circle worn into his back left pocket, caught my eye and nodded toward the bulletin board.

ATTENTION TATTOOED AND PIERCED FOLKS:

PLEASE DO NOT TEASE THE ANNOYING YUPPIE SCUM WHO OCCASIONALLY STOP BY TO LOOK AT THE FREAKS AND ASK STUPID QUESTIONS AND SAY IDIOTIC THINGS LIKE, "EWW, THAT'S GROSS." THESE PEOPLE DO NOT REALLY HAVE MUCH OF A LIFE OR IDENTITY AND DO NOT YET UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF "INDIVIDUALS."

The guy behind the counter and I lit cigarettes at the same time. I heard the accordion divider to the piercing room slide open and turned to catch a glimpse of the 45-year-old as he walked to the bathroom. He had a well-groomed mustache and dark, thick eyebrows, a thin layer of straight black hair and a bald circle on top. A rectangle of sweat covered the back of his short-sleeved, red-striped buttondown oxford. He walked slowly, rather leisurely given the circumstances, leaning forward slightly from the waist. He hadn't had it done yet. If I were he, I would pee first, too.

He was preparing for the insertion of an ampallang, a puberty rite in tribes around the Indian Ocean. The ampallang is a tiny barbell-shaped piece of surgical steel jewelry that is placed horizontally through the center of the head of the penis, above the urethra. It is popular as a sexual device, supposedly enhancing sensual pleasure for both partners. The piercing itself requires a lot of physical strength on the part of the piercer—17 seconds, Ginie said, from the moment the needle breaks the first layer of skin until it pierces through the last layer on the opposite side.

I waited after the man returned to the piercing room. I waited long enough for the sorority girl to pick out the tattoo for her hip: a Dr. Seuss fish, like the one in *The Cat in the Hat*. I waited long enough for her to get her tattoo and leave, her entourage of sisters still following behind as if she had become a kind of cult figure, someone who had experienced something worth gossiping about at next week's chapter meeting. I couldn't imagine her 40 years later explaining that tattoo to her grandchildren.

Ginie stepped out of the back room, winked at me, poured a cup of water from the cooler outside the door and went back in. Almost immediately she came out and lit another cigarette.

"It bled a lot."

"Really?"

"There are a hell of a lot of blood vessels down there." She looked pale.

"I never thought of it that way."

After a few minutes, the man emerged. He put on his peacoat, said thanks to the piercer, Mike Dameron, 24, and left. He didn't limp, he didn't stumble, he just walked like any non-penis-pierced person. I was disappointed that he hadn't talked to me. I wanted to know why a normal, run-of-the-mill guy would drive from Philly on a Saturday to look at retirement complexes and get his penis pierced.

"How's everything in here?" I said as I walked into the piercing room, which reeked of antiseptic. Mike wiped the blood off the old-fashioned dentist's chair with a special detergent that supposedly kills HIV. The lights seemed unusually bright for a place where a stranger had just exposed his genitals to a 24-year-old in Coke-bottle glasses and long black dreadlocks.

Mike had his penis pierced a few years ago. He got a Prince Albert, a ring through the urethra at the base of the penis head. The procedure is named for the real Prince Albert who, according to *Modern Primitives*, the definitive text on the subject, had the piercing done "to retract his foreskin and keep his member sweet-smelling so as not to offend the queen." Mike's piercing was done in a ritualistic way, a way he describes only as "primitive."

I went back out into the display room to gather my things, but before I could leave, the bells on the door jingled and the man from Philly returned. He was carrying a plastic bag that, I assumed, contained the hydrogen peroxide, saline solution and rubbing alcohol he would need during the healing process. He also needed Bacitracin zinc ointment, which they sell at the salon.

"I heard you wanted to talk to me."

Suddenly he was looming over me, his clothed crotch right in front of my face. For a split second, as though I had momentary X-ray vision, I swore I saw the silver barbell through his penis. I tried to focus on his eyes, but I couldn't help glancing down. He told me he was an engineer and planned to stop on his way home in Strasburg to buy a $125 book—a collection of model railroad catalogs—that was 25 percent off at a bookstore there. He didn't want to spend too much time away because he was worried about his wife.

"She had an operation on her face Thursday, sort of a skin thing, and she's not supposed to go out. I think they told her ten days or two weeks." He had a lazy eye and spoke in a soft, monotone, matter-of-fact voice. He didn't take off his coat.

I still didn't understand why he'd decided to have his penis pierced on the same day he checked out retirement complexes and drove 20 miles out of his way to buy a model railroad book. Maybe it was his sacrifice in some eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth, pain-love pact he'd made with his wife. I wanted to explain to him that his recovery time would probably be much longer than hers and that their agreement, if there were one, wasn't such a fair deal.

"I figured, since my wife's going to be laid up for a while, I could take some time off, too."

He said he wasn't in much pain. Although it had hurt at the time—for only 17 seconds—he didn't regret it, but he wasn't planning on telling anyone other than his wife. This was the first piercing he'd had—not even his ears were done—and I realized that his reasons were most likely more personal than anything he'd reveal to a college student who kept looking at his crotch.

"I guess it's something I'm sharing

(continued on page 134)

"Every year the same old shit—they give only to the Inquisition."

NOW
RECORDING

20 QUESTIONS

CHRIS BERMAN

espn's sports maniac explains the necessity of nicknames, the importance of the end-zone dance and why women don't get sports

If there were a trading card for sportscaster Chris Berman, the stats would read: 6'5", 250 pounds, Brown University; covers several positions for cable sports network ESPN; hosts "NFL Gameday," an Emmy-winning Sunday morning pregame football show, and "NFL Primetime," a Sunday evening highlight show; during the baseball season broadcasts play-by-play and wraps up the week's diamond action with Sunday's "Baseball Tonight."

The hulking sportscaster has emerged as the star of the ESPN team. He's a recognizable celebrity among the big names of major-league baseball and the NFL. And like every successful player in the sportscasting game, he has developed a distinctive style: hyper-enthusiasm punctuated by shouts of "Back! Back! Back! Back!" when a baseball heads over the fence, and "Bermanisms," a lexicon of player nicknames (often plays on rock-and-roll song titles) that he sprinkles liberally throughout highlight and play-by-play broadcasts. His personal favorites include Bert "Be Home" Blyleven, Jim "Two Silhouettes On" Deshaies and Von "Purple" Hayes.

Berman is one of the lucky ones who grew up to excel in the field he dreamed about as a little boy. He reportedly shouted play-by-plays of games in his own front yard—while he was part of the action. His career success parallels the explosive growth in America's appetite for televised sports programming. The 15-year veteran is also a rarity in the sports world, a free agent who's spent nearly his entire career with a single organization. During Berman's rookie season at ESPN, he earned $16,500 a year as night-shift announcer.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker talked with Berman at his home field, ESPN's headquarters in Bristol, Connecticut. The complex is a fantasy camp for sports junkies, surrounded by satellite dishes that beam the action 24 hours a day.

"An evening of conversation about sports is a tough assignment," recalls Kalbacker in a slightly unconvincing tone. "But Berman made it easy. He clearly relishes his favorite subject. In fact, after our two long sessions, he left to meet fellow ESPN staffers for some late-night sports talk."

1.

PLAYBOY: We'll have to lower the volume in order to transcribe this interview tape. Have we stumbled on the reason the producers, directors and everyone else around here calls you Boomer?

BERMAN: Oh, hell, I've boomed from the start. That nickname has been around for a long time. I was always loud in class. I can't help it, Mom. I'm loud. In high school we had a little radio station that could be heard just on the campus. I broadcast the football games on Saturday afternoons. Maybe I thought the signal would go about a quarter mile farther if I yelled loud enough. Joe Theismann calls me the Boomer of You on the air—to distinguish me from Boomer Esiason.

2.

PLAYBOY: You attended prep school and graduated from an Ivy League university. Did sportscasting offer an escape from the inevitable career in law, medicine or finance?

BERMAN: No. I never wanted to do any of that stuff. I've wanted to be a sportscaster ever since I was 12, once I realized I would not set an Olympic record in the 100 meters, wouldn't dunk a basketball with great regularity, hit a baseball 450 feet or throw 80-yard touchdown passes. I was very dedicated to this. Doing this job, I'm staving off reality for a long time. Maybe forever, if I'm fortunate enough. Sports and rock and roll both stave off reality. I was never quite a normal-path guy. I worked at small radio stations—the Bee Gees' *Stayin' Alive* was the big hit the year I was on radio—and hoped for my break. ESPN gave me a job when it was just three weeks old and needed a couple of young guys who could speak in complete sentences. It never would have hired me if it had already been in business.

3.

PLAYBOY: Did Chris Berman, high school sportscaster, ever don a jockstrap and mix it up on the field?

BERMAN: I'm not a natural athlete. But I'm a jock, so that was enough to make me all right on the field. I was tall. I wasn't this big. I had long legs and long arms. I once had good reflexes. I was never any star, but I was not the weak link in a team. I played high school varsity soccer and basketball. I wouldn't say I was a great thinking man's player, but I had a decent understanding of team strategies. Actually, I was pretty good at soccer. At least I was doing it. But I didn't play football.

4.

PLAYBOY: Are the liberal arts a good background for a sportscaster who has no personal claim to jock fame?

BERMAN: I majored in history. It's a great background for what I do. I advise youngsters that they don't have to study communications. They must be able to communicate. Study political science or English or history, subjects in which you need to express yourself verbally and in writing. What you need to do is get into the best school you can, one that has an excellent radio station. Today I guess you'd look for both radio and cable TV on campus. On my fourth day at Brown I got involved at the radio station. I eventually became the voice of the Brown University Bruins. I was not on the dean's list. I'm not going to lie about that. On a Thursday or Friday night before a Saturday game I would probably be more up on the depth chart of Princeton and all the Dartmouth numbers than on Roman history dates for the big exam Monday morning.

5.

PLAYBOY: Player nicknames, usually plays on rock-and-roll song titles, have become your on-air signature. Discuss Bermanisms in the context of American popular culture.

BERMAN: Some stick out like sore thumbs. Some zing right by. They're not all necessarily brilliant. There has been debate as to whether any of them are. There are some football, hockey and a few golf nicknames out there, but, by and large, I limit them to baseball. The reason they work in baseball is historical. There were newspaper and radio names for people who never saw these players. Ty Cobb was the Georgia Peach. The Say Hey Kid—Willie Mays. Always happy. There were rhymes: Stan "the Man" Musial. Mine are more plays on words. And it's a game anybody *(continued on page 130)*

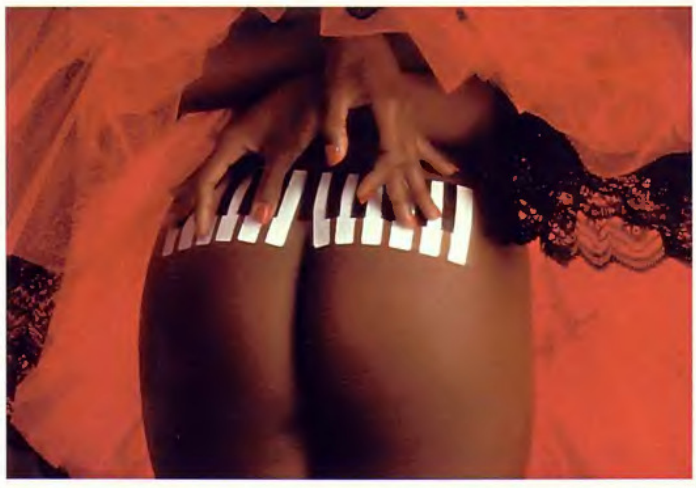
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

LORD BYRON

byron newman, a modern-day english romantic, composes odes to the female form

BRITISH photographer Byron Newman has a unique second sight: He can take pictures of his own imagination. With the eye of a surrealist painter and the skill of a technician, Newman generates startling fantasy compositions, with women as the featured players.

Newman had a well-established reputation as one of Europe's premiere glamour photographers when he became a regular contributor to PLAYBOY. From his home in London, he has produced half a dozen pictorials and is PLAYBOY's top beauty scout on the other side of the Atlantic. "We love Byron's work," says Photography Director Gary Cole, "because he's graphically inventive—but he always makes the model the most important aspect of his work." Newman has had two major influences in his life: his father, a preeminent lepidopterist who inspired his love of beauty, and his wife, the stylist Brigitte Ariel, who coordinates the meticulously planned looks and colors that distinguish his work. In the end, though, it all comes down to the photographer and his subject. "It's about more than a pretty picture of a girl," says Newman. "There has to be trust between the model and me. Then she can project her humor, strength and aggressiveness."



Newman likes photographs that have an immediate impact and also work on other levels, such as the playful keyboard shot above. At right, he took hours to set up his London studio to create a snaky visual path that leads to a maid whose personal flair puts machines into overdrive.

For our pictorial on brides (left), Newmon achieved a passionate juxtaposition by dressing a newlywed in red. There's classical symmetry at work above (at left)—the curves of a sailor girl resonate with the waves of hills, while the contrast of cabbage leaves, nudity and violin above right forms a visual sonata. "The hair curlers," Newmon says, "give the superwoman picture [overleaf] an element of paradox."

Many art photographers are ill at ease with the special challenges of calar photography. Not so Byran Newman, who emplays brilliant bursts and tawny flashes ta guide the viewer's eye thraugh the smoke, shadow and intrigue of the arresting images an these pages.

CHRIS BERMAN *(continued from page 121)*

"Every day I wore white shoes—like Joe Namath. I got a standing ovation in homeroom."

can play. Your sense of humor may be different from mine. You may not think rock and roll, you may think food: George "Taco" Bell. You may not think what I say is funny. Cut out the crap, Chris. But in some way, by twisting the rules, I've revived a lost art. I get letters from retired people saying, "I don't understand Von 'Purple' Hayes. What is that?" But they also say that when they were young, all the players had nicknames, and it's fun and OK when I do it, even if they don't understand a lot of them. A young kid once told me that his favorite nickname of mine was Babe Ruth. I said, "You know, I can't take credit for that." I call him George H.

6.

PLAYBOY: All inductees in the Baseball Hall of Fame from broadcasting started on radio. Do you play down television's visuals and strive to improve your verbal skills?

BERMAN: I've actually thought about this. My generation may be the last brought up to read the papers and listen to the radio for sports information. That's gone, but it was a big benefit for me. It has made me better than someone a little younger who grew up a total video slave. We enjoyed listening to the night games on the radio. We put the radio under the pillow so Mom and Dad would think we were sleeping when we were listening to the Giants on the West Coast or a Chicago hockey game running long. We all used to bring our transistor radios with earphones to school for the World Series. Mel Allen, Red Barber, Ernie Harwell—who did the Tigers for years—and Jack Brickhouse are legends. The first real crossover was Vin Scully. He's been with the Dodgers forever. TV was a factor there, but I associate Vin Scully with radio. When I'm in Los Angeles to broadcast a Dodgers game, I visit the manager and players and watch about one inning, then go back to my hotel and listen to Scully on the radio for six or seven innings. I get much more out of listening to him than I would from making my own observations.

7.

PLAYBOY: The rest of us can tune out when the on-field action winds down. What is Chris Berman's technique for getting through those slow innings and quarters?

BERMAN: I have my nicknames and rock-and-roll references. Or I just quote songs. One game in 1990 turned out to be about the most memorable I've ever done, though at the time it looked like the worst. It was 11–1 after five innings. Dodgers over the Phillies. The Phillies got two in the eighth and nine in the ninth to win. But we thought the game was a throwaway, and I figured when it was 11–1, I could empty whatever the hell I had in the closet. I quoted every line of *Hotel California* by the Eagles at some point in that game. "The pink champagne's on ice." "Prisoners of our device." It was out of hand. What's great about this job is I get to combine rock and roll with it.

8.

PLAYBOY: You encounter fans of all descriptions. Don't you ever want to tell some of them to get a life?

BERMAN: I encounter them all. I can't go through an airport anymore without hearing "Back! Back! Back! Back!" or "He could go all the way!" You encounter fans who would sit on top of telephone poles until the Denver Broncos win a Super Bowl. I don't know that I would have ever done that, but I know where they're coming from. I got caught up with the San Francisco Giants and the New York Jets when I was young, and I still think they're great. I was never a ridiculous fan. Although, when you're 14 it's the most important thing. Every day I wore white shoes—like Joe Namath. I got a standing ovation in homeroom the morning after the Jets won the Super Bowl, because I was called "the Jets." Here I was in eighth grade and . . . well, if I'm Joe Namath, I should be going out with three women at one time. And I was at an all-boys' school.

9.

PLAYBOY: You've developed a reputation for adding drama to action that has already happened. Does your ability to call a highlight come from your different take on the passage of time?

BERMAN: I enjoy nailing a highlight. I've become decent at it. For four years I practiced on the air an hour every night on the overnight show. And we cut long highlight packages. The worst thing a sportscaster can do is to voice-over a play while the quarterback's going back to pass: "Watch this, it's going to be a 60-yard touchdown!" Maybe it's a beautiful pass, but the defender comes over and knocks it down. That's a great play. Why should I spoil it for you? We all enjoy watching games. Howard Cosell was the first to grasp the concept of highlights. Back when there wasn't any *NFL Primetime* he did highlights during halftime on *Monday Night Football*—best thing he ever did. Warner Wolf was the first master of the highlight in New York: "Let's go to the videotape!" Warner is a boomer. There's a part of him in me when I do highlights.

10.

PLAYBOY: OK, go ahead, replay a career highlight.

BERMAN: 1981. The NFC championship game. 49ers versus Cowboys. The background: I picked the 49ers early in the year and they kept winning. No one would believe they were good. Who was this Joe Montana guy? I went out to the Bay Area to report on the game. I met all the guys. "You're the swami," they said. "You've been picking us every week." This was a revelation. This was a love affair with them. I'm 26. I'm their age. I'm a big guy. It looks like I might have played football once. I was so into this. I was on the field in the second half with a producer and a cameraman. Cowboys 27, 49ers 21. Four minutes to go. 49ers' ball on their own 11. I tell my cameraman to shoot the clock, pan down to the huddle. I have a feeling. The 49ers get down to the 25. First down. A minute and 30 to go in the game. Montana back to pass at the 25. There's a pass. Down in the dirt at about the 13-yard line, I see Cowboys piling on. I figure it has to be an interception. Then I see one Cowboy get off the pile, then another, then a third, and at the bottom, clutching the ball, is Freddie Solomon of the 49ers. I grabbed my producer and shook him—he said I had Charlie Manson eyes, he said I was in a trance. "My God, they're going in! They're going in!" I said. They did go in. Joe Montana to Dwight Clark. *The* catch. What a great moment. I'm on the field. I'm feeling this. San Francisco 28, Dallas 27. The 49ers went on to win the Super Bowl two weeks later. And thus began the legend of Joe Montana and the 49ers.

11.

PLAYBOY: You may be a big guy, but aren't pro footballers a race apart?

BERMAN: They're behemoths. It's scary. They keep getting bigger. But I admire those who play because it's the ultimate team sport. It's so regimented. They watch the game films and then have

"It's been like this ever since he saw a game show on American TV."

lunch and then have practice and then have meetings. Every play you have to line up over here. And if we all run over there to help this guy—oops, there's a hole and the opposition can get to it in two seconds. If you're the best quarterback but your line doesn't block, or if you're the best line but you don't have a guy who can run the ball . . . it's such a bunker mentality. But that's a hell of a dedication they have. Players know that longevity is four years.

12.

PLAYBOY: Who does a better end-zone victory dance—running backs or wide receivers?

BERMAN: Wide receivers. Or kick returners. Or defensive backs. Running backs get in there more. Wide receivers are sometimes the snippets of guys with regular builds—5'10", 180 pounds. They weave their way through all of these 300-pound guys, and maybe it's just such a sense of relief for them to get into the end zone. The dancing is fun. There aren't that many chances to be individual in football.

13.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to tell us that sportscasting is a tough job but somebody has to do it?

BERMAN: I'm telling you there's a lot of pressure—but it beats work. I am amazed at how many people tell me, "Boy, we watch you and you're always so upbeat." About a year ago Harry Caray said to me, "I really enjoy your enthusiasm." That a guy who's done this for 50 years would introduce himself to a young guy like me. Harry *is* enthusiasm. That's the highest compliment you can get. It doesn't mean that it colors what you see. I'm doing a lot of commercials now, and I hope people don't think I'm selling out. The first check we cashed at ESPN was from Anheuser-Busch. So there's a little connection there. But I'm having fun doing the Bud Bowl ads. We had some shots in which I wore a helmet camera, and I took a lot of crap for it: "You're sitting at an anchor desk. You're blowing your credibility." Really? Blowing my credibility? Lawrence Taylor isn't going to talk to me because I don't have credibility? Come on. Tell me to get a real job and get a grip? You get a grip. It's funny. It's no big deal. I just did a rock-and-roll video, by the way. George Thorogood and the Destroyers' *Get a Haircut*. I hope it's a hit.

14.

PLAYBOY: Say it ain't so, Chris, but don't sportscasters let players, coaches and owners duck tough questions? Or they don't even ask them in the first place?

BERMAN: Being an investigative sports reporter is not my gig. That's the allure of sports to some. I have a reporter's instinct in a different way. I love getting inside information on ball clubs and players. And I have a lot of contacts. Coaches and players. They trust me and I don't say where confidences come from. But I'm not driven by the improprieties of a college football program or the investigations of Pete Rose. I don't need the thrill of saying I've uncovered stuff no one's uncovered. I will just say something, and if viewers really know me, they can tell when I'm throwing out a scoop. I just don't say it's a scoop. I don't believe you should say it's a scoop. Some would want to call me a Milquetoast. I don't think that makes me one. But I'm just not that interested in breaking the scandal at the University of Washington.

15.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, should Pete Rose be admitted to the Hall of Fame?

BERMAN: Pete Rose should be in the Hall of Fame. I don't know that the romance of sports means you have to glorify those who play. If they booted all the guys with bad characters from the Hall of Fame, it would be pretty empty. Everyone in the Hall of Fame was a carouser. That's why they're in the Hall of Fame—because they could go out and play and still be great. Babe Ruth was a legend off the field. Because it didn't nail him, he's in the Hall of Fame. Maybe he was even better because of it. Bobby Layne, quarterback for the Lions, was legendary. The guy was out all night. He would just take a nap and go in and play. And they would still win. Hack Wilson holds the record for the most RBIs in a season, 190, and that's one record I don't think will ever get broken. He'd put down the bottle and go play three hours and pick up the bottle again. He has the National League single-season record for home runs. He's in the Hall of Fame because he could keep up that pace. I haven't made the analogy before. It's kind of funny. They are true Hall of Famers.

16.

PLAYBOY: Does Chris Berman ever switch off a game?

BERMAN: I'm not big at all on college football. Probably because I grew up here in the Northeast and went to an Ivy League school. Crowds of 90,000 didn't come to Brown Stadium. I never caught that flavor, not growing up in the entrapment of the South or the Midwest. Who knows? Had I grown up in Michigan or Nebraska or Ohio, college football might be my favorite.

17.

PLAYBOY: You're a connoisseur of sports talk and you're known to sip a brew. Can you recommend a congenial sports bar?

BERMAN: Here on Sundays from one to four. We could sell tickets to it. We do *NFL Gameday*, and then we do what we do best. We watch football. Man, I look forward to it. I'm fired up. We watch the eight one o'clock games during the regular season. Now you can't watch all

"When you said you liked to fool around in the kitchen, I thought. . . ."

eight at once. Anyone who tells you they watch eight games at once is lying. But you can watch about four at once after some practice. And the other ones are on, so someone in the room will say, "Oh, look at the Tampa Bay game." All right. You look at that for ten seconds. Fine, you get it. Then you're back to your four games over here. That's when we talk sports. Those three hours. They're ours. No phone calls. And someone usually makes a snack run in the third quarter. We go get plates of food, sodas and corn chips and pretzels. It's come to the point where we have a little seating chart, almost. Tommy Jackson is always next to me.

18.

PLAYBOY: You have worked at ESPN since 1979. Overall, are you ahead or behind in the network's weekly football pool?

BERMAN: It's a camaraderie thing. It's not for the money. I still get a rush out of making my three swami picks on Friday evenings. I don't bet them. I always used to. I kicked that a long time ago, when I started writing mortgage checks. I'm into rotisserie golf. I'm serious about that. We have a good league here. We all gambled at college, but not for big amounts of money. I used to enjoy my time at the track. I was a trotters guy because the race took longer. It was twice around. You could yell at the guy after once around, you know, "Get moving, you asshole."

19.

PLAYBOY: More than a few of us have taken grief from wives or girlfriends about the number of hours we spend watching sports on TV. Would you say that some women just don't get it about guys and sports, and other women get it wrong?

BERMAN: Fair question. I want to give it the right answer, not the politically correct answer. Women bond in ways that you and I don't understand. They probably had high-level intellectual conversations at younger ages than we did. But there is something intrinsic about sports. My playing catch or shooting hoops with my dad when I was nine doesn't necessarily make me any smarter about sports than a woman. But you sit around with the fellas and watch a ball game. There is a certain bonding, and maybe sports is a huge reason for it. Most women aren't going to hang around with five other women and watch games on a regular basis. There are some women who have the same intrinsic feeling about sports, but it's a real small number who grew up exactly like I did. With the fervor. There's a very unjust bias against women sportscasters because some male viewers won't allow themselves to think that the women get it. They mispronounce a name and immediately it's—"They don't know what they're talking about." Robin Roberts here at ESPN. She gets it. Gail Gardner who worked with me and is now at NBC. She gets it. Lesley Visser at CBS. She gets it. But it's a tough nut for them to crack. And it's not fair. I play catch with both my girl and my boy, but she will probably lose interest in a while. If she wants to get it, she'll get it. I'm not going to judge.

20.

PLAYBOY: What kind of fashion statement are sportscasters trying to make with blazers?

BERMAN: Nurses wear white. I wear a blue blazer. I need to wear it. It's my uniform. I have about seven or eight. Two regular blazers. A lighter-weight, double-breasted blazer. One that's a little heavier weight. I have a heavier-weight, double-breasted blazer. And a cobalt-blue blazer and the champagne blazer I never wear except to locker rooms when a team might win a World Series. Because there it's going to get ruined. I don't believe a sportscaster should wear a suit. I own one suit. One. The only time I ever wore it on the air was when I interviewed Pete Rozelle the week before he retired as commissioner of the NFL. I wore it out of respect. It's a dark suit. And I looked good in it.

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Ring in Her Navel *(continued from page 118)*

"People of all ages are sticking needles through parts of their bodies not even allowed to be shown on TV."

with my wife as a present. You could say it's a Valentine Day present."

•

Some call it mutilation. Some call it sexy. Some say it's S&M. Some say it's art. Some believe it's the Nineties generation's angst-driven self-immolation. Most say it's a fad. The Akbar and Jeff "Piercing Hut" cartoon may hit a little closer to the bull's-eye: "Now you can wear your abused childhood like a badge," it reads. "Piercing is the act of perforating, puncturing, lancing or cutting through the body part of your choice for the purpose of dangling a ring, bolt, fishing weight or other metallic fetish object and thereby making yourself more beautiful. Where yesterday's psychopathology becomes today's middle-class youth-culture affectation." Whatever it is, people of all ages across the country are sticking needles through parts of their bodies not even allowed to be shown on TV. Why is this once clandestine activity emerging into a social spotlight? Why is it getting so much bad press? There has to be something more to piercing than meets the eye.

When I say piercing, I'm not talking about just ears and noses. Those have become passé. I'm talking about serious, intimate body piercing—eyebrows, labia, testicles, lips, tongues. The general rule is "anything that sticks out."

Sure, when I first heard about the more taboo places and organs, I, like most people, pictured the stereotype. I expected skinheads and Hell's Angels, freaky death dreamers and nymphos. I expected sadomasochistic psychos who listen to speed metal, do hallucinogens and, when the moon is full, eat bat's eyes and lizard toes over a candle-lit altar.

People who fit those categories may well have a nipple ring or a tiny barbell through their penis. But other people are doing it, too—housewives, schoolteachers, college students, professionals—people with jobs and families and well-adjusted lives. Normal people.

Many of the "initiated" would call it modern primitivism, the exploration of ancient forms of body modification. According to Fakir Musafar, a pioneer of the movement, a modern primitive does something with the body as a response to primal urges and understands that you live in your body but, in essence, you are not your body. Many people don't realize that they practice a form of body modification. If they did, they probably wouldn't admit it. The ancient act of body modification involves everything from wearing high-heeled shoes to foot binding, from tanning to branding, from ear piercing to flagellation.

According to *Modern Primitives*, Roman centurions wore nipple rings as a sign of virility and as a hook to hold their capes. Navel piercing was once a symbol of royalty to ancient Egyptians. During the Victorian age, the "dressing ring" was used by haberdashers to secure the penis to the right or left, since pants were tight and crotch-binding. As described in *The Kama Sutra*, the apadravya, a device that is put on or around the penis to supplement its thickness, was used in Hindu culture to excite women during intercourse—a sort of antique French tickler.

But why today? I decided to write my senior thesis on the subject. To try to sift through the textbook explanations and negative attitudes, I also decided to hang out with Mike and Ginie.

•

The voice of Timothy Leary reading poetry echoed from the stereo speakers in Mike's jasmine-scented living room. Muted Indian tapestries hung from the walls, geometric mobiles from the ceiling. The bottom half of a mannequin in psychedelic rainbow-swirled pants rested on the end table next to the futon where Mike sat Indian style, picking chips of black polish off his toenails. I sat on the couch and looked up to see the braid of a shrunken head dangling inches from my ear. I slid a little to the right. Adjusting her skirt to cover her knee-high stockings, Ginie lay back with her legs stretched out on the floor in front of me, her asymmetrical hair covering her left eye. She petted Guacamole and Lint Brush, the cats.

Because I didn't get to see the Philly man's piercing, Mike had invited me over to watch an instructional video that showed the step-by-step procedure of the insertion of the ampallang. Ginie and I sipped white wine while Mike drank something brown. He loaded the cassette into the VCR, fast-forwarded through the introductory talks, the precautions, the instruments and stopped at the ampallang.

The pelvis of a man with a hieroglyph tattooed on his left hip, and the surgical-gloved hands of the piercer, filled the entire screen. We never actually heard anything that was happening, just the distorted, Kermit the Frog voice of the narrator over a background of intentionally soothing classical music.

It began. "Step one: Thoroughly cleanse the area with Betadine. Step two: Using an alcohol-based marker, draw spots on either side of the penis indicating the path of the needle. Step three: Pierce." As the piercer stuck the needle through the first layer of skin, the fleshy head of the penis folded over, engulfing the entire needle and the tips of the piercer's fingers. The tattooed man's legs began to quiver. We wished we could hear the actual piercing, the poke, the squish, the moaning, the screaming, the words of encouragement from the determined, muscular, glove-sheathed piercer. No. We heard classical music. "Step four: The soft skin gives to the pressure of the needle." Finally the needle emerged. I looked at my watch. Seventeen seconds on the nose.

Mike rewound the tape so we could watch it again, this time turning off the volume and filling in our own dialogue:

"One little pricky, and two little prickies. . . ."

Mike always had a difficult time taking a backseat on things. Eight years ago he began experimenting with piercing, practicing on himself and on his friends.

"I had to learn to trust myself," he told me after the video. "I had to learn to trust my instincts and trust the way I feel. Once I got good at that, it was natural. The progression was exponential."

Mike eventually introduced Ginie to body piercing. It was a thing that seemed right for her.

"I wanted to know about it, to be a part of it. Experiencing it came later," Ginie explained. "It was something that intrigued me."

Mike's role as the piercer grew out of his desire to have control of his physical world. "I have no problems with being pierced by other people," he said. "I'd just as soon do it myself." He put a mellow reggae tape into his stereo.

"But what made you choose to pierce yourself?" I asked.

"For about three and a half years, before I got into piercing, I was coming to terms with my mortality. I was cutting up my body, piercing it, burning it, restricting it. I was playing with my body. I wanted to see how close to death I could get. Three times I tried to commit suicide. Break bones, go without sleep, poison myself. Piercing is sort of the culmination of all that. It's a mark on the outside of my body that shows everyone else—like a punk-rock haircut. It's a flag that says, 'Hey. I've come to terms with my mortality. I know about it.' In a way, maybe, I was feeling superior. That's why I was adorning myself, but it was also to remind me of what I'd been through—kind of like the rainbow after

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the Noah's ark story. The promise. Piercing represents a promise that I'm never going to have to go through that again."

Mike reached out his hand. I instinctively offered my open hand in return. He dropped nine different-sized silver rings into my palm. It took me a second before I realized what they were. Cock rings. We hadn't been talking about them or sex or anything that might have inspired him to share these rather personal possessions with me. But I went with it and tried to remain calm. Until I remembered Ginie. I nervously looked at her and she grinned as if to say, "Oh, that crazy Mike."

"You know, the last time I saw a cock ring, I was a freshman in high school and acting in *Mary Poppins*," I said. "I was at a cast party and when I was putting my coat away in the bedroom, I saw one on the dresser next to a jar of Vaseline. I've always wondered about those things. So, you use them?"

I figured if Mike felt comfortable enough with me to let me fondle his cock rings, I should feel comfortable enough with him to be frank about them.

"Yeah, I really want to get up to 12. I can use only nine now."

"Exactly where do you put them?"

"Let me see if I can show you." He took the rings out of my hand and left the room. I knew what he was doing, but I had to ask anyway.

"Is he putting them on?"

"I think so," Ginie answered.

Mike came back in. His pants were undone and he pulled them down. On his left hip he had a tattoo of a woman in bondage. All his pubic hair was shaved. I stared at the rings, four wrapping round the base of his penis and pushing his testicles forward, two round the shaft against the head, two encircling his right testicle and one his left. But, so up close and personal, I was more interested in his Prince Albert piercing, which, as weird as it may sound, really aesthetically complemented the silver-ring motif working down there.

Mike zipped up. I had just seen a man's penis covered in metal and I hadn't turned away, or giggled or vomited. It might have been something sexual for Mike. He might have wanted to shock me or embarrass me. I don't know. It was his body, though, and he wasn't afraid of it or what I might think of it. I envied that.

"The process is the product," Mike explained. "It's not what happens in the end that's important, it's the getting there."

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Over the next few days I found that other people's reasons for piercing themselves were as varied as the piercings. Meg, 28, came to Forbidden Fruit to have her nipple pierced, to add to the aesthetic of her already tattooed body. Until she discovered that piercing wouldn't hinder breast-feeding, she had been hesitant—a factor I didn't quite understand given that she is a lesbian. "A big part of my sexuality is about S&M, and the piercing is really a part of that for me," she said. "The other thing is that I just think it looks really cool. It keeps conversations lively at the beach with my family in the summer."

Kevin, 19, had his ears pierced in seventh grade and his navel pierced two months ago, and he came as a walk-in to Forbidden Fruit to have his left nipple done.

"I just love it," he said. "I'm not doing it for other people, I'm doing it for myself."

But he'd rather take the pain than displace it by clutching the racquetballs, which Mike calls his "anesthetic."

"If I were thinking about the pain and squeezing the balls, then it would hurt more."

Omar, 21, doesn't go to Forbidden Fruit. He does his own piercings as a form of self-destruction. He currently has 11 holes in his left ear, a nipple ring, and a ring through the center of his tongue; he once had a navel ring, a safety pin through his eyebrow, and another one through his cheek. "Instead of hurting other people, I'd rather hurt myself," Omar told me.

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"I'm ready," Mike said. "Are you ready?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ," I said. "That's a big needle."

"You're going to be OK."

"I can't believe I'm doing this. Oh, Jesus."

I asked if I could press on the wall with my feet. I could foresee feeling the urge to do that. Just casually lying back in that dentist's chair, my feet were already trying to brace the wall. In spite of all the piercings I'd seen, all the navel piercings even, I was still afraid. I had no idea what to expect.

A photographer from *The Philadelphia Inquirer* was snapping photos of my exposed gut. Part of me was more worried that I hadn't brushed my hair or put on lipstick than that Mike was about to stick a mammoth needle through my skin.

"If you feel anything out of the ordinary," Ginie said, "just say something." Out of the ordinary? What could possibly be more out of the ordinary than my willingly having a two-inch needle rammed through my stomach? But there I was, in the very same chair where I'd seen so many strangers pierced. My shirt was rolled up and there were clamps on my belly button. I was doing it. At that moment it dawned on me that this body-piercing fetish I'd somehow fallen into might have grown a tad out of control.

"I'm backing out right now."

"Are you?" Ginie seemed to be disappointed.

"Now is the time to say so." Mike tried not to sound disappointed, but I could tell he was.

The *Inquirer* had seen an article on Mike and Ginie in the university paper and had decided to do a story, too. The girl who was supposed to have her navel pierced hadn't shown up and I had a feeling that the *Inquirer* wouldn't publish the article unless there was a photo. So why was I doing it? To help out Mike and Ginie? To get my 15 minutes of fame? Because I had caught the bug that Ginie said I would catch after seeing people having it done? Because I just had to know what it felt like?

"OK. Do it. I need the balls." I wanted the two blue racquetballs to hold in my hands.

"You don't need the balls," Mike said. "Unless you really want them." Demerol would have been better, of course, but they're not licensed to use it and it would be silly to stick a needle in your body to keep from feeling another needle.

"I need the balls."

"Like I said, if you feel anything out of the ordinary. . . ."

"What's out of the ordinary? I'm kind of light-headed right now."

"That's from the anxiety," Mike assured me. "Don't get anxious." Much easier said than done.

"I know. I wish there were something I could do for that," Mike said. Almost in the same breath, he counted to three.

"One . . . two . . . three!" He jammed the needle through the first layer of skin. I couldn't watch. I didn't want to. It took a few seconds for the pain to register in my brain. I started humming a sustained high-pitched note like you do when somebody is telling you something you don't want to hear so you cover your ears and hum to block it out. My feet shot up against the wall. I squeezed the racquetballs. It felt like someone was pinching an open wound with long fingernails covered in jalapeño juice.

"Are you all right?" I took Ginie's question as a sign it was over. It didn't seem to hurt as bad as I'd expected, and it was over quickly.

"He's going to push it a little more." I was wrong. It wasn't over yet. It was only through the first layer of skin. I honestly thought I might die. "You do a lot more sit-ups than you say," Mike said.

As he pushed, my voice went into a bellowing "Ohhhhhhh!" I held my breath. I could feel the needle burrowing like a tiny train through my flesh. I felt a distinct and burning pinch each time the point pierced a new layer.

"Is it in?" It was in. Ahhhhhhh.

"Like giving birth?" Mike asked. "Or

maybe not that bad." At that point I lost my fear of giving birth because I was certain there was no way in hell birthing could be any worse than this.

"I just want you to stop touching it," I said. The skin was unbelievably tender and he kept fiddling with it. I didn't want to look yet.

I had a silver ring through the skin above my navel. As if things weren't surreal enough, the first thing I heard was the *Inquirer* reporter, with wire-rimmed glasses and an I-danced-at-Woodstock attitude, say "cool."

"Oh, my God." I momentarily wished I hadn't done it. It looked so jaundiced from the Betadine and so puffy and awkward.

"Isn't that beautiful?" Ginie said. Beautiful is not the word I would have used. I felt like it was a newborn and I was the mother lying all sweaty and tired on the delivery table, thinking that the purple slimy thing in my arms wasn't done yet. Put it back in.

"Goddamn. That looks really good." Paul, the tattoo artist who owns the building, had watched it all. It wasn't until the *Inquirer* photographer left that Paul admitted he had considered, if no one else had volunteered, having his other nipple pierced for the occasion. I wanted to punch him in the nose for not saying that five minutes earlier.

"It doesn't hurt. Ahhhhhhh!" I'd spoken too soon. Mike doused the ring in alcohol.

"Stop! That hurts worse."

"That's really cool, I want to tell you." The reporter used that word again. "How much did it hurt?" I didn't know what to say. Did he want me to measure it with finger and thumb like, "it hurt this much," or did he want it on a scale of one to ten, or in comparison to a root canal?

"It hurt."

"Did it hurt?"

"It hurt."

"How much?

"It hurt." I finally understood why all the people I'd talked to had such a problem explaining the experience to me. You can't describe pain. At that point, I'd already forgotten what it felt like.

"I feel kind of excited. I can't wait to show somebody."

"Now you can get your clitoris done," Mike suggested. "And get a chain between it and your navel." He'd mentioned that piercing was addictive, but at that instant, there was no fucking way.

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I got pretty liquored that night. People seem to feel the urge to buy shots for someone with a ring in her navel, and someone who just got a ring put through her navel is pretty ready to do them. I felt like a sideshow freak. "Take that

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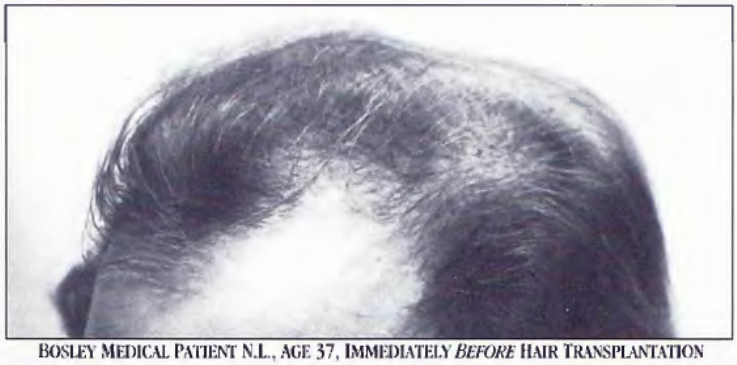

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out!" yelled my friend Julie, who's so afraid of needles she can't take a novocaine shot before having a cavity filled. Then she called over friends I'd never met and said, "Look at this!" And they called over their friends, and they called over their friends, until I was surrounded by people asking inane questions such as, "Did that hurt?"

When I told my mother the next morning she said, "When you're pregnant, you'll look like one of those big red rubber balls with a ring on top that you used to bounce on in gym class." A guy from the restaurant where I work added that I could double as a baby doll; when you pulled the string on my belly I'd say, "Hi! I'm Chatty Cathy. I want to be your friend."

I felt different. I couldn't really describe it except that I was aware of my navel all the time. I could hardly concentrate when people talked to me. I just wanted to say, "There's a ring in my belly button." But it was a secret, a personal, private secret. I could choose whom I wanted to share my secret with, and I could keep it from all the people who wouldn't understand, like my grandparents and my ex-boyfriend.

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"If it's in the news, if they're on the news, behind the news, we try to have them here in the morning on this program. We've tracked down the woman we were talking about earlier, Vicki Glembocki of Penn State University. Vicki, good morning."

"Good morning." It was seven on a Tuesday morning. A Philadelphia radio station had called because the article had gone to press and Paul W. Smith, the DJ, assumed I was a freak and wanted to talk with me.

"Welcome to WWDB. You haven't seen it yet, apparently, but in the suburban section of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, there is a big picture of you in pain. At first—you know how you glance at a newspaper—I thought that you'd been shot or that maybe you were going into labor. I couldn't tell—the grimace on your face."

It suddenly hit me. The secret was out and I was the subject. I was no longer the voyeur, the onlooker or the reporter. I had joined the subculture, and things appeared different but clearer from that end.

"How does your family react when you tell them that you have a navel ring now?"

"My mom laughed but I don't think my dad knows yet."

"Oh, that's great." Smith chortled rather heartily. "Dad doesn't know. He's going to find out about his little girl in the newspaper and on the radio. Oh, man. Oh, man. Oh, man."

Eventually there was the sexual interrogation. "What does your boyfriend think?" What does my boyfriend think? All he'd said was that he wanted it to heal so he could touch it without me contracting my stomach, knocking his hand away and murmuring through gritted teeth, "Not yet. Not yet."

"Well, listen. It was a pleasure speaking with you, and I wish you luck. Wait until you see this newspaper. You're a star, Vicki. Although you are screaming, and they do show you on the second section with your pants down, you should know. But all we can see is your navel ring."

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The same mother who had made the crack about the bouncing ball was a little less enthused when she heard about her daughter screaming on the front page of the *Inquirer*. "You should be careful about what you say. Make sure you sound intelligent," she warned.

A graduate student from the University of Pennsylvania called me because he was interested in my research and another guy from Philly called my parents looking for me. He said he owned a small newspaper and wanted to know about my childhood and my family life. He asked my mother not to tell me that he called. She called me as soon as she hung up the phone to tell me to watch out. "You know, some sicko is going to see that picture of you with your pants open and use it to turn himself on. Have you ever heard of a pedophile?"

The wire services picked up the story and it was in the same issue of the Harrisburg *Patriot-News* as my roommate's brother's wedding announcement. Two of my father's customers, in Titusville and Oil City, saved him copies. "Are you related to this girl?" they asked him. My father made a special trip to my grandparents' house to break the news. We don't think they understood, or else they purposely blocked it out, because they haven't said anything about it since.

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Mike, Ginie and I were double-billed on *AM Philadelphia* with a Delaware-based tattoo artist and his two scantily clad, tattooed friends.

Wally Kennedy, the host, explained that he wanted to know the fruits of my research, the whys, the history. When he asked how it had changed my life, I answered, "Well, I've gotten a lot of press."

I honestly believe that there is no all-encompassing, generational explanation why piercing has emerged from the underworld in the Nineties, except that the era is filled with individuals. Everyone's reasons for being pierced are different, representing each person's individuality.

Until I had my navel pierced, I never really liked my body. I can't say that I'm too keen on each and every appendage right now, but at least I've stopped posing naked in front of the mirror, stretching the skin on my stomach as far as I can around my hips to see what I would look like with a completely flat gut. At least I don't contemplate throwing up every time I eat. At least I don't stand in the shower and reluctantly look down, hoping I'll still be able to see my feet in spite of the huge waffle-cone sundae of the day before. I used to do these things all the time.

When I got pierced, I didn't know why. It wasn't until Ginie showed me her nipple ring that I realized exactly what it had done for me.

I was at her apartment, drinking Chardonnay from a ceramic chalice and chatting about men and diets and jewelry. She lifted her blouse and her bra.

"I love the stone I found," she said.

A turquoise stone dangled from the purple-tinted metallic ring through the nipple of her right breast. It looked absolutely beautiful. The jewelry didn't enlighten me. It was the fact that I didn't notice her body. Ginie has rather bodacious breasts. I always check out another woman's body, compare it with my own, judge its proportions next to my mental image of "the perfect body." But this time I saw only the ring and how effortlessly she showed it to me, with no excuses for the ten pounds she wanted to lose, no complaints about her bra size, no apology for her chalky, winter-paled skin. She showed me because she was proud of her piercing. Proud of her body.

Ginie may not have been aware that her comfort with her body was anything less than normal. Not everybody feels trapped by body image, by 5'10" supermodels, by bodybuilding or aerobics, by implants or liposuction, by tanning beds or Slim-Fast. Piercing is not necessarily the escape for everyone who does. But then again, Ginie has her labia pierced, too, and if I had asked, she probably would have shown me. That's unthinkable in a society that considers some body parts public and some private.

I can't count the number of times and places I've flashed my stomach in the months since I had my navel pierced—to strangers in a bar, to my father in the kitchen, to Philadelphia on TV. This has been the first time in my life I haven't wanted to hide under bulky sweaters and baggy jeans. I even bought a cropped T-shirt, and I can't wait to wear a bikini at the beach. It may sound corny, but by piercing my navel I've taken back my body. I've learned to be proud of something I had always dreamed of changing. It feels great. And I've started thinking about having my nipples pierced, too.

TO LIVE & DIE IN L.A.

(continued from page 64)

jungle off King Boulevard and Dorsey High School, and that's a Blood area.

She let me know she's not a gang member but she's part of that environment. She told me, "I'd just rather blend in than try to fight it." If she wants to wear blue and all her girlfriends are wearing red, she's going to create a problem. So why do that?

The first three levels of gangs have to follow the rules completely. One of the main violations is associating with the enemy. It's like the Civil War revisited in South Central. If you have to visit your cousin in another gang's territory on Sunday, expect to hear about it on Monday: "Yo, cuz, I seen you with them Bloods." Kids get sweated for that all the time because of gang spies. If you're seen hanging on enemy turf, it's like an act of treason to your set.

The rules of gang warfare are not much different from those of the military. If a fight breaks out and you run, you can get popped. In the Army you can get sentenced to death. So the kids who are more blatant with their membership—in military-speak, gung-ho—gain the rank. In many ways, gangs are playing the same games America plays against other countries. It's a game of superiority played out on a smaller scale.

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The ultimate rush for any man is power. When you're in a set, you not only gain power, you gain rebellious power. You're not answering to anybody. Once a kid can flick this switch in his head and say, "I can do what I want to do. There are laws, but I'm gonna handle it my way," his ego is boosted. He gains identity. Any time you join a fraternity, you immediately become somebody, even if it's only in your set.

In the ghetto, even the names of gangsters have power. If I say I hang with Tony Bogart, everybody in the hood knows who he is. He's the guy who initiated the gang truce. He's as big a gangster as anyone. Why does P. J. Watts have juice? Because he's been shot a bunch of times and the kids know he's not afraid of anyone. The buzz around town will be like, "Oh, you know him? You know Raider from Santana block?"

Who are these guys? They are not professional athletes or pop stars. But they are big shots to ghetto kids because they got their names from being tough. They didn't have money, so they used the one commodity they did have—strength.

Gang culture is ghetto male love pushed to its limit. Gang members wear their colors in defiance of everything—the cops, other sets, even the school system. When they wear their colors while strolling through rival turf, it's called bailing, and to anybody on the outside, they're insane. Why would you walk down the street like a big target? Because in an aggressive environment, it's your way of saying, "I'm not afraid of anybody."

Gangs offer kids security in a fucked-up environment. It's not the killing that initially draws a kid into gangs. It's the brotherlike bond, because you're telling the kid, "Yo, I love you, and nothing's ever gonna happen to you. And if anything happens to you, those motherfuckers are going to be dead."

You don't tell your girlfriend that. You don't tell your mother. You hold true on that promise. When you see these drive-bys and kids are hitting five or six people on the street, they are retaliating for the murder of one of their boys. I've seen crying men enter cars, and when the car door slams shut, they go out and murder.

If they hit their target, most of them will walk. They know that if you kill another black man in Los Angeles, the odds are that you won't be going to jail. Your case isn't an LAPD priority. It's the old ghetto saying: "A nigger kills a white man, that's murder one. A white man kills a nigger, that's self-defense. A nigger kills a nigger, that's just another dead nigger."

If your case does make it to court, the witnesses they'll use against you are usually from another gang. These kids want to see Eddie Crook go to jail. And once your attorney proves this, you're not going to jail. You're not going to get popped for it. That's what was so ironic about the Rodney King trials. The witnesses for the defense were police, and that should have been a conflict right there. They are in the same gang. Of course some of them will lie to save their buddies.

Most of the gang killers are still out there on the street. I meet kids every day who are introduced to me as "the shooter." "This is the shooter," they'll say. "This is our killer." It means this kid has killed and will kill again. It's not only what he does, it's what he's known for. Sometimes, they won't be much older than 15 or 16.

Gangs have been able to get away with so much killing, it just continues. The capability for violence in these kids is unimaginable. Last year five of my buddies died. I don't even go to funerals anymore. There are so many people dying out there, it's crazy. Sometimes I sit with my friends and think, There will never be another time on earth when we'll all be together again. Many of my original crew are dead. You get hard after a while. People on the outside say, "These kids are so stone-faced. They don't show any remorse or emotion." It's because they're conditioned to deal with death like soldiers in a war. You just

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don't know what it's like unless you've been around it.

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In L.A., gangbanging is done under the supervision of the police. The cops watch the gangs' activity; they don't get in it, but they allow it to go down. They don't care about people hurting one another. The gangs are not out to attack the police. No mafia messes with the police because then the cops will come down on them.

The gang mentality is, "This is my city, this is my hood, this is my world. Fuck the police. They are here to do what they got to do and I'm here to do what I got to do." Gangs have total disrespect for the law.

Poverty totally instills a fuck-it attitude. What am I going to lose? they think. It ain't like gangbangers are coming out of nice houses in Brentwood and going out and taking a risk. They are coming out of the projects. Their homes might be as big as the average living room. My buddy will tell you, "Man, I got a wife, four kids and two pit bulls in a single apartment. So don't come tell me what to do. I'm just trying to live. I'm coming out here on the streets, and whatever I got to do, I got to do."

Stories fly around town about cops provoking gang members to fight by going from set to set and spreading rumors about who murdered who. Many cops find this shit funny. If you're a real policeman, you don't want to see anybody get hurt. But put yourself in the mind-set of the cop who gets up in the morning saying, "All these fucking niggers, savages down there. I'm gonna go down and put some of them in jail and beat some of them up." That cop is causing as much trouble as the gangs, because he's stirring them up.

The gangs act as defiantly as possible toward police. A gang member will see a cop and throw his set up to him. It's called "giving it up" or "hitting 'em up." Like Ice Cube says on his *Predator* album, "See One-Time, hit 'em up." He's illustrating the defiance gang members feel toward One-Time (the cops who roll through the neighborhoods). Most gang members aren't afraid of getting thrown in jail. What do they have to lose?

To most of them, jail is no different from home. They ain't going to do nothing but kick it with the homies in jail. Everybody's there. If you're young, you say to yourself, "I can do two standing on my head."

Gang mentality is pounded into your head in prison. When you go to prison in any section of California, you get thrown into a car. A car is the group you hang with when you're in the joint. A ride. These are the guys you'll be rolling with in a prison riot. The first thing you'll be asked after being in prison for a while is, "What car you in?" In jail there are Muslim cars (415 up north, 213 in L.A.), a Black Guerrilla Family, a Crip car, a Blood car. These cars are your gang and your form of protection while you're serving time.

Like in any gang situation, even if you don't side with any of them, that becomes a car—the people who ain't with anything. An inmate will ask, "You ain't with the Aryan Nation? You ain't with the Arabs?" If the answer is no, you become linked with all the other prisoners in an independent car.

If a convict goes to prison for ten years and lands in a Crip car, he's waking up every day putting on his bandanna, walking the walk. And it's no joke when a guy who outranks you in your car comes up to you and tells you that you have to stick some guy. You gotta do it.

There is drama in jail. By the time you come home, you're really banging. When the police take a gangster off the street and put him in jail, his criminal side is totally reemphasized. You'll see the gang tattoos. You'll see the change in his eyes.

My hope is that the gang truce can reach into the prisons, because the prisons really run the streets. In the joint you get favors by seeing what you can do for somebody on the outside. If I were in jail with you and you wanted something done by me, or if I wanted something done by you, I'd say, "Don't worry, I can reach your people and handle it." A lot of the guys who are getting killed on the streets are being reached by people in the joint. The joint contains the most hard-core gangsters.

All these shots are being called by people in the joint, and if they decide the war is over in there, then it will be over outside, too. You can't stop on the outside without the commitment of guys in the joint. They're going to be saying, "Yo, when I get out, blam." A truce has to happen in both places simultaneously.

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One of my buddies once told me, "Man, everybody wants to be special." If you can't be special by being the smartest person in school, you're going to try to be special by being really different or really tough. The guys in Boo-Ya Tribe wear big braids and clip a blue barrette to the end of their hair. What they're saying is, "I'm going to look crazy. And if you don't know better, you might say something to me about it." It gives them distinction.

I went to Mann's Chinese Theater in Hollywood one time with 50 of my gangbanging buddies. Fifty dudes with sunglasses and baseball hats. You should have seen how the streets cleared as people got out of the way. These are kids who would never have had that kind of power without being in a gang.

If they only threw fists when a confrontation came up, there wouldn't be a problem. But somewhere along the line, somebody got killed. Once death came into the equation, it became a dark, evil, scary thing.

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Frederick Douglass wrote more than 140 years ago, "Everyone in the South wants the privilege of whipping someone else." He believed that slaves, by having to submit to the power of their masters, became aggressive toward one another and would whip one another more cruelly than their masters had. Frustration builds into aggressive behavior and causes people to lash out and hurt somebody. Anybody who suffers pain is searching to reach out. If you grow up in an aggressive environment, your threshold for pain grows higher and you'll do one of two things: become extremely gentle or become extremely violent.

I'm more or less a gentle person, but I can get extremely violent in stressful situations. Because I have a gangbanging past, people always want to test me. That's a dangerous thing, trying to push the ghetto button. People can end up dead in those situations. With gangs, you're dealing with killers or with people who have the potential to kill. Why fuck with this guy? Why would you want to see if he's real? Because of his upbringing, the ghetto black man has this built-in mechanism he's trying to control. You shouldn't push him toward the edge. Sometimes you're dealing with people who are so frustrated, they are on the brink of insanity.

The way to deal with these guys, particularly when they're attempting to break out of the gangster mind-set, isn't by threatening them. In Orange County, California, politicians are threatening to crack down hard on gangs. They actually believe if they bully these kids, they will be scared out of gang membership.

They don't have a clue that by the time a kid joins a gang, he's already lost all fear of what could happen to him. Nothing could be scarier than Johnny's home life and upbringing. The killing fields have destroyed his spirit and the lives of his friends. If politicians were smart, they'd explore the issues that make a kid want to join up in the first place. Why does this kid want to tag the wall? It's so typical for the government to say, "Let's go after the kid instead of figuring out the reason he's so full of hate. Let's attack Ice-T because he wrote *Cop Killer*. We don't want to explore the reason he might have written it. That's too horrible. That's too complicated."

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Because the causes are never explored, the battles will continue. And with the injection of drugs into the gang

world, you have the perfect breeding ground for organized crime.

People outside the gang arena will always have a difficult time understanding why these kids sell drugs. They ask, "How could they hurt their own people?" To understand, I always used this scenario: Take four people, put them in a prison cell and say to one of them, "Come to work for me. First off, none of y'all are ever getting out. You're destined to die in this prison cell. But if you poison the other three, I'll let you out. They are going to die anyway. But you can live if you kill them."

How many people could stay there for the rest of their lives? How many would take the chance to get out? These kids are saying, "I ain't got no way out. It's not that I want to hurt anybody, but this is my chance. The chance of escaping outweighs the harm I'm doing to others."

When you deal dope, people come to you and beg for it. You don't see it as hurting anyone. You're quick to say: "If I don't give it to them, somebody else will. They want the dope. I'm fulfilling a need. They're feeling good. Well, it's their own fault, you know. I got to do this. For the first time, my little sister got new sneakers. My mama's car note is paid. I'm able to achieve something. I have things now. I ain't never had anything before."

Dealers are intoxicated with what they earn and can't stop. People don't go into selling drugs to hurt people. If that were the case, they would lace the drugs with cyanide. They aren't trying to kill anyone. They're trying an occupation that gives them a chance to live better. Before the introduction of crack, you had units of kids fighting over a street, not money. All of a sudden, these kids have cash flow and they're creating their own organizations. Right now, crack cocaine is the number-one employer of minorities in America. That's capitalism.

Crack and cash flow have added yet another angle to the complex problem of gangs. Now the gangs are spread out all over the U.S. You wonder where they came from.

Gangs took the game on the road. The crack or dope sold in Los Angeles is four times as expensive out of state. Los Angeles is the number-one headquarters for cocaine in the U.S. The dope capital is no longer Miami. It stopped coming in through Florida. Now it's coming up through Mexico and Arizona to L.A. The gangbangers get it and they're already organized. Everybody has a cousin in St. Louis or Cleveland and they can get their homies involved in the drug trade.

A gang member flies out to see his relative, and since he has this strong identity, the kid out of state will listen. Gangsters are given respect. Compared with these kids in Mississippi, they have it going on. A kid in Mississippi has never seen anything like it. He's dirt-ass poor, saying, "Hey, I want to be in this. I like this."

The L.A. connection will tell him, "I'm from the Rollin' 60s and I have this product for you. If you have any problems or any drama out here, I'll have motherfuckers flown in from L.A. You see how we're kicking up dust in Los Angeles?" And in no time, they'll turn out about ten dudes in Mississippi. They'll dress 'em up, teach them the ropes, and now Mississippi has a gang with real members.

Then, like in organized crime, they decide they want to take over an area and they need somebody to handle it. So they fly in another kid from Los Angeles, he does the job and he's out of there. Straight hit. How do you bust him? This kid's not from Mississippi. Nobody knows anything. He doesn't even know anything about who he's doing. And it's on.

The gangs grew out of control in L.A., so they were able to spread throughout the country. We're looking at the breeding grounds for a black mafia. The irony is that it's the same way many immigrants to America used crime to try to get ahead.

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With the gang truce, gangs in L.A. are in their final bonding stages. Prior to the truce, the gangs had bonded into small units. If they remain separate, the war will definitely continue. By bonding together, they can step back and realize, "Yo, we all have the same enemy. Let's stop killing one another." Then they'd be a devastatingly powerful—and dangerous—unit of black men.

This is a situation the LAPD does not want to see happen. They do not dig this gang truce. They want to keep them separate. Once 20,000 guys who used to fight one another in groups of five or 500 sit down together, it's a new kind of phenomenon. Think about the force of these kids. If you ask, "How many people here have done a drive-by?" and 2000 hands go up, you've got some shit on your hands. You've got some hardcore soldiers. And if they decide the cops are the enemy, then the LAPD is in trouble. The cops have every reason to want these kids to remain separate. It's better for the cops if they keep killing one another.

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I'm not worried about the gangs banding together. Once they reevaluate their lives, they'll want to move in more mellow directions. When I was out there hustling and looking at everybody crazy, I believed that was what I would always do. Once I was able to change and once I had hope for a different future, I didn't have those feelings. I didn't want to hurt anybody. I had no pressing reason to go out and do low. But when you're down

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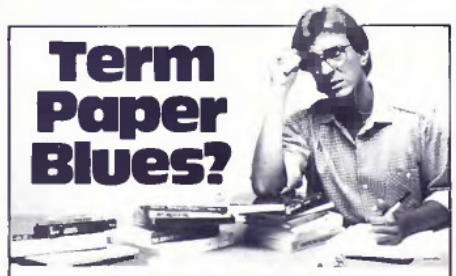

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in that hole, you feel like that's how you got to be all day, every day.

You have to be brought out of the gang attitude slowly. Lots of brothers can't do it. The DJ I work with, Aladdin, grew up in Compton. Even after we started working together, he used to go back to Compton every night and hang out with his homies. I used to tell him, "Yo, Aladdin, you look like a gangbanger." It was cool he was going out there to hang with his buddies, but I knew that if they committed a crime or hurt somebody, Aladdin would be nailed because he was making records. The cops could get with him. You have to remember, the brothers he's rolling with have the ability to disappear—they're unknown. That's why gang members have nicknames. The worst thing you can do is call a gangbanger by his last name. They purposely keep themselves incognito.

Aladdin knew what was going on, but he'd tell me, "I come over here and kick it with you and it's cool, but I got to go back to Compton, man. When I go back to Compton, just because I know you, everybody thinks I'm a little bit better. So I might have to stand out on the corner with my boys for an hour or so—and I might not even want to—just to prove I'm still down."

I told him to start protecting himself. They might have tried to make him do low just out of jealousy, because they knew he had a chance out. His true homies would be happy for him, but those other guys might have challenged him by daring him to go out and commit a crime with them. They might have tried to test his loyalty. Aladdin needed to step off and tell them he's not down with that. He'd found his way out and he was getting paid. If they couldn't understand that, then fuck 'em.

Eventually he had to get an apartment and move out. But he didn't just move, he took his real friends with him. They still come over and hang out. Even when you're in the neighborhood, it might seem like you have a lot of friends, but you actually have only a couple of true friends.

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I don't see the elimination of gangs. I would like to see the elimination of gang violence, though. Currently, I'm putting time and energy into Hands Across Watts, the organization in L.A. that's trying to see the gang truce through. Many of my friends still live in South Central or Compton, so every other phone call I get is word from the street. I'm what you call a shot-caller, so I probably know more about what's going on in the hood than the people who live there. I'm paying for funerals and counseling kids to quit killing over colors and streets. I'm their homeboy who made it, and I'm trying to set an example that there are alternatives to violence. I hope that peace can be instituted.

People have to understand that gang warfare is not something that should be treated like a minor problem. It's going to take a big truce. It will take negotiations and money. It will require a lot of effort to end it.

Thousands of people have died on each side of this bloody battlefield. It's not something you can just tell people to stop. When you talk to these kids, they are like veterans of war. They are used to death. They are used to despair.

On my record *Colors*, I rap:

"My color's death
Though we all want peace
But this war won't end
Till all wars cease."

This gang war is just like any other war. If you think it can be easily stopped, let's go to Northern Ireland and tell them to stop. Let's go to Bosnia and tell them to quit. Don't call it anything less than what it is. Once we accept that, we can begin to deal with it. As long as the media define these kids as dumb gang members, they are undermining their efforts and not seeing what these kids are going through.

We can say how stupid it is, how ignorant it is. But understand that you can say that about any war. Regard it as such.

Whenever the U.S. goes to war, there is a reason for it and there is money for it. But in reality, I can sometimes see more sense in the war in these streets than in some of the wars overseas. American soldiers are usually fighting something we don't even understand. They are fighting for a belief system, while these kids are out fighting somebody who hurt their family. They're on some real shit. Until you've been up and around 250-pound dudes crying while loading guns, you don't know what it's about. You don't know this is real. Why did it happen? I don't know. But the problem is—the reality is—somebody's dead and somebody wants revenge.

"Safe sex, you know."

"Incredibly, Rich's flight made a U-turn at 20,000 feet and headed back to Switzerland."

would one day be driven to corner the world's free-aluminum market.

Within a year of marrying, Rich was placed in charge of the Philipp Brothers' office in Madrid and given a seat on the company's European management committee. Always an insider, he was now privy to many of the company's most closely held secrets, overseeing virtually every trade that Philipp Brothers made on the continent. Not content with that, he pulled off an extraordinary feat: In the late Sixties he invented the spot market for oil.

After World War Two, the world market was dominated by the Seven Sisters—companies that controlled the price and production of oil from wellhead to gas pump. By tapping suppliers in countries that had more oil than scruples—Iran was such a place—Rich and his Philipp associate, Pincus "Pinky" Green, were able to buy excess crude and sell it to refineries operating at less than capacity. The Seven Sisters were bypassed, and a gusher had been tapped.

In the spring of 1973, Rich and Green anticipated the huge price increases that the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries would impose in the autumn. Acting on tips, possibly from sources in Israel, OPEC or the State Department, they learned that the price of oil on the spot market would jump (in fact, it would triple). So they bought $150 million worth of crude that spring, paying $5 a barrel above the spot price to get it.

Not that it did them any good. The reaction at Philipp Brothers to such a plunge into a nontraditional market was unmitigated terror. Rich was forced to sell the oil before the embargo took place. In effect, the directors of Philipp Brothers cashed out before the winning hand was played. Belatedly, they realized their mistake and gave Rich and Green a freer hand. The resulting profits were enormous. And so were the bonuses owed to the two traders.

When the company refused to pay up—the bonus, after all, was as unprecedented as the deal—Rich and Green bolted, taking with them a half dozen of the firm's best traders. In 1974, armed with pledges of as much Iranian oil as they could handle, the unlikely pair began trading as Marc Rich & Co. AG.

From the beginning they waged a private war against Philipp Brothers, doing everything in their power to destroy the company. Secretaries and clerks were bribed to provide copies of the opposition's telexes, which enabled Rich and his cohorts to win contracts by bidding only pennies more than Philipp Brothers for tons of metals and grains. There were even allegations that Rich's operatives had bugged the company's headquarters in New York.

By the early Eighties, Phibro-Salomon (Philipp's name after a merger with Salomon Brothers) was reeling, and Marc Rich and Co. had an annual turnover in excess of $10 billion. And yet, for all of those dealings, the company—which was operating as a kind of pawnshop for the mineral wealth of the Third World—remained an enigma. Which was just how Rich wanted it.

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To many, Rich's obsession with secrecy bordered on paranoia, but the reality was that secrecy and profits were intimately linked. To pull off his deals, Rich often had to rely on bribery and sanctions busting. Throughout the Seventies and Eighties, for instance, South Africa was subject to oil embargoes imposed by the United Nations, OPEC and the European Community in response to that country's apartheid policy. For a commodities trader like Rich, headquartered in neutral Switzerland, the UN embargo was made to order. The Afrikaners were happy to pay more than $8 a barrel over spot, which meant profits of more than $100 million on each contract Rich's company brokered.

Nor was it particularly difficult to find a supplier. The Soviet Union needed hard currency to buy grain and build submarines, and one way to get it was by ignoring its own trading sanctions against an oil-thirsty country such as South Africa. With the buyer and seller lined up, all that was necessary was to launder the oil through a purposefully convoluted series of corporations chartered in such venues as Monaco, Liechtenstein and the Cayman Islands. Sometimes, when the cargo was delivered, the tanker would be scuttled and the seamen sent home by air. Subsequent investigations would reveal that the missing ship's owners were headquartered at a Swiss post-office box—on which the monthly fee was overdue.

One such shipment left the Black Sea in September 1988, sailing aboard the Dagli, a Liberian oil tanker flying a Norwegian flag, carrying Soviet oil bought by a Greek firm for delivery to Italy. The muddled itinerary and ownership made tracing next to impossible. The ship slipped out through the Straits of Gibraltar, turned south at Tangier, began communicating in code and covered its name in tarpaulins. The oil was eventually delivered to Cape Town in mid-October.

According to Amsterdam's Shipping Research Bureau, which investigated violations of oil embargoes against South Africa, "the whole masquerade had been set up by the real buyer, Marc Rich, who made use of a company that soon after ceased operating and another company belonging to his empire of which no traces are left at all."

Experts estimate that Marc Rich supplied at least eight percent of South Africa's oil needs during the Eighties, arranging for more than 75 secret shipments from the Soviet Union, the Persian Gulf and Brunei. The value of those shipments was in the billions, and so were the profits. But that was only a part of Rich's payoff. When Phibro-Salomon stopped trading with South Africa in 1985, responding to anti-apartheid activists in the U.S., Rich quickly stepped in to fill the gap, replacing Phibro-Salomon as the exclusive sales agent for one of South Africa's largest lead mines.

The South African trade put Rich into the sanctions-busting business in a big way. Rich must have convinced himself that political sanctions did not apply to his operations, or, if they did, that clever lawyers could get around them.

It was inevitable, then, that the 1980 U.S. embargo against Iran was viewed by Rich as an opportunity to make a killing. Laundering Iranian oil through Panamanian fronts and sham transactions, Rich's company was able to subvert price controls, evade taxes and move hundreds of millions of dollars in illicit profits offshore. Unfortunately for Rich, however, the deals also brought an indictment.

Two Texas oilmen, themselves under indictment for daisy-chaining, offered up Rich and Green in return for light sentences. Rich and his partner were each charged with 51 counts of conspiracy, tax evasion, racketeering and trading with the enemy. Anticipating the indictment, Rich locked the doors to his ten-room apartment on Park Avenue and fled New York in early June 1983. A few days later, he and his wife were ensconced in Switzerland in a mansion overlooking the town of Zug. The indictment was handed down in September.

Although Rich and Green each may face more than 300 years in prison, they knew they'd be safe in the Alps. The extradition treaty between Washington and Bern was so old that it predated the income tax itself. It covered murder, rape and mayhem, but, the Swiss maintained, nothing in it applied to the modern crimes for which Rich and Green had been accused. In essence, since neither had strangled anyone, the billionaires were more than welcome to remain in Switzerland.

Meanwhile, at a cost of more than

$10 million, a platoon of brand-name lawyers (Edward Bennett Williams, Michael Tigar, Boris Kostelanetz and others) was deployed to wage a rear-guard battle in the States. There the courts had blocked some $50 million in payments owed to the Marc Rich group by other companies, and the prospect of property seizures seemed likely. There was, in addition, a contempt-of-court fine that amounted to $50,000 each day for Rich's refusal to surrender subpoenaed documents to the U.S. Attorney's office.

Rich paid the fine by check in twice-weekly installments, complaining from Switzerland that if he surrendered the documents, he would be guilty of business espionage under Swiss law. This view was echoed by the cantonal prosecutor in Zug—though, admittedly, he sat on the boards of more than 30 of Rich's corporations and so might not have been entirely objective.

Even as the legal battles continued, Rich knew that one could do worse than to be rich in Zug. With its fiscal pheromones of low taxes, bank secrecy and lax incorporation requirements, Zug had become a mecca for businesses that operate on the edge.

And Marc Rich was in the middle of it. His mansion overlooking the Zugersee was decorated with Picassos, a Miró and a Braque. He skied at St. Moritz, where he maintained a luxurious chalet, and began to host a New Year's Eve party for *tout l'Europe*. Placido Domingo was a guest, along with a constellation of other celebrities. Rich attended charity balls in Geneva and Lucerne, where he gave generously to the fight against fashionable diseases, and he caused a stir at the World Economic Forum in Davos.

Taking a page from the *extraditables* in Colombia, he bought the approval of the little guy in Zug by pouring money into the local sports franchise, dramatically improving the fortunes of the Zug hockey team (now one of Switzerland's best). When the Jamaicans began to complain about Rich's hammerlock on their aluminum industry, Rich responded by underwriting the costs of the country's bobsled team at the 1988 Olympics.

Denise Rich, meanwhile, was making it big on her own. In 1985, a Sister Sledge rendition of one of her songs, *Frankie*, topped the British charts for six weeks, selling more than 750,000 copies. Denise followed *Frankie*'s success with her own album, *Sweet Pain of Love*, which may or may not have been inspired by her husband's pursuit of beautiful aristocrats. In any event, the fugitive was now married to a rock star who appeared on European TV.

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In the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, in a washed-out office with cipher locks on the door and a metal detector at the entrance downstairs, a federal marshal was plotting to bust Marc Rich. Indeed, Rich and Pinky Green were the sum of his caseload, and they occupied every hour of his day. The marshal spoke regularly with Rich's rivals, with would-be bounty hunters, disaffected employees and customs officials and cops in the most remote corners of the world. He knew who Rich slept with, where he had dinner and how much he drank. From time to time he packed a valise and went after the fugitives, but the operations he mounted were never successful.

Learning that Rich was en route by private jet to Helsinki, he arranged for the plane to be met by police. Incredibly, Rich's flight made a U-turn at 20,000 feet and headed back to Switzerland. A more ingenious plan required the cooperation of the Jeppesen Sanderson company, which has a near monopoly on the sale of aeronautical charts. Knowing that Rich's widespread business interests required him to fly to some of the world's most remote places, the marshal asked the company to tip him off whenever Rich's pilots requested new charts. Jeppesen Sanderson refused to help.

And so it went: The marshal couldn't get the cooperation he needed, and whenever a trap was laid, Rich eluded it. Clearly, Rich had better spies than the U.S. Marshals Service could muster.

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A lesser man might have been content to cut his losses and enjoy his millions in the Alps. But not Marc Rich. Although his companies had been indicted on an array of serious charges, and he himself was reduced to the status of fugitive racketeer, Rich still wanted to do business in America. All he needed was someone to front for him until his lawyers could reach a settlement with the Justice Department.

The line between chutzpah and hubris is a thin one, and Rich crossed it when he sent a trader named Bob Tribbett to New York in May 1984, instructing him to arrange a soybean transaction with Romania. It wasn't a big deal by Rich's standards, only $24.5 million, but it was obviously important to him because, in the end, it cost him millions and taught him a dangerous lesson: Fugitives are fair game.

To complete the deal Rich proposed, Tribbett hired Robert Whitehead, an investment banker, unaware that Whitehead was hooked up with the FBI and the DEA, for whom he was a contract informant. Whitehead's office suite, telephones, car and private plane were bugged.

None of this was known to Rich or Tribbett, who had other things on their minds, not the least of which was an unusually sensitive transaction with Iran. Four years earlier, when the American government left Iran to the Ayatollah Khomeini and the mullahs, U.S. military attachés and advisors sabotaged computerized records and equipment, including anti-aircraft missiles, the guidance systems of which were removed by departing American advisors.

Enter Marc Rich.

According to Whitehead, and as Tribbett confirms, Rich used his contacts to obtain gas-fired gyroscopes from North Korea, providing them to the Iranians as replacements for the missing guidance systems. Suddenly, at a crucial point in the Iran-Iraq war, Iranian missiles became a factor. It was as if Marc Rich had delivered an entire inventory of missiles to the ayatollah's forces—long before Irangate. (It would be a year before Iranian, Israeli and U.S. negotiators would meet in Europe for the first time to discuss swapping Hawk missiles for U.S. hostages in Lebanon.) What Rich

"IT'S MY NEW AUTO-THEFT-PREVENTION DEVICE. I CALL IT THE CLUB."

got in return for the gyroscopes is unknown—Tribbett won't say—but putting the ayatollah in his debt could not have hurt his position as one of the world's largest independent oil brokers.

Meanwhile, even as the gyroscope deal went down with Iran, Whitehead obtained a $24.5 million loan from the Marine Midland Bank for the soybean transaction. Tribbett says that Whitehead was supposed to receive about $35,000 from the Marc Rich organization for his part in the deal, but Whitehead admits that he took about $5 million instead.

The FBI confirms that figure as the amount that went missing on Whitehead's watch, though what happened to the money is unclear. Tribbett suggests that Marine Midland used the funds to cover Whitehead's other debits at the bank. Whitehead's FBI handler has a different explanation: "To tell you the truth, I think he just pissed it away."

In any event, Rich found a better way to do business in the U.S. while still on the run. In the fall of 1984, lawyers for Rich and the U.S. Attorney's office for the Southern District of New York arrived at a compromise. Marc Rich & Co. AG, and Clarendon, Ltd. (formerly Marc Rich International) pleaded guilty to dozens of criminal charges, sustaining $171 million in fines (including $21 million for contempt of court in refusing to surrender subpoenaed documents). Rich raised the money by selling a 50 percent interest in Twentieth Century Fox to oilman Marvin Davis, with whom he had co-owned the studio. From then on, the U.S. government had no further claim on Rich's companies, though Rich himself remained a wanted man.

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Today, Rich's biggest play is under way in what was formerly the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc. Brimming with natural resources, "the Wild East" is a political and economic mess. A diverse group of ministries holds sway over a mélange of ethnic mafias, born-again capitalists, footloose KGB agents and what used to be called "the masses." It is a world in which billions of dollars in Soviet gold reserves have been looted by Communist Party apparatchiks, at least three of whom are reported to have cartwheeled to their deaths from the windows of Moscow office buildings.

The once vast reserves of Soviet gold have dwindled toward zero, while more than 1000 tons of gold have been smuggled out of the country to Zurich and Tokyo aboard military cargo planes and Aeroflot flights. Under-the-table transactions by the managers of mines, along with clandestine shipments by factory supervisors, are now so frequent that border republics such as Latvia and Estonia have become major exporters of

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Page 26: "Lost and Found in America": **Global-positioning systems:** By *Sony*, for information, 800-937-7669. By *Motorola*, for information, 800-421-2477. By *Micrologic*, for information, 818-998-1216. By *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. "Get the Message": **Digital telephone answering devices:** By *Toshiba*, for information, 800-631-3811. By *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. By *Phonemate*, for information, 800-247-7889. By *Bogen Communications*, for information, 800-456-5513.

GETTING THE BOOT

Pages 106-107: **Cowboy boots** by *Attitude*, available at Pop Cowboy, 285 Amsterdam Ave., N.Y.C., 212-496-6700. **Military boots** by *Georgia Boot*, available at David Z, 17 W. Eighth St., N.Y.C., 212-475-9759; Village Cobbler, 60 W. Eighth St., N.Y.C., 212-673-8530 and 738 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-460-8532. **Hiking boots** by *Dexter*, available at Famous Barr stores nationwide. **Boots:** By *Kenneth Cole*, available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's stores nationwide. By *Impulse for Steeplegate*, available at McCreedy & Schreiber, 37 W. 46th St., N.Y.C., 212-719-1552 and 213 W. 59th St., N.Y.C., 212-759-9241; Giorgio Brutini, 125 Church St., N.Y.C., 212-964-6874 and 111 W. 50th St., N.Y.C., 212-262-0288. **Engineer boots** by *Dingo*, for information, 800-964-BOOT. **Suede boots** by *Paul Smith*, available at Paul Smith, 106 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-627-9770.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **Paging devices:** By *Hewlett Packard*, for information, 800-443-1254. By *Motorola*, for information, 800-892-3068. By *NEC*, for information, 800-225-5664. By *Swatch*, for store locations, 800-8-SWATCH.

copper, nickel and aluminum—even though none of these metals is produced in either country. Meanwhile, privatization continues with all the deliberation of a national fire sale.

It is, in other words, just the sort of place in which a man like Rich can make a killing. Who's to stop him? In 1992 the Russian government considered posing a moratorium on all business dealings with Marc Rich & Co. AG pending "a thorough investigation." Other allegations surfaced that Rich has been illegally exporting raw materials, bribing government officials and aiding capital flight from the country.

Despite the official pronouncements against him, Rich has seen his operations in the former Soviet Union grow exponentially in the past year. Where ten employees once sufficed, 150 have now been hired, and the company's regional turnover is in the billions. Rich and his colleagues have stepped into the void left by the shattered Communist infrastructure, taking over many of the functions once carried out by Soviet trading organs.

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In this, the man in the Mercedes has been abetted almost as much by his contacts as by the vaults of currency at his command. And of those contacts, none are more colorful or well-connected in intelligence circles than an Orthodox rabbi named Ronald Greenwald.

A Brooklyn boyhood chum of Pinky Green's, Greenwald is both a rabbi and a commodities dealer. As an agent for Marc Rich in New York, he is also one of those rare spiritual advisors who find it necessary to deny that he's a CIA agent and/or a front for the Mossad. Affable and wry, the Reb is himself an important player in war-torn Tajikistan, where convoys of aluminum are escorted by private armies in the Reb's employ.

Meanwhile, there are signs that Greenwald's persistent lobbying for Rich and Green's freedom from their pending indictments, in tandem with the efforts of Leonard Garment and former Justice Department official Brad Reynolds, is having an effect. When Representative Bob Wise (D–W. Va.) convened a subcommittee hearing two years ago on Capitol Hill, seeking to learn why the Justice Department has been unable to nab one of the most conspicuous fugitives in the world, representatives from Justice at first refused to appear before the subcommittee and then stonewalled it. Wise was outraged.

"This isn't your average miscreant who has fled the country for knocking over 15 7-Elevens and is kicking around the dock at Marseilles," he said. "This is Marc Rich operating with total impunity out of a tall office building in Switzerland. Why hasn't this been made a priority?" He noted that Rich is under indictment for trading with the enemy and for "the biggest tax fraud in history."

Despite the seriousness of the charges, Wise said, there seems to be "a lack of political will" to apprehend Rich and Green. Wise pointed out that the government has yet to publish a reward for their arrests or, for that matter, a wanted poster. Despite the severity of their crimes, Wise noted, neither man is among the 15 most-wanted fugitives currently being sought by the U.S. Marshals Service—though several thugs who have knocked over 7-Elevens are prominent on the list.

Calling the case "strange," the subcommittee criticized Justice for its "lack of relentlessness" and cited numerous failures in the department's handling of the case. The worst of these may well have been its failure "to ensure that, at a minimum, the fugitives do not make money from the U.S. government."

Until recently, Rich and his companies have continued to do business—big business—with the U.S. government, despite Rich's status as a fugitive. The Commodity Credit Corporation has enabled the elusive billionaire to sell American grain by providing more than $50 million in export subsidies to one of Rich's companies. As bizarre as this may seem, an even greater irony rests with the U.S. Mint's reliance on Marc Rich for the copper, nickel and zinc that it needs. Between 1989 and 1992, the Rich organization sold more than $45 million in metal to the Mint.

Through the efforts of Congressmen Dan Glickman and Bob Wise, Rich is no longer doing business with the CCC or the Mint. But not much else has changed. There is no evidence that the Justice Department has acted on recommendations made by Congress.

On the contrary, the only change known to have taken place is that the hardworking marshal, who knew more about Rich and Green than perhaps anyone else in government, has been taken off the case and reassigned to Tampa.

To anyone attending the Wise hearings, the conclusion was virtually inescapable that Rich and Green are being protected—and not just by the Swiss and the Colombians. (A well-informed source at a financial reporting service says that Green has recently moved to Bogotá, where, we may suppose, he's joined the ranks of the *extraditables*.)

One can speculate about the sources of Rich's protection in the federal government. He is, after all, in an excellent position to further certain U.S. foreign policy objectives and to satisfy various intelligence requirements in Third World countries. It would hardly be surprising, then, if the State Department, CIA or National Security Council were to enlist the help of a fugitive with Rich's broad access and enormous means.

It should be remembered, too, that Rich has a complex and intriguing relationship with the Justice Department. When Congressman Wise questioned Justice about its contacts with Rich's attorneys and other agents, seeking to make a deal on his behalf, the department refused to discuss the matter. Why Justice should stonewall Congress on behalf of a fugitive is uncertain, though few would doubt that the wall was built to conceal the fact that Rich is working with Justice (and quite possibly with other agencies) on what can only be called "special projects."

In the past year or so, the Justice Department has quietly inserted two sealed envelopes into Rich's court file. While those envelopes are not to be opened unless Rich is brought before the court, there can be no doubt that the contents of at least one envelope pertain to Rich's efforts to help the Justice Department nab other fugitives.

One such fugitive is Tom Billman. Accused of stealing more than $100 million from a Washington, D.C.–area S&L, Billman was apprehended in Paris last spring after leading the authorities on an around-the-world chase that lasted more than three years. At the time of his arrest, the globe-trotting embezzler was prominent on the U.S. Marshals' 15 most-wanted list and living under an assumed name.

Rich's contribution to Billman's apprehension was to hire an Israeli private eye, the same Avner Azulay who checked out Rich's girlfriend, to help track down Billman. With a hefty budget, Azulay paid out more than $200 an hour to private intelligence agencies in London, New York and Washington, instructing them to track Billman's movements and money in Europe and Asia. The information that Azulay received was then provided to U.S. officials, and the rest (or, at least, Billman) was history. Whether Billman's arrest was a direct result of Rich's efforts is unknown. The Justice Department won't say, and Rich would under no circumstances want to take credit for helping the U.S. track down its enemies, some of whom are his business partners.

The contents of the second envelope are a mystery, but may have to do with rumors that Rich and Greenwald played a key role in arranging the 1992 expulsion of East German leader Erich Honecker from Moscow to Berlin, where, after an abortive trial, he was permitted for reasons of health to leave Germany for residence in Chile.

Asked about Honecker and Billman, Greenwald shrugs. "There are rumors," he says with a sly smile. And then he shrugs again. "With Marc, there are always rumors."

THELMA AND LOUISE *(continued from page 35)*

"'Do you realize how many people would die every Friday night if you shot people for saying suck my cock?'"

Even Hal, the one good cop, the one with an ounce of humanity, the one who's trying to save these women's lives—even he is finally disposed of as just another man. He gives Louise her last chance to give up and turn herself in. "I feel like I know you," he tells her.

This makes her extremely angry, angry out of all proportion to what he said. Because this is near the end of the movie, and by the end of the movie all men are the enemy. No man has a right to say, "I feel like I know you." It *must* be a manipulation. And so she answers with a sigh: "You don't."

I've saved Harlan for last. You remember Harlan. Harlan is the guy they meet in the dark, dingy bowels of that overwhelmingly male institution, the roadhouse. In fact, it's the Silver Bullet Bar. (Symbolism! Symbolism!) One of Harlan's opening lines is something about "such purty ladies as yourself," after which he dances with Thelma while holding a Miller longneck over her shoulder. Thelma gets sick, and so this sleaze sees his chance to take advantage of her. He takes her to the parking lot, grabs her, feels her, slaps her, makes her cry, becomes viciously violent when he gets slapped back, and then attempts to rape her. All this stops when Louise puts a gun to Harlan's neck, says "Let her go" and calls him an asshole.

But here's the difference between *Thelma & Louise* and a Charles Bronson movie. Charles Bronson kills criminals for what they do. Louise kills Harlan largely for what he says. He says three things, and each one of them makes Louise just a little angrier.

First Harlan says, "Calm down. We was just having a little fun, that's all."

And Louise seems to be willing to let this guy off with a lesson. She says, "In the future, when a woman is crying like that, she isn't having any fun."

But, as soon as the women start walking away, the redneck from hell decides to taunt them: "Bitch! I should have gone ahead and fucked her."

Louise can't stand it. So she turns around, ready to teach him a stronger lesson: "What did you say?"

"I said, 'Suck my cock.'"

And immediately the guy is dead. Bang. Dead. She looks at his corpse and says, "You watch your mouth, buddy."

The next question is, why doesn't Louise go to the police, like Thelma asks her to? And the answer is, all the police are *Boudoir*-reading males, and they wouldn't believe the jerk was attempting rape. And, even if they did, the attempted rape was over when the killing occurred. (A better reason would be that the police would believe her story, but, being good policemen, would say, "Let me get this straight. You killed him for saying 'suck my cock'? Do you realize how many people would die every Friday night in Arkansas if you could shoot people for saying suck my cock?")

I don't even think Harlan's crime was that he tried to rape Thelma. Because Callie Khouri, the screenwriter, could have easily allowed him to be successful at raping her, and then the homicide would be more justifiable. And it wasn't that he said "suck my cock." It was that he paid no respect to a woman. It's like a Mafia code thing. He made jokes and smartass remarks when he should have been saying, "I apologize."

Lack of respect is the theme. It's not really a pro-female movie. It's antimale. Louise and Thelma might bicker about everything else in the world, but on one thing they agree: Men are the cause of everyone's problems. And the reason is that they have no respect.

Even though Louise shoots Harlan, Thelma makes it clear that she supports the killing and thinks it was the morally correct thing to do. In fact, it enhanced her life: "At least now I'm having some fun. And I'm not sorry that sumbitch is dead. I'm just sorry it was you that did it and not me."

In fact, this movie is not much about Louise at all. The whole story is the education of Thelma, converting her from a lover of men to a hater of men. (Remember how frisky toward men she is in the early scenes, planning Darryl's dinner, jumping up to dance at the Silver Bullet, whimpering like a puppy so that Louise will let her pick up the hitchhiker? And remember how hard and brutal she is at the end? That's when we're supposed to say, "Well, thank God, Thelma has finally got her head screwed on straight. Of course, she's about to die, and take her friend with her, but at least she has her political opinions in order.")

You can't blame Callie Khouri or director Ridley Scott for what the women of America thought this movie was. They're not responsible if somebody takes a cartoon and acts like it's a Picasso. In fact, *Thelma & Louise* is nothing more nor less than a great exploitation movie. *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase*, which came out in 1977, is basically the same story, and *Assault of the Killer Bimbos*, which came out in 1988, has many resemblances as well. The only difference among the three movies is that *Thelma & Louise* claims to be serious in intent.

But after hearing for the past ten years about the way women are treated in male movies, I have to say this:

Charles Bronson never killed anybody for saying "suck my cock."

Jason never killed anybody because they were the wrong sex.

Even Leatherface, the original chainsaw killer, had his limits. And he had the moral advantage of being crazy.

I've seen 40,000 exploitation movies in my lifetime, and I'd just like to say, This one is scary.

I have seen the future, and it has a lot of lesbians in it.

"When you patted me on the butt in the second quarter, Winslow, I sensed a tenderness seldom found in a linebacker."

PETE TOWNSHEND (continued from page 60)

"It was a big scandal, which is silly. If I were bisexual, it would be no big deal in the music industry."

difference between what I'm doing now and the Who. That's what threw me into an exploration of real life for the first time: when I left the Who.

PLAYBOY: What was it like when you began to perform on your own?

TOWNSHEND: It was scary, but it was a relief, because I could do what I wanted.

PLAYBOY: How is your audience different from the Who's audience?

TOWNSHEND: I released *Empty Glass* and then went on to do the Who tour, and I could see the difference immediately. There were all these girls coming backstage, asking, "Which one of you wrote *Let My Love Open Your Door*?" So there were all these girls, very different from the Who audience, the Who Rottweilers, I called them. Even the women were quite macho—they had to be to survive the front-row nonsense. Maybe five percent of the audience was female at Who concerts, whereas I seem to have a mixed audience. Then I started to get letters from young gay men who were delighted with *Rough Boys*, because they thought that I had come out, so they were in the audience, too.

PLAYBOY: What was behind all the reports of your coming out?

TOWNSHEND: It was that song, which is ironic because the song is actually taunting both the homosexuals in America—who were, at the time, dressing themselves up as Nazi generals—and the punks in Britain dressing the same way. I thought it was great that these tough punks were dressing as homosexuals without realizing it. I did an interview about it, saying that *Rough Boys* was about being gay, and in the interview I also talked about my "gay life," which—I meant—was actually about the friends I've had who are gay. So the interviewer kind of dotted the t's and crossed the i's and assumed that this was a coming out, which it wasn't at all. But I became an object of ridicule when it was picked up in England. It was a big scandal, which is silly. If I were bisexual, it would be no big deal in the music industry. If I ran down a list of the men who have tried to get me into bed, I could bring down quite a few big names in the music business. And no, I won't do it.

PLAYBOY: In the recent unauthorized biography of Mick Jagger, he was said to have had affairs with almost every pop star there is.

TOWNSHEND: Yeah, and if you ever tried to pin him down about it, I don't think he would disclaim it because he's smart enough to know there's value in that mystery. In my roasting of the Stones at their induction into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, I joked about the fact that I am one of the few people lucky enough to have slept with Mick Jagger [*laughs*]. So when it all came out about me, I fought like hell not to comment.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to keep people guessing?

TOWNSHEND: No. But I don't want to let anybody down. I don't want to let it be known that it is in any sense an important part of my self-image to be thought of as a breeder. I don't want to deny bisexuality as if I were being accused of child molestation or murder, as if it were some crime or something to be ashamed of, because that would be cruel to people who are gay. But I was bitter and angry at the way the truth had been distorted and decided never to do any interviews again. Not because I had been manipulated but because I didn't trust myself to be precise about what I was saying.

PLAYBOY: When the tabloids were after you, was it difficult for your family?

TOWNSHEND: It was. But what is interesting is that sensational journalism is far less damaging to us as a family than a deep, incisive interview like this one.

PLAYBOY: But we're printing your words.

TOWNSHEND: Precisely. I'm saying things to you that my family has never heard before. You don't have this kind of conversation with your children or with your wife.

PLAYBOY: Do they feel betrayed?

TOWNSHEND: That's right. My older daughter is 24 and is brilliantly smart, well-educated and hip, but she is a little emotionally frail in our relationship. She has said that it is awful to pick up a newspaper and read something she didn't know about me. It's like something had been kept from her. But much of what comes up in interviews is psychotherapy rather than fact. And I don't always manage to say what I mean, or say anything that means anything—but that doesn't stop me from saying it. [*Laughs*] Every time I read an interview with me I think, Oh, fuck, why don't you shut up and play the guitar. I once got a great letter from Keith Richards after he had read an interview of mine. It just said, "Dear Pete, Shut up!"

PLAYBOY: In spite of a well-publicized separation in the early Eighties, your marriage is one of rock and roll's longest lasting. How has it survived?

TOWNSHEND: My wife doesn't like me to talk about us particularly, for obvious reasons, but I think she would allow me to say that we work on having as normal a family life for our kids as we can possibly have in the world of show business. Sometimes that gets a bit distorted because my childhood was not exactly normal. My childhood was a show-business life. I keep saying to my wife, "This is normal. The crazier I am, the more normal it gets for me." But all the crazy stuff is not what I'm interested in. I'm far more interested in holding my family together, being married for 27 years and bringing up a decent family with decent principles in a decent neighborhood.

PLAYBOY: How is being the parent of your young son different from when your daughters were young?

TOWNSHEND: When my daughters were kids I was in dreamland. I wasn't at all conscious of when I was hurting them or when I was helping. I wasn't clear about the difference. I think I am now with my three-and-a-half-year-old boy, which my daughters could well resent.

PLAYBOY: Are they Who fans?

TOWNSHEND: My daughters, who are 22 and 24 and at universities, are much less convinced that my work has any importance at all, far less than their friends, because they were on the inside. They saw that what I was doing was causing great difficulties at home. It seems that if you supposedly have a great vision, you have to step on your own people to achieve it. It's kind of ridiculous. But we in rock and roll are slow learners.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think of getting the Who together again?

TOWNSHEND: Well, we did it in 1989.

PLAYBOY: There were reports that money was the reason for that comeback tour.

TOWNSHEND: Not at all, though none of us minded the money. That tour was an unadulterated celebration of 25 years of the Who, done exactly the way I wanted it to be done, with a big bang. I could have gone out with an acoustic guitar, Neil Young style, on my own, but that was not the way to bring out the Who.

PLAYBOY: Are there suggestions that you get together again?

TOWNSHEND: The others occasionally approach me. Roger, in particular. But the truth is that if we were to do it now it would come from a place that is not so much dominated by money but rather by deep, deep insecurity.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TOWNSHEND: I have a young son. I want to be around him. I don't want to be out fucking doing a stadium gig when I should be taking him to school.

PLAYBOY: Are you annoyed by the suggestion that you should get back with Roger and John?

TOWNSHEND: It's a natural thing, though Neil Young doesn't like all the old groups getting together. He goes on about all us dinosaurs digging out our old songs forever. But as John Lennon said, "It takes a hypocrite to know a hypocrite." I mean, Neil Young sings that "it's better to burn out than to fade away," and you can't stay in the blue

once you've been in the black, but what does he do? How does he continue to function as an artist? I respect what he's saying and I know that he really believes and means it, but we all do it. I'm proud of the work I've done, which doesn't mean that I am not even more involved in new work. He has this thing about rock's purity, which I admire, but I wouldn't try to shoot somebody out of the sky for trying to sell music and make money because in some way it undermined the dream. What in the fuck is the dream? Talking about how the dream has been ruined doesn't attend to the fact that Neil Young was briefly attached to Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, which in itself was an enormous cash-in.

PLAYBOY: He's talking more about the spirit of rock and roll—that it isn't about rehash, not about money. It's about what is new, about the spirit of youth.

TOWNSHEND: I understand that, and I even agree with it partly, but that is not what rock and roll is about now. Maybe these guys now, Bon Jovi and Guns n' Roses, are more honest about it. They're not pretending to be able to change the world. They're just saying, "Listen, we can entertain you. You can have fun. Hang out with us. Get laid."

PLAYBOY: Didn't the Who advocate those things, too?

TOWNSHEND: Yeah, but a radical difference between the big engines of mainstream rock now—making and plowing through loads of money—and then is that we were in a time of absolute innovation. We were discovering something. The stone has already been turned. There's nothing left to discover. The bands now have to cope with that.

PLAYBOY: Neil Young also criticizes groups for selling out their music by advertising products.

TOWNSHEND: Yeah. He doesn't like to see megabucks groups get together and pay for their charter plane by selling sponsorships to a beer company. But the fact is that our music, his music, all the music of the bands from that era is constantly used to sell products through radio, and we have absolutely no financial involvement in that. Companies are selling pharmaceuticals made in India that are polluting the water supply. Timber products made of mahogany that comes from rain forests. Neil has this sense that it's bad for me to use *See Me, Feel Me* or *Pinball Wizard* anymore, but I'd much prefer to have control of my own life and career and exploit my own music. And now, as *Tommy* has shown, the audience for rock and roll is everyone, the mainstream culture, which Mr. Rust may not like. But the mainstream is ready to receive rock and roll with open arms precisely because it is toothless.

PLAYBOY: *Tommy* is toothless?

TOWNSHEND: All rock and roll is toothless. It's a toothless form. Nirvana, Guns n' Roses, Bon Jovi, Pearl Jam, Public Enemy—however big, strong and powerful they are, and no matter the megabucks they get, they're still toothless.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone in rock who is not toothless?

TOWNSHEND: It's not that they don't have the rock-and-roll dream. I hope it's not a dream frozen in the mid-Seventies. But I had to move on, which is where Broadway and storytelling in music come in. For others, maybe there is some music with teeth, but I haven't heard it. They are all pretending. The bands out there don't scare me and they don't scare anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Is rock about scaring people?

TOWNSHEND: It was, but not anymore. It isn't my problem. I'm 48 years old. I don't have to scare anybody anymore. I have children and I want them to be happy and secure. I want them to feel comfortable with my work. I don't want to scare them. Rock and roll has been harnessed by enormous media and commercial conglomerates. All of it.

PLAYBOY: Is rock and roll——

TOWNSHEND: You know, there were times when I would talk freely about rock and roll as though I were the only person in the universe who knew what it was about. Now I don't give a shit. I don't want to talk about rock and roll. Let's stop talking about rock and roll. I don't know anything about rock and roll. I really don't. I don't know what it is. I don't know what it was. I certainly don't know where it's going. The only thing that is important is what it was shooting for. What we can still shoot for.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

TOWNSHEND: Rock and roll in the Sixties and Seventies was shooting for an idealism, a utopianism, that is still worth shooting for. It is exactly what sensible, logical, pragmatic, well-rounded, disciplined Western civilization needs. We need to open our hearts a bit, which was something we had time for in the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: Is this Pete Townshend, noted cynic, pining for the Sixties?

TOWNSHEND: I think people who were searching for something back then were disappointed that we didn't actually come up with concrete solutions. In frustration there is an attitude that all we did then was get laid and take drugs. For a while, the generation subsequent to mine, the punk generation, was saying that to us. They were saying, "Well, you fucked up. You had all the opportunities and you fucked up." I think they were right. And I don't see that much has changed. It's why, in 1982, in the middle of a Who recording session, I said, "This is it. I've had it. Goodbye. I'm out. It's done." Then the lads all said, "You can't quit," and I said, "The fuck I can't." They said, "But we'll have to pay back [Warner chief] Mo Austin his $2 million!" and I said, "Listen, if I have to work for the rest of my fucking life to pay him back I'll do it, but I'm out. It's

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over. I'm going." But maybe it took until then because to have done so earlier would have meant the end of my dream, the rock-and-roll dream.

PLAYBOY: What rock-and-roll dream?

TOWNSHEND: That rock and roll was bigger than our lives, that it could raise us up. I mean, it can raise people up—I get letters from people who tell me that the music does that for them. But the dream was that it could accomplish more, and I believe that there is a longing for that dream again. That is what many people seem to respond to when they see *Tommy*. They share roots of the early rock ideology of communality—"If we get together we can change the world." They still want that to be true, but they've given up trying. They wanted answers, but they've given up the search. They've actually had to, because life is too complicated. The spoiled-brat generation of the early Sixties grew up. They had relatively wealthy parents who were briefly willing to go along with their kids' desire to go to Woodstock, to Monterey, to wherever. But eventually they said, "Pursue this nonsense if you want, but pay for it yourself." When that happened all the seekers of the truth got fed up with their truth seeking when they had to fit it into their six-days-a-week work program. Maybe that's why they are embracing *Tommy*. That's what *Tommy* seems to be about now. It is about a couple that is ravaged by war. The "See me, feel me, touch me" moment might be best expressed for the first time when the mother, whose husband is off fighting, is embraced on the stage by her lover. It's like, "I need to be hugged. I miss my husband. I need somebody to hold me." That's the resonance of that line. It's not a spiritual resonance: "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me, *God*," but "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me, *anybody*." *Tommy* has become a metaphor, not just for me or people like me, for postwar children or success-driven or ideal-driven or dream-driven individuals who came out with the rock-and-roll world. It's also a metaphor for the ordinary person whose life, in its simplicity, is crying out for something more.

PLAYBOY: For what more?

TOWNSHEND: It is back to the ideals we had and want to have again. *Tommy* originally came out at a time when ideals seemed possible and the spiritual search seemed imperative. But we've seen the idea of life as a spiritual journey discredited, not just by the hokey religions and cults but also by the deeply established, traditional religions. Life in the Eighties was about practical things. Security, money. If you're sitting at a bar these days and somebody starts to ponder, "What is life?" you're going to go, "Oh, fuck off." But maybe it's good to ask questions like that. There's a kind of deep pragmatism in daily life now, but it's time to ease up. Whether or not *Tommy*'s reemergence is an echo of that, Clinton's presidency is. Enough with this orthodoxy, this pragmatism. We should be less pragmatic. We can afford to be a bit more utopian.

PLAYBOY: How is Clinton an echo?

TOWNSHEND: He represents the American dream, which is not only about material gain. That's why he was elected. Out with the Republicans, whose pragmatism is soul-killing, and in with a man who has ideals. Remembering those ideals is what *Psycho Derelict* is about. It is why I made it.

PLAYBOY: So is *Psycho Derelict*, your latest record, really the son of *Tommy*, a rock opera to take over where *Tommy* left off?

TOWNSHEND: I had written a bunch of songs, but I thought, What the fuck am I doing making records, anyway? What's the point? I don't belong here anymore. I'm not willing to do what is necessary. But still, I was about to deliver the songs because they were done. Then I had a bike accident and fucked up my hand. It took a year to heal, so I had all that time to think. And I decided, Fuck it, I'm not going to put the record out. It doesn't mean anything. Before the accident I would have delivered the record. I think it would have got some interest. I would have carried on about what it was supposed to be about, and people would have thought, Fine. The guy's getting old. Then I would have announced to the record label that I really didn't want to deliver the last couple of albums in my deal. And that would be it. But I had a year to sit there, recovering, and I thought about why I was so bored and realized that it was because I forgot why I do this for a living. Then I worked on the *Tommy* play and again became inspired about the form. I went back and listened to the new songs and asked what I was really writing about. I remembered that when I wrote the songs I was thinking about my son and thinking I wanted an honest vision of his future. That's what the songs were about.

PLAYBOY: Can you summarize the vision?

TOWNSHEND: "Listen, son, it's going to be difficult. There's a lot of hard work to be done. We may not succeed. But we're clear about what we need to do. And we're going to start work now. And I promise you we will work as hard as we possibly can to deliver you the future."

PLAYBOY: Is that a promise you can keep?

TOWNSHEND: I don't see anybody doing that, apart from a bunch of zoologists at the Bronx Zoo. You don't talk about the fucking rain forest anymore. If you're Sting and you talk about the rain forest, they make you sound ridiculous. But go down to the Bronx Zoo and ask the people cleaning shit out of the cages what they want to talk about. They want to talk about the rain forest, because they can see species dying. So what can I do as an artist? How do I get it across without it being pretentious, without

"To my valentine, Brad, with all my love, Betty."

becoming Sting? All I know about is telling stories. So I decided to tell a story. I wrote *Psycho Derelict* with that in mind.

PLAYBOY: But the basic story is about a rock star, the media and scandal.

TOWNSHEND: It is a slightly comic-booky kind of story, but it contains a lot of what I wanted to say. It's what I know about. The effect of fame. Loss of family. Redemption. Regaining ideals. But then the record comes out and much of the meaning is missed, of course. A song such as *Outlive the Dinosaur* comes out and people think I'm writing about how it feels to be a dinosaur. But the song is actually about outrunning history. It's not a nod in the direction of *Jurassic Park* or the Rolling Stones. It's about trying to not become extinct, for heaven's sake.

PLAYBOY: Is it frustrating when people don't get it?

TOWNSHEND: Well, by now I know they'll never get it. Using irony is a waste of time. Maybe two people will get it. But it's worth trying. When I was recovering from the accident, I realized that at least I had to try.

PLAYBOY: What will follow *Psycho Derelict*?

TOWNSHEND: I'm not certain. It's strange for me at the moment. A few years ago I thought of stopping, but now it must be clear that I'm enjoying a kind of a renaissance as a performer. At the same time, though, I'm losing interest in it quickly.

PLAYBOY: Is it no longer fun to perform?

TOWNSHEND: It's fun, but I'm getting to the point where I'm running out of ways to keep myself amused. When I perform, I try to do it differently every night. I do things like *Psycho Derelict* and bring a play on a rock-and-roll tour. I play small halls, not stadiums, which I have come to loathe. I don't know what will happen. I don't have a vision of myself strutting across the stage like Sid Caesar and then having a heart attack backstage, a forgotten man. I see myself stopping ten years ago and writing William Golding's biography and sailing on the weekends. But here I am.

PLAYBOY: If you were to stop, what would you do?

TOWNSHEND: I'd settle down to a life as a songwriter, publisher and possibly an author. I can do that and I can still continue to make records when I have something to say, and I can do theater and many other things. I can write rock and roll, perhaps write pieces for Roger Daltrey that use not only his voice but also his acting talent, to help him to grow and mature and resist the temptation to set Who songs to classical music. I hear he's booked something this spring with the Boston Symphony.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the attention when you're not out in public with a new record or play?

TOWNSHEND: No, because there is so much I get from my family. But I've realized since *Tommy* opened that having an audience full of people every day, whether I'm there or not, is fantastic. Selling records is OK, having music out there on the radio is OK, but having an audience every night is even better. Sometimes I sit in the back of the theater and watch people respond to my songs. It has made me realize that I still need that very badly. It is why people like me never quit. If you want to stop, you have to be sure of yourself—centered, rooted. Otherwise, you're going to retire and do what? Some men retire and go off to find something else to do. I've never quite understood how golf provides that, but it seems to. Where I come from, a lot of retired men go into sailboat racing. They become unbelievably competitive, vengeful sailors. The other sailors know: "Don't compete with him, he's retired. He's an animal." [*Laughs*] And someone who retired early? Don't go near him. There's no point entering that race.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you buy a sailboat?

TOWNSHEND: [*Laughs*] I did. I sold everything I had, all my old guitars, a couple of nice old cars. And I bought a 60-foot sailboat in 1990 after the Who tour, because I could not have afforded it before the tour. It was a classic wooden boat, built in Genoa. I entered a couple of races. It was during the time when I wasn't sure if I was going to continue to make records. So there was this kind of early-retirement thing in the air. And I slaughtered everybody. So when you consider retirement, you have to make damned sure it's not just your bank balance that is in shape but also your ability to survive. That's why there are the eternal Sinatra comebacks, or Who comebacks, though we've done only one.

PLAYBOY: Does getting older—approaching 50—mean anything special to you?

TOWNSHEND: What's interesting about getting older in this business is that you are conscious of the fact that, like athletes, there are people trying to grab the space that you occupy. After a time you realize that they are not trying to occupy your space anymore. They're not interested. The punk artists, for example, wanted the Who's stage, the Who's grandiosity, the Who's money, the Who's anarchy—all of that stuff, all of that rock-and-roll chaos, that tension, self-destruction, realization and catharsis. But now I feel isolated in a group of artists—old folks like Neil Young, Paul McCartney, the Stones—who nobody who's young is really interested in.

PLAYBOY: Do you mind?

TOWNSHEND: Not at all. I'm happy to be out of the fray, doing whatever I want to do, considered by many, if not most, to be some eccentric has-been.

PLAYBOY: This from the man who said, "Hope I die before I get old."

TOWNSHEND: Yeah. And I do. I still hope I die before I get old.

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SHE was good (continued from page 78)

"He stared in disbelief at the lock. All at once it struck him that Gus intended to kill him. He really did."

feet had stopped hurting. But trying to wiggle his toes informed him that his feet had stopped hurting because they were frozen numb. And he realized that unless he got up immediately and moved about vigorously, he was surely dead.

So the third option was to get into the cabin at all costs, Gus or no Gus. Walt poked at the door lock and clawed the latch. The car door creaked open. Gus looked up but didn't move, so Walt climbed out. And fell on his face. Slowly, clutching the door, he stood up, wobbly on wooden feet. He draped the blanket over his kimono like some large plaid shawl. Walking was like walking on stilts; he couldn't feel the ground and had to look down to place his feet. He went to the outhouse side of the cabin. Gus didn't follow. He could break the window on this side of the cabin, but it was too high to climb through. He went to the back. There were no windows here except for the tiny one at the roof peak that ventilated the sleeping loft. The window on the woodpile side was likewise too high. He would need a ladder.

A ladder! What about the ladder he used for his monthly chimney sweeping? He lumbered back to the outhouse side, but the ladder was not leaning against the tree where he kept it. Two holes in the snow, like empty sockets, marked its absence.

I shall have to use something else, he thought as he surveyed the small clearing that served as a yard. The lumps under the blanket of snow were piles of rubbish. The large mound was the remains of a 1954 Chevrolet Bel Air. Or perhaps it was the stack of salvaged lumber. One of the smaller lumps was surely an empty 55-gallon drum. If he could identify it, wade out to it, excavate it, break it loose from the ground, roll it back——

Walt went to the woodpile side of the cabin again. Perhaps he could stack firewood under the window. Then he noticed the storage shed.

Yes!

There were all sorts of things in the shed he could use: wooden crates, sawhorses. An ax!

Gus was still guarding the porch. Walt hurried to the shed and reached up to unlatch the hasp. But it was padlocked. He stared in disbelief at the lock, a lock he'd never seen before.

A little brass padlock.

All at once it struck him that Gus intended to kill him. There were no two ways about it, he really did. Walt flushed with anger. The bloody arrogance of the man. The churlishness. The monumental ego. How dare he?

Walt fumed, but little of his heat reached his fingers or toes.

It came down to the fourth option, then. He must kill Gus. So be it. The problem was—with what? Even if he had the ax, he doubted he could grip it. He needed something big and heavy, like a rock. Small chance of finding a rock under all the snow. But what about a chunk of cordwood? He had birch logs, cut green, that were heavy—maybe two stone—and hard. They had clanked like bricks when he stacked them. Walt brushed snow off the woodpile, found a large piece of frozen birch and scooped it into his arms. There was no way to sneak up behind Gus, so the best attack would be a lightning frontal assault. When Walt reached the corner of the cabin, he hoisted the piece of wood over his head as best he could, took a deep breath and rushed the porch. But he could hardly walk, and the birch billet slipped from his hands. Gus saw him but didn't get up, so Walt picked up the wood and walked over to him, raised it and let it fly. It bounced off the step next to Gus and landed in the snow beside the porch.

"Nice try," said Gus, who hadn't even removed his hands from his pockets.

Let his arrogance be his death, thought Walt as he returned to the woodpile for another round. This time he positioned himself squarely in front of Gus, raised the firewood high overhead and brought it down with all his strength. This time Gus did take his hands out of his pockets, caught the wood easily and tossed it lightly back to him. Walt caught it and fell backward into the snow.

"So," said Walt when he discovered he couldn't get up, "you had something on your mind?"

"I warned you away from her—twice," said Gus.

"And I *stayed* away," said Walt.

"Do I look blind?" said Gus. "You think I'm stupid?"

This discussion is stupid, thought Walt. Lying in the snow is stupid. Yet, Walt felt comfortable where he lay, warm, even drowsy.

"Help me up," he said.

"Soon."

Soon, but not soon enough, thought Walt as he watched the sky through the treetops, now completely overcast with cotton-batting clouds. Walt could see part of the cabin roof and chimney. The woodsmoke did not rise in a straight column as it usually did but spilled out and fell before being swept away by a breeze. Another sign of the changing weather, no doubt. Walt could hear the muffled whistle of the teakettle inside the cabin. A spot of tea with honey. A biscuit from the round tin.

"They'll catch you," he whispered.

Gus' face hovered over him, blotting out the roof and sky. "I wouldn't count on it," he said. Walt could smell the heat of Gus' breath. "You had an accident, Walter. You went out to the crapper in your kimono, just like you brag to everyone all up and down the road. Just like the dumb cheechako shit that you are. And you fainted or something. There

"And so you are unable to account for your whereabouts that morning because you were out making house calls. Is that substantially correct, doctor?"

will be no blood. No cuts. No marks on the body."

"Your tracks," whispered Walt.

Gus laughed. "What tracks? Look." His face moved away so that Walt could again see the heavy sky. "A foot of new snow by morning."

•

There were some nice dreams, of Mother finding the red disposable lighter and holding it up to the window. "Aha!" she crowed.

Of Peter in the bath, and pennies for the electric fire.

Of someone putting him on the potty when he didn't even have to go. His thighs were blue.

"That oughta do," said Gus.

Walt sat propped on the seat in the outhouse. His trousers were pulled down around his knees. The mackintosh, blanket and woolen hats and mittens were gone. A wad of toilet paper was stuffed into his frozen hand. Gus was closing the door, entombing him in the tiny slat-wood outbuilding.

Wait, thought Walt. He struggled to speak but only murmured.

"Don't fight it," said Gus through a crack in the door. "Just close your eyes and go back to sleep."

Walt commanded his frozen mouth to move, to mold the three words, She was good.

"Huh?" said Gus.

"She was good."

"Oh, all right," said Gus. He opened the door, removed his hood and brought his ear in close.

"She was good. She was funny."

"Who was good?" said Gus.

"She told me all your secrets."

"You're babbling, Walter. Good night, Walter." Gus rose to leave.

"You can't read," said Walt.

"What's that?"

"You've a rash on your bum."

"Is that what she said?"

Walt looked up into Gus' eyes and said, "She makes you wear condoms."

"Now you just wait a minute," said Gus as he grabbed a fistful of kimono at Walt's throat.

"Careful," said Walt, "she bought me this."

"She did not," shouted Gus. "You're lying."

"We screwed in your pickup once."

"Shut up!"

"She makes you wear condoms—but not me."

"Shut your mouth, or I'll shut it for you."

"She says, 'Fill me up, Walter, fill me up.'"

Gus' fist, big and red, came hurtling like a comet.

DRUG WAR

(continued from page 49)

and that the minority among us who have addictive personalities need health care, not incarceration.

Countries such as the Netherlands, Switzerland and England have controlled both drugs and crime, whereas our harsh punitive program has increased the supply of both. In this country, the antidrug warriors didn't fail for lack of support. Nobody tied the hands of prosecutors and cops. One by one, constitutional rights were waived in the name of winning this war. Those arrested had their property seized, were presumed guilty and were thereby denied the assets to hire lawyers. They were vulnerable to double jeopardy—being imprisoned twice for state and federal violations on the same act. Penalties soared. People are serving mandatory life sentences in Michigan and elsewhere for a single drug possession. The Supreme Court merely blinked because, after all, this is war.

Yet despite the search-and-destroy operations and body counts and seized caches of drugs, the government lost. Somebody should have reviewed the lesson of Prohibition: Suppression of taste defined as vice inexorably drives up profits and increases the supply to meet the demand.

Drug-law enforcers and pushers have a common interest in inflating the problem, which is the source of their livelihood. The antidrug bureaucrats need an enemy to justify their budgets and empire. Local police, strapped for funds, were co-opted into the program when federal antidrug grants became a major source for running their departments.

Better yet, in 1986, the Justice Department offered to cut local police in on the seizure action, letting them cash in on the cars, boats and other seized spoils. No wonder confiscations jumped 17-fold and now amount to more than half a billion dollars a year in revenue. Who wants to end the war when it has given rise to such a lucrative industry? Win the war on drugs and you destroy the establishment that lives off it, much the same way that the defense establishment is still reeling from the effects of the end of the Cold War.

But the rest of us, particularly the majority who live in and around urban centers, are hurting badly. A generation of outlaws armed, emboldened and driven mad by the drug trade has brought civil war to the cities. Do I exaggerate? What else did it mean that the mayor of the nation's capital appealed in desperation for the president to send the National Guard to police her city's streets?

The president replied that he understood the problem and was considering the request. Insane. American cities cannot function under martial law. The answer is obvious—end the irrationality and take the profit out of the drug trade by treating addiction as a health problem rather than a crime.

If politically necessary, the president could do this in stages. Clinton should, at the very least, convene a bipartisan commission to take a fresh, independent look at this issue. In the meantime, he should order the DEA to go slowly on forfeiture and overzealous arrests. Most important, Clinton needs to find the guts to move us in a different direction.

Like Vietnam, the war on drugs has been lost. It should never have been fought in the first place, and to continue the shooting does nothing except once again bankrupt the nation and leave a lot of boys from the ghetto dead.

"Looks like the gloves are really off this season, Inez."

AUTOMOTIVE REPORT *(continued from page 79)*

"Gross called the Dodge Ram pickup, with its Viper-based V10 engine, 'the Rush Limbaugh of pickups.'"

best shifter." Also an Integra GS-R fan, racer Willy T. Ribbs said, "You won't go bankrupt going fast in this one." *Car and Driver* columnist Brock Yates called the Ford Probe GT "cheap thrills," adding that it's less money than the equally zoomy Integra GS-R and quicker than the rest. PLAYBOY Senior Editor David Stevens is waiting for the Golf GTI V6 (coming this spring). "It should be a hot little handful like the Mini Cooper was," he said. (Steven's vote was based on his driving the new six-cylinder $19,975 Jetta III GLX late in our selection process. "The Jetta was about as sweet a little runner as I've ever experienced, with a terrific shifter," said Stevens. "In fact, I kept sneaking out to buy packs of cigarettes just to drive the car—and I don't even smoke.")

Most-Improved Old Model: The Lincoln Mark VIII led the voting. "You can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," said Stevens. "Under the hood is a terrific engine, and this car gives great cockpit." Yates agreed: "Be thankful Commander Cody didn't have this hot-rod Lincoln." Healey felt that the Lincoln's "great engine makes up for its lukewarm styling." Dissenters Ribbs, Sherman and Gross had their own favorites. "Ross Perot's stern comments about GM probably helped the company build better cars, including the Corvette LT1," said Ribbs. Sherman liked the new Mustang, calling it "safer, surer and sexier, even if Ford did use some leftover pieces from the old Fairmont. Long live American V8 rear-drive hot rods." Gross picked the new Saab 900. "Saab successfully married a GM Opel platform and V6 with traditional Saab touches. Yes, the ignition switch is still between the seats. Drive this one if you're considering a 3-series BMW." Gross also touted the Mercedes-Benz C-class, pointing out that "you get all the virtues of the midsize E-class Mercedes in a slightly smaller, less expensive package. The baby Benz has grown up."

Best Sport Sedan: Gross liked the BMW 540i, saying, "Just as the Japanese loaded the functional luxury category with V6s, BMW stuffed a V8 into its top-of-the-line 5-series four-door and built a sleeper that will waltz away from all those wanna-BMWs." Healey felt the car's five-speed automatic shifted too often, "but otherwise," he said, "this car is just right." Stevens agreed: "The 540i is the car for the international man who buys his suits in London, shirts in Paris and wheels in Germany. No yen for the Orient here." Yates praised the slightly smaller 530i V8. "With a five-speed manual, this BMW is a near-perfect union of an engine to a chassis." Sherman chose the Chrysler LHS. "Why spend $40,000 to $60,000 for the foreign blue bloods when there's a handsome homegrown sedan for about $30,000 on the market? It's roomy, nicely poised and tastefully appointed. Another Chrysler home run." Ribbs liked the Mercedes-Benz SL600. "If you've got the paper," he said, "this is the one you want in the garage."

Biggest Kick to Drive: Our panelists chose the ten-cylinder Dodge Viper RT/10 in this category, as they did last year and the year before. According to Yates, "If King Kong had had one of these, he could have driven to the top of the Empire State Building." Sherman said, "With a hot date, this is absolutely the best way to spend Sunday in public." Stevens said that he tested the Viper about two years ago and hasn't seen one since. "But if I do, I hope Rebecca De Mornay is driving it and gives me a ride. Maybe she'll even let me shift." Healey and Gross picked the Ferrari 512TR. Said Healey: "If you have room to stay on the loud pedal, there's nothing like the shriek of that gorgeous V12." The Ferrari is still a head-turner, in Gross' opinion. "When I drove one past a stunning woman in a business suit, she stepped off the curb right in front of me with her thumb extended. If that isn't worth $225,000, what is?" Finally, Ribbs chose the Corvette ZR-1. "It's not an Indycar," he said, "but you sure feel some *g*s when you drive it."

Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend: Most of the panel voted for the new Toyota Supra. "Let's hope the lady in your life is as fast and curvy as this Supra," said Stevens, praising the car's "delightful handling, brakes and acceleration in a chassis that's cuter than Kate Moss in Calvin Klein underwear." Gross agreed, while Healey opted for BMW's 325i convertible. Yates countered with the Lexus SC 300 and SC 400 coupes ("SCs are very big with trendies in California") and Ribbs picked the Mercedes-Benz 500SL. "Obviously my girlfriend has good taste," he said. "She has me *and* the car." Sherman chose Mercedes' 12-cylinder SL600, calling it "the world's most overengineered automobile but a great way to toast the excessive Eighties."

Finest Hauler: Gross called the Dodge Ram pickup, with its Viper-based V10 engine, "the Rush Limbaugh of pickups. It's brutal, bold, iconoclastic, irreverent

"Your technique is good, but the tits lack sincerity."

and not for everyone." Yates agreed: "In-your-face styling and a V10 the size of Newark. What else do you want?" Stevens suggested "getting a gun rack, buying a big dog, burning your briefcase and heading for Montana. The Ram is the ultimate take-this-job-and-shove-it hauler." Sherman said the Ram is for "guys with Peterbilt fantasies," so he selected Chevy's S-10/GMC Sonoma. "GM got one right. This is the truck that may shake the faith of loyal Toyota owners." Ribbs picked the Ford Ranger Splash, saying, "If I were a rodeo cowboy, this is what I'd drive." Healey agreed: "The Splash is almost too cute for words. Its cramped cab is outweighed by outstanding handling."

Best Sports Utility: "Jeep's Grand Cherokee is the only one of the bunch that's genuinely fun to drive," said Sherman. "It's the Porsche of puddle jumpers." Healey agreed, saying, "It's not as grand as the Range Rover, nor as handsome as the Ford Explorer, but it's still the best blend of size, off-road capability, features and price." Yates called it "tougher than a Range Rover, silkier than an Explorer, faster than an Isuzu Trooper and very chichi in the right neighborhoods." Gross added that "the Grand Cherokee has muscled its way onto the top-ten list of unit movers by skillfully mixing off-road brawn with on-road grace." Dollar for dollar, said Stevens, "the Jeep Grand Cherokee is the best sports utility out there. But I'm casting my vote for the Land Rover Defender 90 because, excluding the Humvee, it's the ultimate urban assault vehicle. It comes with a V8, and be sure to order the optional brush bars for total inner-city intimidation." Ribbs praised the Ford Explorer: "It's a vehicle I can go duck hunting in, then go to the mall and still look good."

Coolest Car to Take to Your High School Reunion: Ribbs would roll up in a Bentley Continental R Coupe with this message: "To the girl I liked who went for the football star, my phone number is unlisted now." Two years ago, Stevens selected the $285,000 Bentley Continental R for this category, but now "I'm downsizing to the $147,000 short-wheelbased Bentley Brooklands. The power has been increased, it's surprisingly nimble for a 5000-pound machine, and the backseat has plenty of legroom for renewing acquaintances with well-preserved former cheerleaders." Yates would return in a Bentley, too. "Show some class," he admonished. "Be social and then drag the townies for pink slips." Healey added that "there isn't a classier car than the Continental R." Sherman said he'd take a Viper RT/10. "I grew up in Iowa. Vipers, among other trappings of civilization, are still a phenomenal novelty there. Dorothy Hoefert would be duly impressed." Gross, who drove a hot-rod Ford in his high school days, would return in a Bugatti EB 110. "Impossibly low, phenomenally expensive, with an exhaust system that would shatter glass, the V12 Bugatti is a definite dazzler. The old gang might not know what you paid for it—$450,000—but they will know that you've made it very, very big."

Show Car We Want Now: Our panelists have a message for Chrysler concerning its proposed Plymouth Prowler. Said Sherman: "It's the freshest interpretation of sex on wheels since the 1932 Ford." Yates: "If they build it—and they probably will—they'll have to install number-ticket machines in showrooms. The line will extend down the block." Stevens added, "Every night I pray to Chrysler god Bob Lutz to build this wonderful roadster. Then I pray to the lottery god for at least $35,000." Gross liked Chrysler's razor-roofed Thunderbolt V8 coupe. "It's a throwback to Chrysler's 300 letter series. If you see one of these in your rearview mirror, you'd better pull over. It has more intimidation power than a state police

PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES

GROSS

HEALEY

RIBBS

SHERMAN

STEVENS

YATES

KEN GROSS: PLAYBOY's Contributing Automotive Editor visited Europe seven times and California "at least ten" times this past year to drive such dream machines as the new all-wheel-drive Lamborghini Diablo VT. His personal wheels? Grass is rebuilding a 1932 Ford roadster.

JAMES R. HEALEY: A journalist whose beat has included entertainment and politics, Healey is auta editor for *USA Today*'s money sectian, where he writes both car reviews and industry-analysis stories. After affering his witty camments far PLAYBOY, Healey was off to the Tokyo Mator Shaw.

WILLY T. RIBBS: The first African American to compete in the Indy 500 (1991), Ribbs currently drives a Lola Ford Cosworth XB for Service Merchandise and Bill Cosby Racing that's been prepared by Walker Racing. In 1994, he'll be competing in a full racing seasan for Walker.

DON SHERMAN: A staff member af *Car and Driver* for 18 years, hat shae Sherman is one of the fastest and mast accamplished automotive jaurnalists in the industry. Currently, he's editar-at-large for *Matar Trend* magazine as well as a contributor to many other publicatians.

DAVID STEVENS: Whether going black tie aboard the QE2 or test-driving the world's sexiest sports cars, our veteran Modern Living Senior Editor travels the fast lanes ta bring yau great electranics, the best food and wine, smart grooming tips and terrific toys far urban males.

BROCK YATES: A well-knawn print and braadcast journalist, Yates hasts his own shaw, *The Great Drivers*, on the Nashville Cable Netwark, in addition ta writing a monthly column for *Car and Driver* magazine. He has recently completed twa screenplays for John Frankenheimer.

PLAYBOY'S PICKS OF THE PACK

TOYOTA SUPRA
Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend

JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE
Best Sports Utility

DODGE–PLYMOUTH NEON
Cleverest Commuter

LINCOLN MARK VIII
Most-Improved Old Model

ACURA INTEGRA GS-R

TOYOTA CELICA GT

Hottest Pocket Rockets

FORD TEMPO–MERCURY TOPAZ
Most Boring Car

BMW 540i
Best Sport Sedan

DODGE RAM (WITH VIPER V10)
Finest Hauler

DODGE VIPER RT/10
Biggest Kick to Drive

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL R COUPE
Coolest Car for a High School Reunion

PLYMOUTH PROWLER
Show Car We Want Now

cruiser." Ribbs picked the Mercedes-Benz Vision A. "Mercedes has always been at least one step ahead in its research and development, so its Vision is not blurred."

Most Boring Car: Yates selected the Ford Tempo–Mercury Topaz twins and asked: "Does dishwater mean anything to you? How about watching grass grow? Lawrence Welk reruns?" Healey agreed, adding, "These cars were boring from day one—a decade-plus later, they're dangerous, sleep-inducing anticars." Sherman piled it on: "The Topaz–Tempos were obsolete when they first rolled off the production line, and they haven't aged gracefully. These are the Phyllis Dillers of automobiles." As Stevens saw it, "Even the name Topaz ends in a snore. And saying the word Tempo makes you yawn. No wonder these cars are about as exciting as an Ivana Trump novel." Ribbs picked the Saturn SL1. "Believe me," he said, "if you took one of these to a nightclub, you couldn't catch a bad cold, let alone a hot date." Gross named the Oldsmobile Ninety Eight the most boring vehicle. "It's Wonder Bread on wheels for the Geritol crowd."

Cleverest Commuter: Gross touted the Dodge–Plymouth Neon. "Chrysler has a platinum hit on its hands here, grabbing Generation X right in the heart and in the wallet. It has a nifty aero shape, a great stereo and all the safety features they could cram into a small package." Stevens said, "Snappy looks, good handling, twin air bags and a $10,000 price tag. The Neon almost makes going to work fun." Sherman also picked the Neon. "This buggy is so much fun to drive that you don't mind saving gas money." Healey took the unconventional route with his choice, the AM General Humvee. "It goes anywhere, any time, by any route, and it's pretty comfy, too." Yates would make his daily run in a Mazda RX-7. "Half Rollerblade, half race car, it's easy to park. But forget car-pooling." Ribbs' choice was the Mercedes-Benz SEL600. "In commuter traffic, hot tempers are all around you. You need something strong and safe."

There you have it. Insightful, indiscrete and not always in unison, our panel of experts has made its choices. But despite the wide-ranging opinions, one thing is unanimous: Across the board, domestic cars and trucks are again leading the pack in both quality and performance. That's why seven Japanese automakers build some models in North America and why both BMW and Mercedes-Benz have announced plans to do the same. Meanwhile, at showrooms nationwide, interest rates are still low, and most carmakers are holding prices firm. If this is your year for a new car, you are in luck.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

BEEPER BOOM

You'd better get used to the "beep, beep, beep" of pagers, because the electronics industry is predicting that the number of Americans who use them will go from 18 million today to more than 53 million by 1997. No, they won't all be doctors, lawyers and salesmen; with new wireless communications technology, everyone stands to benefit from a beeper. Instead of just displaying a caller's phone number, for example, some pagers receive voice mail or text messages. There are also watches, cellular phones and computers with paging technology, as well as beepers equipped to receive stock reports, sports scores and news updates from electronic mail services. Someday soon, you'll even be able to tune into your TV to see who's calling.

Clockwise from left: Hewlett Packard's HP 95LX Palmtop computer, $550, doubles as a pager when connected to the optional Sky Stream communications package, $525. Two from Motorola: The Bravo Express alphanumeric pager comes in a range of colors, $199; and the Advisor features four 20-character lines for displaying text messages, about $350. The NEC Business Card is a credit-card-style numeric pager with a built-in clock, $350. Up front: Swatch's Beep Up watch and numeric pager comes in five styles, including Speakers Corner, shown here, $189.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 145.

© KEN SETTLE

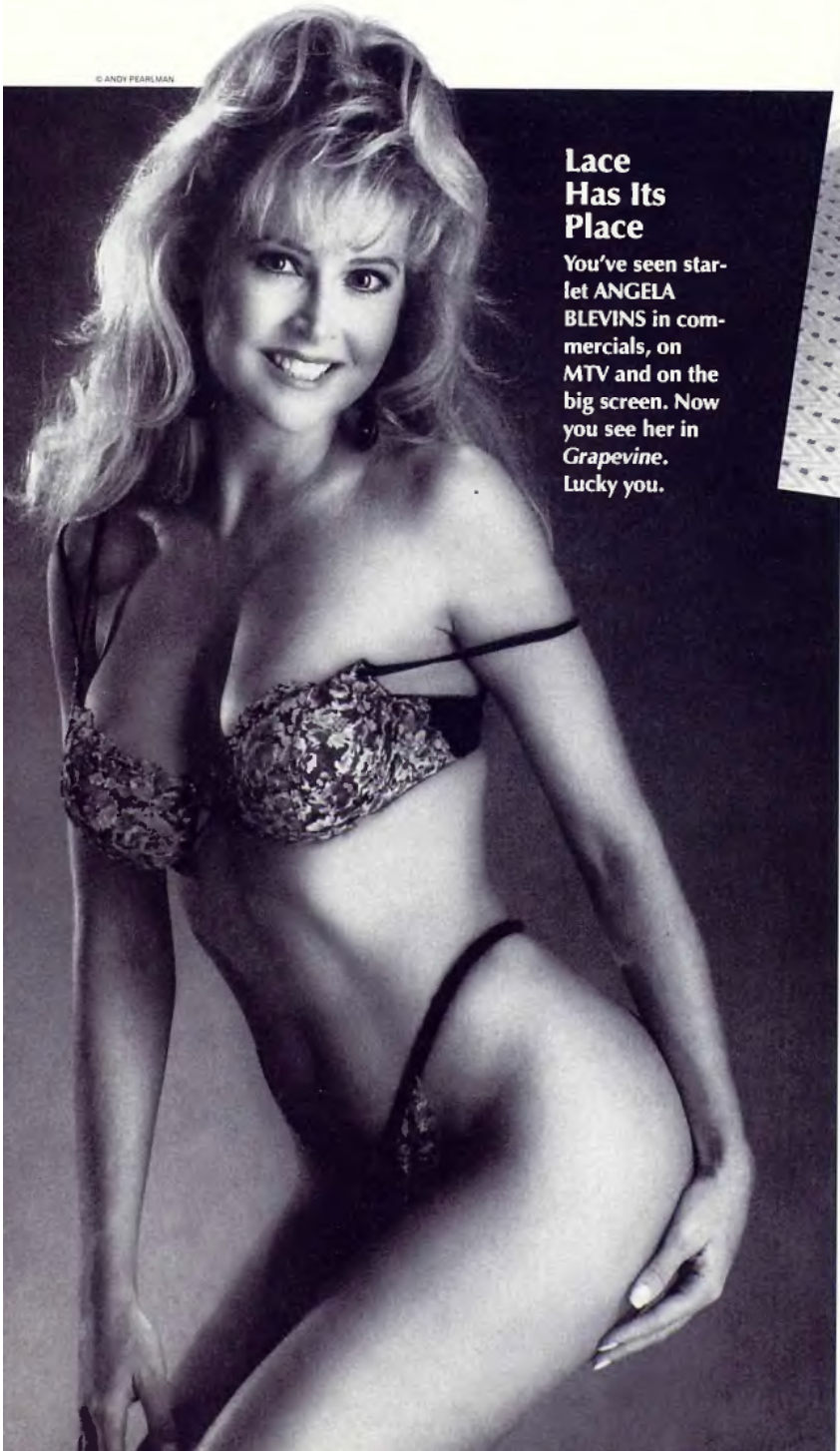
Hair Apparent

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY has shaken off his sophomore slump. His third LP, *Symphony or Damn*, has already made the modern-rock and singles charts. Touring now, D'Arby is rocking his locks.

© RICHARD BOCKET

There's Nothing Like a Dayne

TAYLOR DAYNE's first album in three years, *Soul Dancing*, hits all the high notes, from dance tracks to rockers to ballads. Her outfit hits all the high notes, too, from sexy to sizzling to sheer. Dayne says, "I'm not one-dimensional." Clearly.



© ANDY PEARLMAN

Lace Has Its Place

You've seen starlet ANGELA BLEVINS in commercials, on MTV and on the big screen. Now you see her in *Grapevine*. Lucky you.

© A.J. BARRATT-RETNA

The Doctors Are In

You'll have to hang on until summer for the follow-up to the SPIN DOCTORS' triple-platinum LP *Pocket Full of Kryptonite* and the band's live jam *Homebelly Groove*. Vocalist Chris Barron calls these the "new good old days" now that fame has come.

Temple Worship

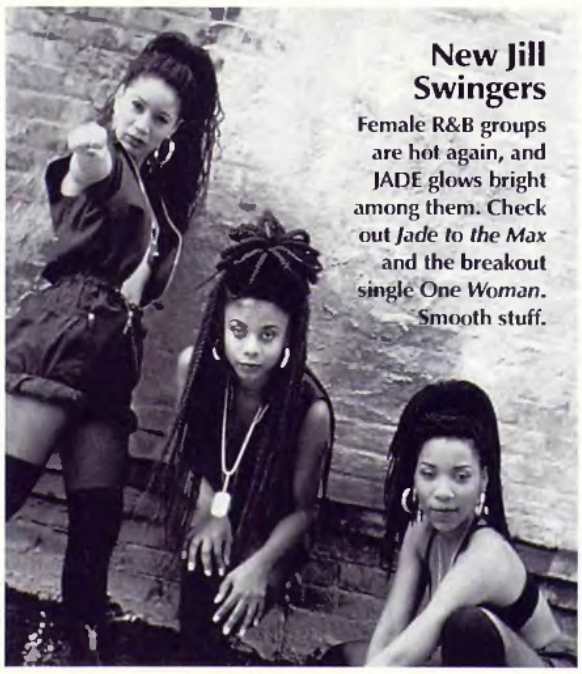
STONE TEMPLE PILOTS broke out of San Diego to record the double platinum *Core*. Singer Weiland explains that it's not only loud music: "We don't want to sound just one way." Not to worry. They don't.

The Third Generation Also Rises

CARLENE CARTER, granddaughter and daughter of Mother Maybelle and June, sings big time on *Little Love Letters*.

Bottom Up

A model, dancer and actress, **JAZEENA** is also known as Spiderwoman in the British press. Ask her tarantula Ariadne for details. She often models with her.



New Jill Swingers

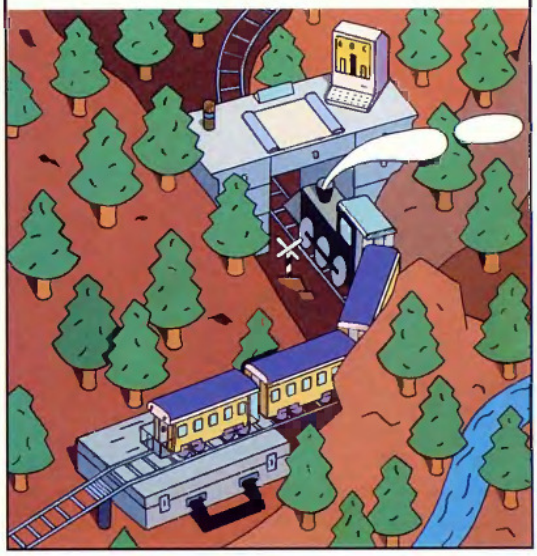
Female R&B groups are hot again, and **JADE** glows bright among them. Check out *Jade to the Max* and the breakout single *One Woman*. Smooth stuff.

TALK ABOUT A SOFT TOUCH

Shanie Jacobs has been manufacturing sexy and sophisticated lingerie for almost 20 years. But her latest creations, made from the fur of French Angora rabbits—which are sheared, not killed—are the ultimate in luxurious undies. The hot-pink cropped top (pictured at left) in sizes petite through extra large sells for $185, postpaid. Matching panties in the same sizes are $125. (Jacobs does custom orders, too, for about the same price.) Other colors include snow white, sky blue, burning red, deep purple, chocolate, cool aqua, lavender, royal blue, raspberry, sand and black. Jacobs' office is at 215 West 91st Street, Suite 116, New York 10024. Better still, just call 212-877-1909 to put your choice of very sexy skivvies on your American Express card.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

If you live in the Midwest, there's an alternative to holding your next conference or seminar in a stuffy hotel. Great Lakes Western Rail Tours, Inc., in Mukwonago, Wisconsin provides premium service aboard restored vintage railroad cars to major cities in Wisconsin, Michigan's Upper Peninsula, eastern Minnesota and northern Illinois. Excursions range from a half day to three days or more, and the company specializes in conference trips. Call 708-304-0800.



LIVING LIFE TO THE ULTIMATE

For the couple who want to spend everything before Clinton takes it away, the Ritz-Carlton Laguna Niguel in Dana Point, California is currently offering the Ultimate Experience. Included in the package are one night in the Presidential or Club Crown suite and round-trip limousine transfer from Los Angeles, San Diego or Orange County airports. (Or free overnight parking if you drive.) Upon arrival, you confer with your concierge about breakfast, lunch and dinner selections, to be served in the dining room of your suite. There's also a $500 shopping spree in the hotel's gift shops, an engraved crystal decanter and glasses that are yours to keep, a bottle of Dom Pérignon, two monogrammed bathrobes, a dozen roses and more. The price: $4500 per couple. Call 800-241-3333 to reserve the ultimate all-nighter.

STRAIGHT UP, HENNESSY STYLE

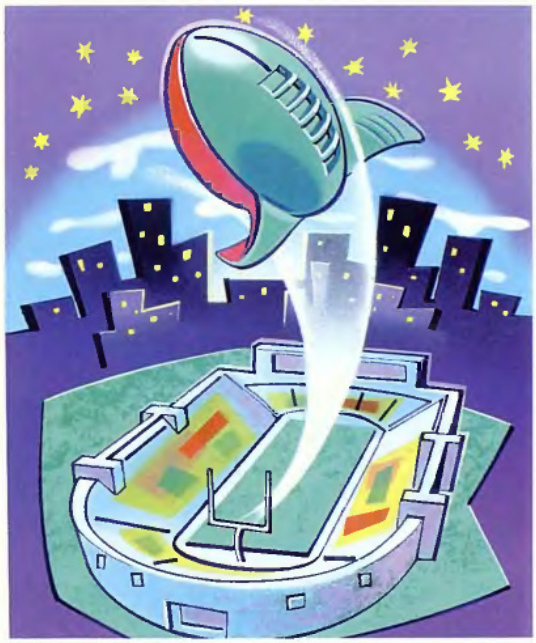
Hennessy Cognac has shaken up the straight-up silver bullet with its Hennessy martini, a tasty tipple made as follows: Fill a martini pitcher or a cocktail shaker with ice. Add two ounces of Hennessy VS and squeeze in the juice from a lemon wedge (½ teaspoon). Stir gently and let settle. Strain into a martini glass (preferably chilled) and garnish with a lemon peel.

CRIME PAYS

From its bullet-hole-riddled inside covers to more than 300 color reproductions of evil deeds, *Crime Comics: The Illustrated History* is 184 pages of bad guys and the cops, detectives and secret agents who pursued them. It is number five in the Taylor History of Comics, which is published in Dallas. The price: $24.95, postpaid. Other books in the hardcover series are devoted to superhero, science-fiction and horror comics, with more to come. Call 800-275-8188.

PASS LIKE A PRO

Want to pass like Boomer Esiason even though you have the throwing arm of Woody Allen? Check out the Aerobie foam football. Specially engineered, aerodynamic tail fins cause it to spin at more than 1000 rpm in flight while providing less wobble and terrific accuracy. Superflight, Inc., in Palo Alto, California sells the Aerobie in toy and sporting goods stores nationwide for $9.95. Give it a fling.



TOYS OF TOMORROW

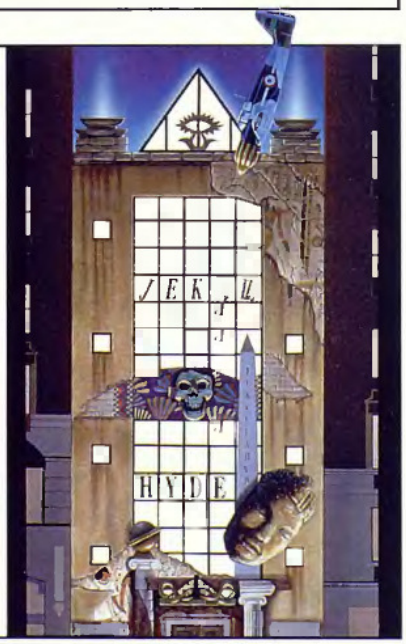
To arms, cyberpunks. Isher Artifacts, P.O. Box 50484, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49005, manufactures "the finest energy weapons in the known universe," and that includes the aluminum-and-cast-acrylic Model H ray gun, pictured here, with variable light-and-sound effects. Its price: $569, postpaid. Other Isher sf toys range from a $69 illuminated magic wand to a $3000 futuristic tommy gun Trekkers would kill for. Call 616-383-4402.

WALLPAPER THAT POPS

In the early Seventies, English pop artist Allen Jones created *Right Hand Lady* for the X-Art collection of erotica in London. Now the same image is available in a limited-edition metallic-chrome foil wallpaper that's washable, flame-retardant and peelable. A double roll measuring 11 yards long by 21 inches wide is $260, postpaid, from Venekamp & Co., "Right Hand Lady," P.O. Box 912, New York 10024.

HYDE CLUB TO SEEK

Every night is Halloween at Manhattan's five-story Jekyll and Hyde Club, a social establishment "for eccentric explorers and mad scientists." A skeleton band plays sets and tells jokes, the elevator is in the shape of a zeppelin and the club's owners promise "that something wacky and unexpected will take place at least every ten minutes." The club is at 1409 Sixth Avenue at 57th Street. Drinks and dinner are served on all five levels with no reservations needed, and the Jekyll and Hyde stays open to four A.M.



NEXT MONTH

MOLLY'S WELCOME

DUMB'S IN

SAFE SEX

GLOBAL GLAMOUR

THE COURTING OF MOLLY SWENSON—THE WELCOME WAGON SKI TEAM NEEDED ONE REAL WOMAN TO LEAD THEM TO VICTORY. BUT COULD THEY AFFORD THE PRICE OF GLORY?—FICTION BY **RAY DEAN MIZE**

MASTERS & JOHNSON: ADULTERY—IN AN EXCERPT FROM THEIR LATEST BOOK, *HETEROSEXUALITY*, OUR COUNTRY'S PREEMINENT SEX AUTHORITIES TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT WHO HAS AFFAIRS AND WHY. THEIR CONCLUSIONS MAY SURPRISE YOU

HALLE BERRY, THE GIRL NEXT DOOR WITH THE WICKED GLEAM, TALKS ABOUT LIFE WITH ATLANTA BRAVES SLUGGER DAVID JUSTICE, ARSENIO HALL'S UNBRIDLED LUST AND THE ART OF SEDUCING FRED FLINTSTONE IN A TANTALIZING 20 QUESTIONS—BY **MARGY ROCHLIN**

THE AGE OF STUPID IS UPON US. IN THE NOBLE TRADITION OF GOMER PYLE, BARNEY FIFE AND GILLIGAN COME BEAVIS, BUTT-HEAD AND HOMER. CELEBRATING THE NEW STUPIDITY, WE WONDER JUST HOW SMART YOU HAVE TO BE TO ENJOY IT—BY **JOE QUEENAN**

NIGEL MANSELL, BRITAIN'S STAR AUTO RACER AND 1992 FORMULA ONE CHAMP, ROARED ONTO THE INDYCAR CIRCUIT DETERMINED TO DRIVE WILDER AND FASTER THAN EVER. CO-SPONSOR PAUL NEWMAN CALLED IT "NIGEL'S GREAT ADVENTURE." IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE **SAM MOSES** TELLS WHAT HAPPENED

ANTHONY HOPKINS, CANNIBAL HANNIBAL IN *SILENCE OF THE LAMBS*, OSCAR WINNER AND KNIGHT OF THE BRITISH CROWN, RECOUNTS HIS DRUNKEN ENCOUNTER WITH PETER O'TOOLE, PONDERS THE 27 MINUTES OF SCREEN TIME THAT MADE HIM A STAR AND CONTEMPLATES THE EROTICISM OF EVIL IN THIS MONTH'S PLAYBOY INTERVIEW—BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

SAFE SEX—INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED PHOTOGRAPHER **MICHEL COMTE** IMMORTALIZES **SOFIA COPPOLA, CARLA BRUNI, MIMI ROGERS, SHANNEN DOHERTY** AND OTHERS IN A CELEBRITY-STUDDED CELEBRATION OF LUST IN THE NINETIES

PLUS: A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD WITH PLAYBOY'S FOREIGN BEAUTIES; **CALVIN KLEIN** AND THE LATEST LOOKS FOR SPRING; AND FITNESS SMARTS, A NEW COLUMN BY **JON KRAKAUER,** WHO WRITES THIS MONTH ON THE WORLD'S MIRACLE CURE—ICE

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